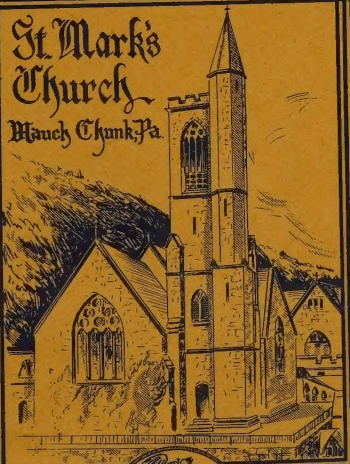




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ART,  
SCENERY AND PHILOSOPHY  
IN EUROPE.

BEING FRAGMENTS FROM THE PORT-FOLIO

OF THE LATE

HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, ESQUIRE,

OF PHILADELPHIA.

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PHILADELPHIA:  
PUBLISHED BY HERMAN HOOKER,  
S. W. COR. CHESTNUT AND EIGHTH STS.  
1855.



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"HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, OF PHILADELPHIA, IS A SON OF THE LATE JOHN B. WALLACE, AND NEPHEW OF MR. BINNEY. HE IS A YOUNG MAN OF AS MUCH ABILITY AND POWER AS ANY I KNOW. HIS FATHER WAS ONE OF MY BEST, WARMEST, TRUEST FRIENDS. HE DIED EIGHT OR NINE YEARS AGO. I HAVE CULTIVATED THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THIS SON, AND IF I HAD THE POWER I WOULD MOST CHEERFULLY BRING HIM INTO PUBLIC SERVICE."

*Letter of DANIEL WEBSTER to HIRAM KETCHAM, of  
New York, February 22, 1849.*

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"TELL MR. H. B. WALLACE I AM PROUD OF HIS PRAISE. HE IS ONE OF THE FEW IN THIS OUR DAY AND GENERATION, WHO CAN APPRECIATE THE SOLUTION OF A BLACK LETTER QUESTION."

*Letter of CHIEF JUSTICE GIBSON, of Pennsylvania, July 7, 1851.*

"In concluding this Preface, I cannot help deploring the misfortune which has recently deprived me of an eminent disciple—one destined, without doubt, to have become one of the chief pillars of Positivism. When mentioning, in the Preface to the second volume of this work, that a distinguished citizen of Philadelphia had given in his adhesion to my principles, I little foresaw that I should so soon have to lament the loss of WALLACE at the early age of thirty-five.

"Though our personal intercourse was limited to three interviews, with intervals of correspondence as short as precious, I yet knew him well enough to be entitled to judge of the loss which Humanity has sustained in his death. In him heart, intellect, and character united in so rare combination and harmony, that he would have aided powerfully in advancing the difficult transition through which the nineteenth century has to pass. Free from all affectation, his culture, both æsthetical and scientific, was in perfect harmony with his fine organization. Although he gave his youth, in part, to literary efforts, his spontaneous and free communications to me authorize the belief that he would have distinguished himself in active life in a country where the noble citizen is greater even than the officer of state. I do not exaggerate his merits in ranking him as the equal of the greatest American statesmen."—AUGUSTE COMTE. *Pref. (translated by Rev. J. M. Clin- tock, D. D.,) to Systeme de Politique Positive. Paris, 1853.*



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## MEMOIR.

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THE family of Wallace, to which the author of these writings belonged, has been resident, for the last century and more, with some temporary interruptions, in the city of Philadelphia. It comes immediately from Scotland, where, in the shires of Mid-Lothian and Tweed-dale, it had, prior to the arrival of its American progenitor, John Wallace, at Newport, R. I., in 1742, been settled in competence, and with a reputation for scholarship, refinement and worth. Mr. Burke, in his "Visitation of Seats and Arms of Great Britain," and in other books, mentions it with respect, and states it to be a scion of the house of Ellerslie: and he speaks of its immediate descent, sufficiently known in Scotland, from Robert Bruce, in one line, and from the great rival, in England, of Robert Bruce, in another.

The immediate parentage of the subject of our notice will be remembered by those persons who yet survive, and had the privilege of intercourse with the polite society of Philadelphia in the earliest part of this century. In this select association of men and women, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, then among its younger portion, were eminent for all that gives value or weight to social character; for intellectual superiority quite commanding; for remarkable personal attraction; for high accomplishment, both of mind and manners; and yet more for those moral graces, the crowning beauty of them all, which spring and are nurtured only in the influence and atmosphere of that honor and religion in which it had been the happiness of both of them to have been born and early reared.



Indeed, almost all the qualities of mind and character which marked the subject of our notice—his strong logical powers, and those finer perceptions which are denominated “genius,” were very much inherited; and the son seemed only to unite, with, perhaps, somewhat greater facility and extent of æsthetic development, gifts and powers not less remarkable than his own, which existed, somewhat separately, in his respective parents. His pervading, and exquisite, and indestructible refinement might have been well inherited, too, had it not been so apparently inherent that we may admit it to have been all his own.

Horace Binney Wallace, the youngest son of John Bradford and Susan Wallace, was born on Wednesday, the 26th day of February, 1817, at the respectable mansion, his parental residence, No. 88, South Fourth street, Philadelphia. He was baptized in St. Peter’s church, in that city, on Ascension day, the 24th of April, 1817, by the Right Reverend William White, First Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of Pennsylvania; and, from the gifted and respectable successor of Bishop White, he received, at a subsequent day, in Christ Church, Philadelphia, the sacred rite of confirmation. His baptismal name was derived from his maternal uncle, who was his sponsor in baptism.

His childhood was distinguished by a fine constitution and good health. From their earliest manifestations, his dispositions are recalled as having been somewhat individual and reclusive; never otherwise, however, than as fond and amiable, and, when finely touched, as exhibiting themselves in the finest issues of innocence and feeling. The comfortable residence of his paternal grand-parents and of his relative, Mrs. Bradford, at Burlington, in New Jersey,\* caused much of his childhood to be passed at that place, then distinguished beyond any village of our country for a lovely sequestration and re-

\* This lady, who survives at the age of 90, is the widow of the Hon. William Bradford, one of the most pure and exalted characters of his time. He died at the age of 39, being then Attorney General of the United States under the presidency of Washington.

pose, and for an ancient gentility which has long since been detruded by the advances of later times. As a child, he exhibited quick sensibility to those beauties of nature, which showed themselves so strongly in his subsequent tastes. Flowers, plants, trees, the lawn and wood, and fields, and every kind of gardening and every kind of culture, seemed to engage his childish fancy. The traces of these dispositions yet linger on those estates. These tastes never indeed, forsook him; and, though his writings nowhere, perhaps, show this fact, it was known to the few persons more nearly about him, that, in later years, Botany had occupied a portion of his time and successful studies. The various fruits of Alpine vegetation, at its loftiest range, were the subject of careful collections, during his tour in Switzerland. Indeed, much of the botany of Europe had been the subject of intelligent preservation, with a view to a future arrangement; in which, undoubtedly, taste and classic or romantic memory would have lent an interest superior to the details of the botanic herbal. His first school was in the village of which we have spoken, with a venerable woman of the name of Patton; but from his accomplished parents, whose summer residence was also here, he received, no doubt, his best instruction, as well in letters as in all other excellent training, which would be inferred by those who knew either them or him.

Large interests of his father, in landed concerns, in Western Pennsylvania, which required a constant and professional supervision, took the family of Mr. Wallace, in 1822, to Meadville, a small town in Crawford county, in Western Pennsylvania. It was a region and a scene, quite unlike anything which they had ever known before. The track of the Indian was then scarcely obliterated, and the primeval forests still skirted the streets of the town. Such a place offered, of course, at that time, no instruction beyond what was common to the humble villages of our uncultivated West. In his father's study, and chiefly under the supervision of that accomplished gentleman, this son pursued the whole circle of his studies, with such care and constancy, and under such enlightened tutorage and instruction as all other nations but our own have the wisdom

to perceive, can alone secure the spirit and attainments which fit men for liberal enjoyments, or for liberal pursuits. Among his tutors was the late Rev. William Lucas, a distinguished graduate of Trinity College, Dublin; and afterwards known as an able and accomplished divine of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York. His early death alone prevented a higher and more extensive distinction.

Educated, himself, after the old English fashion of Oxford and Eton, in the Greek and Roman Classics, with all that marks the English system, Mr. Wallace, the father,—while he postponed no sort of polite learning in its proper place, and for Geography and Mathematics had been himself distinguished,—was intimately convinced that the inexhaustible source of liberal inspirations is to be drawn from the institutions and authors of Greece and Rome. Those countries, therefore, and the classics which belong to them, were the constant subject of his prelections with his son; and, during several years, in which he was retained in a region but little kindred to his tastes or character, this high-bred and elegant gentleman was exercising himself with his son, by day and by night, in studies of this kind; and, while winning the sensibilities of taste and genius by presenting the beauties of the classics, was illustrating their local, their mythic and philologic interest in associated study of the writings of d'Anville and Barthelemy, the antiquities of Adams and Potter, the Pantheons of Tooke and Bell, the rules of Alvarez and the Port Royal, the Dissertations of Bentley and Burman, and the Commentators for the Dauphin prince. The structure, the characteristics, and the charms of the Greek and Roman poetic mind were illustrated and compared with the pastoral and lyric inspirations of the Hebrew harpists, and the odes of the British bards. Lowth and Horne were not less familiar books than the authors of Bentley and Porson, nor the Pollio, the Olympics, Pythians, Nemeans and Isthmians, of more constant recitation than the Vision of Isaiah, the Messiah of Pope, and the splendid Odes of Gray. Meeting with an apprehension full of genius and intellect, it is not surprising that instructions like these should have given to the subject of our Memoir that



early distinction in classical taste and learning with which his mind seemed ever after imbued, and which, in after life, made literature and art, every where, and of every sort, subjects, not so much of a novel study as of enlightened observation, and of the highest, most elegant and thoughtful refreshment and delight. *He had been liberally trained.* In the bright tempers, uncommon endowments, and patient labors of his accomplished and pious parents, and in the pervading atmosphere of mental and social refinement which surrounded his childhood, the subject of our Memoir justly reckoned that he had been singularly blessed.

Before entering any college, Mr. Wallace had attracted attention from one of his tutors, a gentleman educated at the Military Academy of West Point, for uncommon capacity in the higher mathematics. To the system, as taught by the modern French and German writers—to every form of Algebraic process—he seemed to take as by an instinctive attraction. Euler, Legendre, The Cambridge Mathematics, and La Place, had been the subjects of delightful pursuit at Meadville, and before he had accomplished his 15th year. At the age we have mentioned, he was matriculated at the University of Pennsylvania, to which institution he was sent, probably, from its being at that time under the provostship of the Rev. Dr. William Heathcoate De Lancy, now Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Western New York. At this University, his ability in mathematical resolutions attracted particular attention from the eminent person who at that time held the chair of the mathematical professorship,\* and who frequently spoke with delight both of the modesty and genius exhibited in some of his pupil's solutions in the integral and differential calculus; a branch of mathematical pursuit in which no distance of time or intermission of study, lessened either Mr. Wallace's relish or ability. In this, as in other departments of mathematics, he appeared to possess a capacity for resolving every thing into general formulæ; an indication, undoubtedly, of one of the high orders of genius. His studies,

\* The venerable Robert Adrian, LL.D.

while at this college, were not other than the best in other departments also; but, having left it in the junior year, they gave, from their nature, less room for the manifestation of any thing but diligence. He rose rapidly to the head of his class. A gentleman, who has since attained, deservedly, a high eminence in the sacred profession, and who was educated in a class below him,\* has recalled his college character as that of "one who was held to dwell apart in a world of higher thoughts than those which usually occupy young men of his age." Certainly he avoided the ordinary error of young men, that of having a numerous or promiscuous acquaintance; nor, while eminently engaging and social in his powers, were his habits at any time those of loose associations or extreme intimacies. After passing two years at this University, and before its senior year began, he was transferred to Princeton College, in New Jersey, at which venerable seat of learning his father had been educated, and for which, in common with its earlier pupils, who included within their number many of the most eminent men of the generation now passed, he always retained an affectionate regard.

At this seminary, Mr. Horace B. Wallace seems to have very much withdrawn himself from all that could distract his thoughts or squander his time: and to have devoted his days and nights to studies more ardent and persevering than he ever subsequently followed, though at all times a studious man. He paid little regard to the college hours, or rules, or exercises; but his irregularities, in this respect, were so free from every kind of moral departure, and were accompanied by such superior proficiency, when he did appear, in every department of his studies, that the faculty passed it by without censure and without anxiety: though not without the expression of regret, for its disturbance of the college discipline. Having been graduated in 1835, at this college, he returned to Philadelphia, in which place his mother had resumed a residence; and, inclining to the study of medicine, was entered

\* The Rev. John M'Clintock, D.D., President of Dickenson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

as a student in the office of Thomas Harris, M.D., then an extensive practitioner in that city, and since more generally known as the head of the Medical Bureau of the United States, at Washington. Matriculating in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, he followed, for a term, the lectures of Professors Horner, Chapman, Hare and the other eminent persons who then held the seats of that institution. The more scientific parts of medicine, the laws of biology, and of medical chemistry, were not unattractive to him; but the exhibitions of the operating and dissecting rooms, discouraged his inclination for the practice of surgery and medicine generally.

Though thus abandoning the pursuit, in view of its practice, he was induced, by long standing relations of personal and family intimacy with the Professor of Chemistry, Dr. Robert Hare, to continue this science as a special study; and he placed himself under the instructions of that eminent and now venerable gentleman, in personal connection with whom, he pursued, in close applications through several months, the investigations of the laboratory. Though there were not wanting evidences of a fine mind in pursuits strictly chemical, it was in their aspects, as connected or developed by mathematical science that Mr. Wallace's abilities were remarked to be superior. Professor Hare was, at this time, engaged in a series of mechanical experiments, testing the validity of certain electric theories, equally difficult and recondite. Leaving the experimental or inductive part of the subject to his venerable guide, Wallace tested the whole matter with the certainty of science purely abstract, in extensive and elaborate sheets of algebraic demonstrations. He remained till the winter of 1836 in the pursuit of these studies, when his father, who had been for some time representing the County of Crawford, in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, having permanently resumed his abode in Philadelphia, his son began, under his instruction, the study for which his mind was perhaps as well fitted as for any of the sciences experimental merely. Under his father's care, he studied law in that systematic and thorough way which marks the best school of professional training.

He laid his foundations deep in the learning of tenures and estates, and brought around and upon them, in their proper relation and place, the subjects which belong to them in original or later—in derived or collateral relations. The fruits of this excellent mode were apparent in after life, in the confidence and ease with which he penned every legal essay or opinion that he wrote; and to it, in its influence upon a fine understanding, may be attributed the grounds of the eulogy which one part of his professional writings has received from the highest legal authority at the bar in this country; that “there is not a note or remark in the whole body that does not show the mind of a lawyer, imbued with the spirit of the science, instinctly perceiving and observing all its limitations, its harmonies, its modulations, its discords, as a cultivated musical ear perceives, without an effort, what is congruous or incongruous with the harmonies of sound:” and that “they manifest the true distinction between a lawyer and a random speculator upon law.”

The death of his father, in January, 1837, transferred Mr. Wallace to the office of the late Charles Chauncey, Esq., from the care of which amiable and excellent gentleman he was received in the spring of 1840, a member of the Bar of Philadelphia.\*

\* The correspondence on this subject, between Mr. Wallace’s mother and his preceptor, deserves preservation as a beautiful illustration of the courtly and dignified friendship of a generation now past.

TO CHARLES CHAUNCEY, Esq.

*No. 7, Portico Square, Spruce street, April 8, 1840.*

My dear Sir,

I am sure that you take the interest of a faithful friend in the admission of my son Horace to the duties of professional life; and that you will appreciate the warmth and sincerity with which both he and his mother consider your valuable instrumentality towards this important end. Believe me, very dear sir, you cannot over-rate our sense of your services and influence.

May the youth who has been favored by your superintending care and instruction, prove worthy of his father’s friend!

Mr. Wallace was never much inclined to engage in what is called the Practice of the Law. In the labors of the office he early distinguished himself. His annotations upon Smith's Leading Cases, published at the age of 27; upon the Equity Leading Cases of White and Tudor, and his editorship with his friend the Hon. J. I. C. Hare, of the American Leading Cases, established his reputation over the United States as a first rate legal writer. It is believed that no books of late times have received so extensive and so unsolicited commendation from the highest courts of nearly every State in the American

Accept the enclosed—a very slight token, indeed, of my lasting gratitude and respect,—and believe me ever, most truly,

Your obliged friend and servant,

SUSAN WALLACE.

---

TO MRS. SUSAN WALLACE.

*Walnut Street, April 10, 1840.*

My dear Madam,

I received your very kind note of the 8th, and have read it with the truest gratification. I feel a sincere and deep interest in the welfare and happiness of yourself and your children; and I rejoice, with all the fidelity of friendship, in the admission of your son Horace to the Bar. I believe that your son is destined, if it should please God to spare his life, to be eminent and useful; and that, if your life is continued, which I pray it may long be, you will have the satisfaction of seeing the fruits of the excellent principles and sound instruction with which he has been so faithfully imbued by his affectionate parents.

It is a source of great happiness to have had the care of your son for a short time, and to have been, even in a slight degree, instrumental in preparing him for entrance on professional duty. May I be permitted to say, that it would materially deduct from this happiness, were I to retain the token of your kindness, which came enclosed in your Note; and, may I add, that you could not gratify me more than by permitting me to return it?

With the highest respect and esteem,

I am, madam,

Your assured friend,

CH. CHAUNCEY.

MRS. WALLACE.



Union: and their reputation increases, as it is likely to do the more widely they are known. Though engaged in this manner in laborious professional employment, much the largest part of Mr. Wallace's time was given to literary composition. He began to write for publication at the age of 17, and perhaps never wrote better than he did at the age of 21. His writings, except in the law, were always anonymous, or under pseudonyms, and in the publication of them he had, generally, no confidant. Their subjects are extremely diversified, and their variety and extent almost incredible; including, largely, matters of military science. If all of them were collected, which they cannot now be, it is supposed that with his correspondence, they would fill not less than sixteen volumes of the present size. His abilities in this way—though not his name—were early discovered by more than one person connected with the literary press; among them, by the Rev. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, to whom this country is indebted for those tasteful selections and criticisms which, in his *Prose Writers and Poets of America*, have done so much to render the general literary character of our country respected in Europe, and to inspire proper confidence in it at home. Recognizing, in this case, the unquestionable marks of genius, as yet fresh and unknown to the country, Dr. Griswold was at pains to ascertain the true source from which the writings he had noted, came; and discovering by a literary accident the name and residence of their author, invited an acquaintance with him in the honorable purpose of asking his allowance to give publicity and reputation to his name, by introducing it with portions of his writings in "*The Prose Writers of America*," just then about to appear. Mr. Wallace declined this offer in a manner which so impressed the author of it with his modesty and independence that he determined at any rate to inscribe the volume to his gifted acquaintance. The dedication as originally printed is now before us. The types were set and the form ready to be worked off, when Mr. Wallace intreated as a special favor its cancellation. The book finally appeared with the simplest inscription possible, instead of one in the

flattering terms in which the author was about to present it, thus

TO

HORACE BINNEY WALLACE,

OF PHILADELPHIA.

**Whose Abilities, Learning, and Honorable Character**

**GIVE ASSURANCE THAT**

**THE NEW GENERATION**

**WILL PROVE ITSELF NOT INFERIOR TO THE OLD,**

**THIS VOLUME,**

**SINCE HIS MODESTY IN PUBLISHING HIS WRITINGS ANONYMOUSLY HAS  
PREVENTED ME FROM TESTIFYING IN ANOTHER PART OF IT**

**MY ESTIMATION OF HIS MERITS,**

**IS VERY RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.**

After the death of his mother on the 9th July, 1849, Mr. Wallace resolved to pass some time in Europe, and embarking in April of the following year, spent a twelve-month in England, Germany, France and Italy. Returning to America, he engaged himself in new editions of his legal publications, and in various literary, political and other essays. The Rev. Dr. McClintock has thought, from his profound acquaintance with the French and other writers upon Social Philosophy, that "all his other studies were only preliminary and preparatory to the one great science of Sociology, to which, had he lived, his mature powers would," that able writer thinks, "have been exclusively devoted:"\* and Mr. Auguste Comte has recorded that "although he gave his youth in part to literary efforts, his spontaneous and free communications to me authorize the belief that he would have distinguished himself *in active life* in a country where the noble citizen is greater even than the officer of State."† It is more likely perhaps, that had his life been spared, his mind would have exercised itself as it had done on various subjects, including chiefly law, lite-

\* Methodist Quarterly Review, January, 1854, p. 136.

† Preface to Vol. iii. of the *Système de Politique Positive*, xvii.

nature, the arts, military history and social philosophy. Being unmarried and with few family ties, he had resolved to live a divided life between Europe and America; passing three or four years abroad, and then returning for a shorter season to his native country, where he might give to the profession his legal productions. He had made an arrangement with his law publishers, the Messrs. Johnson, at Philadelphia, for giving to the profession a series of works on the leading subjects of Commercial Law; and with a view to the preparation of them, it was his wish to pass a year or two in some university abroad in the exclusive study of the Civil Law. For this venerable system he entertained and often expressed the profoundest respect,\* and thought that it had been presented in some cases, to the profession in our country by persons who citing it much, understood it but little; and whose efforts, he conceived, had perhaps disturbed the harmony of the domestic system, without giving us in its place any homogeneous or practicable parts of the foreign jurisprudence.

In the spring of 1852, while engaged in certain literary labor, Mr. Wallace's eye-sight became somewhat confused: over-effort had produced, as was afterwards discovered, congestion of parts which lie near the base of the brain. His medical advisers, who could perceive no indication of organic disturbance, and little disturbance of any kind, spoke of the matter lightly, and thought that a tour of foreign travel would perfectly restore his condition. Mr. Wallace's own opinion was different, and before setting out for Europe, he stated to his brother, the only surviving member of his family, his own intimate conviction, that excess of blood had been thrown upon his brain, and that his health was irrecoverably gone. Having arranged all his affairs with the utmost precision and composure, he embarked on the 13th of November, 1852, in the steamer *Arctic* for England: it being planned that his brother, just then engaged in some concerns important to them both, should follow him immediately. Though the balance of his health was perceived to be somewhat disturbed, such had

\* See his remarks post. in the chapter entitled the Roman Forum.

been his consideration for others in the expression of his symptoms—so severely regular, and faithful, and systematic his discharge of every duty which remained to him, that his own apprehension of the dangers that threatened him, were supposed by the very few persons to whom he made any indication of them, to be quite exaggerated. His voyage to England, where he arrived on the 25th of November, had been decidedly beneficial. “To speak of my health,” he writes on that day, “it is difficult to make a certain report. I have not got the rocking and pitching of the ship out of my brain sufficiently to know what my *terra firma* condition really is. . . . In some respects I am better. My spirits are improved, and I mean to keep them up. My mind seems to me in a better condition. As for my strength, I cannot say much. But I do not mean to put it to any severe trials. I suffered at sea from fullness of the heart. And I am inclined to suspect that a somewhat irregular action of the heart, of which I have been conscious for many years, is a principal, if not the primary cause of all my difficulties \* \* \* \* My own impression is that a quiet, regular life, amused but not agitated, and allowing much repose, is the proper course for me. But I am not sure that a colder climate than the Mediterranean, or even than Paris, is not the true atmosphere for me. If I find Paris not sufficiently bracing, I may go to Munich or Berlin. But I will not move precipitately. If I move I will leave letters for you with Peabody, and with Green & Co.” Among his fellow passengers was the poet, BRYANT, of whom he says that “my chief stay and support was in Bryant’s conversation.” The improvement by which he here was encouraged, did not continue; and he hastened to Paris for medical relief. From that city he writes to the only surviving member of his family, on the 8th December, 1852: “I am sorry to be able to give you but a bad report of my health. My exhaustion has been greater since I have been in Paris than at any previous time. This I may attribute in part to the damp, mild, debilitating weather which has prevailed since my arrival. I hope and fight on still.” And with the consideration which marked his whole life, he adds, “I do not think you had better come out;

for it would not be in your power to do me much good, and you might much injure your own interests." A postscript adds: "I have placed myself under the care of Dr. Bertin, who enjoys a high character for skill in nervous complaints. He is a very kind, gentlemanly and excellent person in his deportment, and has behaved most obligingly to me." Five days after, he writes to the same person: "Dr. Bertin, at my request, wrote to you by the Franklin, to say that your coming out would be important to me. I believe the chief matter is that I am exceedingly nervous. Therefore do not neglect any important interest for the purpose of coming; but if quite convenient, I should certainly find your company a great satisfaction. I have sometimes been in the deepest depression and alarm, and at other times am a little better. Travelling agitates and fatigues me, and repose alone brings depression. Do not say anything to create an apprehension, but come if conveniently you can." Three days after this his death took place suddenly, and the intelligence of it reached America but the day before his brother was about to leave home to join him.

The announcement of Mr. Wallace's demise was received with profound grief by all his fellow-countrymen in Paris with whom he was acquainted. In the absence of near relatives, immediate measures were taken by Mr. Rives, then our minister at the Court of France, by Mr. J. R. Ingersoll, who at that time was representing our country with so much dignity at the Court of London; by our excellent consul, Mr. S. G. Goodrich, by the honorable and respected members of the house of Messrs. Green & Co.,—who so often to the American citizen in a foreign land, have made, by every disinterested service, a relation originally casual and of business merely, the ligament of lasting and grateful regard,—and by other American citizens, residents in Paris, to pay all respect that it was fitting or was possible to render to his name and memory.

Attended by every external indication of regard, and accompanied by a respectful train of his fellow-countrymen, Mr. Wallace's remains were committed to the tomb in the beautiful cemetery of Mont Martre, on the 19 December, 1852, with the



religious offices of the Church of England, performed by the Rev. C. BERTIE MARRIOT, Chaplain to the British Embassy; there being no minister of the American branch of this church at the time in Paris. They were afterwards brought to his own country, where they were repositied on the 4th of March, 1853, in the vault of his family, in the grounds of St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia.

Most of the papers which follow, were found in Mr. Wallace's port-folio, at his residence in Paris, after his death. They had been written, of course, before leaving America. They are the last which came from his pen. *They are all unfinished*—"immature buds and blossoms shaken from the tree, and green fruit; yet will they evince what the harvest would have been." He had declined a request from a literary friend, who had offered to supervise the printing of them, to allow even their anonymous publication. They form, as has been intimated, but a small part of his writings, and are not those perhaps which would prove the most generally interesting. Of so little value did he himself esteem them, that having dropped from his pocket in travelling, the parcel into which he had rolled them, he would not allow a telegraph to be despatched, nor any effort to be made for their recovery. It was only through the determined and unknown interference of an attendant that they were finally obtained.

Mr. Wallace kept a journal during his first visit abroad; and his letters to America, written during the same time, are replete with interest. It is possible that at a future day these last, with a collection of some of his other various writings, may be presented to the public with his name.

One or two notices, which appeared upon the intelligence in America of Mr. Wallace's death, are appended to this record.



## OBITUARY.

[PRIVATELY PRINTED.]

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RECENT letters from Paris communicate the death of HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, Esq., in that city, on the 16th December last, at the age of thirty-five; and the Bar of Philadelphia, of which he was a member, have done the customary honor to his memory, with more than the usual evidences of sorrow and respect.

Mr. Wallace's health, for the first time, in the course of the last summer and autumn, became considerably disturbed, in the pursuit of his habitual concerns with literature and the law, and the disturbance was indicated by symptoms, which were at first referred to the stomach, as the usual effects of dyspepsia; but they became better referable a short time before his departure for Europe, in November, to diseased cerebral action, induced by some lesion of the blood-vessels in the brain; and this has been confirmed by his sudden and afflictive death in Paris. His surviving brother, who had taken his passage to join him, was arrested but two days before his intended departure, by a telegraphic despatch to Liverpool, from the American Minister in London to the Consul of the United States, which he communicated by the steamer of the same morning that the despatch came to his hands.

It is a rare circumstance that a man of Mr. Wallace's age, without wife and children, not of habits of either promiscuous or convivial association, something in appearance reserved, and certainly select in his choice of companions and society, has, by his death, left so painful a void in the bosoms of so many. The grief which is felt at his premature death tran-

scends all ordinary experience; and one who knew him, and loved him in his heart's core, occupies a small sheet, not to unbosom his sorrow, but to explain or state the reasons why so many are partakers of it with him.

Mr. Wallace was not unknown as a writer in the Law. He has contributed to his profession in notes, or, more properly speaking, in commentaries upon Mr. Smith's Selection of leading Cases in various branches of the Law; upon White and Tudor's Selection of Leading Cases in Equity, and upon decisions in American Courts in several departments of the Law, (a work of kindred design, undertaken by himself and his associate in all these publications, the present Judge Hare,) the fruits of as accomplished a legal mind, as any man in any country, at his early age, has shown. It is, indeed, an injustice to him to speak of these works in relation to age or years. There is no professional mind, here or elsewhere, that would not have left as many, perhaps more, traces of youth, or immature thought, or defective research, among the clear, precise, beautifully written, and, in several instances, bright and radiant criticisms, which have proceeded from his pen in each of these works. The best judges in the country have received them, and spoken of them with the highest respect; and the profession have accredited them, in all our States, by calling for edition after edition of them in quick succession, as the demand has repeatedly exhausted the booksellers' supply. It is almost marvellous that a man of thirty, who had had no time or chance to file his opinions and thoughts, by the thoughts of other men in Bar discussions, should have attained to so true, and uniform, and firm an edge, and to so sharp and penetrating a point, in all of them. There is not a note or remark in the whole body, that does not show the mind of a lawyer, imbued with the spirit of the science, instinctively perceiving and observing all its limitations, its harmonies, its modulations, its discords, as a cultivated musical ear perceives, without an effort, what is congruous or incongruous with the harmonies of sound. They manifest the true distinction between a lawyer and a random speculator upon Law. His pen, moreover, was the true emblem, as well as instrument, of his

mind: it was strong, pointed, clean, delicate enough for the finest thoughts, and firm enough for the strongest, making no hair-strokes that elude the sight, or blurs that deform the page. There is a beautiful concord between his thoughts and his language. And all this was effected with inconceivable facility. He possessed a real and true genius for legal disquisition. The outside world commonly think that the genius of the Bar lies in speech, and not in thought or in writing; and that there is something in the dissociating action of legal studies that drives off all that finer essence that obtains for its effects the name of genius. But it is a great mistake, and no profession has given more proofs of it than the Bar. One of the causes of the deep grief that Mr. Wallace's death has occasioned to his young professional friends, is that, as he had a decided inclination for this species of employment, and was of habits, and in circumstances, that disposed and enabled him to so devote himself, the American world has lost in him the inappreciable advantage of possessing a great legal critic and writer, in the midst of those surges of judicial opinion which sometimes make the sway of the Law among us shake like a thing unfirm.

A year or two before his last visit to Europe, for his health, he had passed a twelve-month in England and on the Continent, with particular reference to the study of their great works in the arts, especially in church architecture, as well as in painting and sculpture. If his health should be restored in his renewed tour, it was his purpose to extend that survey to Spain. It had before been limited to England and Scotland, France, Holland, Saxony, Bavaria, Austria and Hungary, Lombardy and Middle and Southern Italy. He possessed a knowledge of the principles of these arts, and æsthetic sensibility to appreciate their works, which, by the aid of his pen, would have been imparted to the world, in the lights of a bright imagination, and of a most pure and refined taste. His letters from Munich, Prague, Vienna, Milan, Florence and Rome, upon his first tour, are a treasure of criticism as well as a mine of true feeling on these subjects. They deserve publication, and will bear it, without fear, in their present



state, written *calamo currente*. But it is believed that he had given some months, after his return, to the preparation of his journal for the press, or, at least, to bring it to a state which he regarded as a better representation of his opinions and observations; and this, it is to be hoped, may yet be communicated for public use and enjoyment.

But he was not a writer of Law only, or of instructive and elegant criticisms upon the fine arts. His mind was excursive far beyond the ordinary degree, even among the most liberal and cultivated lawyers, and to an extent which proved that the study of the Law had imposed no fetters upon his range of thought. There was nothing worth reading that he did not read, nor hardly anything worth thinking about that he did not profoundly weigh, and think of, again and again. And he had accomplishments, by education, that enabled him to read with perfect selection, and to think with accuracy and constancy. He was a fine mathematician, and excellent classical scholar, and of the purest taste. His imagination made him a poet, to appreciate what is most excellent in poetry; but with it was associated profound and susceptible feelings, which caused him to shrink from a large proportion of what passes under that name. Before he was twenty, he was the projector of a new theory of comets, which he subsequently discarded, but which he followed up by the publication of a playful literary essay with that title, in place of a disquisition in the grave science which is endeavoring to bring these eccentric bodies into system. \* \* \* \* \*

It is in his later years, however, and in the periodicals in our country, as well as in works not periodical, that are to be found the best evidences of his refined taste, his philosophical mind, and his powerful and polished pen. Except in the law, he wrote and published anonymously. His modesty, rather than indifference to reputation, was the cause of it. Time may, and probably will, disclose a part of these works, which will be honored, and give honor to him, by being connected with the author's name. He had no special or limited walk in these things. His topics were as various as his reading; and his recollections of all that he had read, were as fresh at the end

of years as they were at the end of a day. His memory took the impression of what he read with attention, like softened steel; and it hardened when the book was closed, so as never to lose the most delicate lines of the author. He was, moreover, deeply read in the Bible, as might be inferred from parental instruction and example. He had its noble passages and its encouraging truths by heart; and he had publicly professed his faith in it by receiving confirmation in the church of which all his family were members. It is in the highest degree consolatory to his friends, to learn that, in the short intervals of calmness that were allowed by the access of his distemper, he gave almost the last look of his eyes to the divine pages of *THE BOOK*.

It has been said that, in appearance, he was reserved. The world so regarded him; and, in the same way, it misregards all men of the same type. He had no reserve whatever. He was frank, cordial, affable, full of conversation, affluent in topics, playfully imaginative in the treatment of them, and prolific in illustrating them by the treasures, great or small, that he would appropriately bring from his own memory into the common stock of conversation. He was a converser, not a talker. He was an exchanger of resources and products, not a monopolist. He was dumb to the heart's content of any man who wanted to have all the talk to himself. His reserve was a habit of the body, not of the mind or of the heart. If the heart or mind of any man whom he respected, was brought into communion with his own, there was at once a commixture and an overflow. But in our free intercourse, in which all conditions and characteristics are fused together, it does and will happen that men, who have any shyness or sensitiveness on the surface, will be so misregarded. It happens often, as it happened with Mr. Wallace, that the mere temperament of the surface rules in this matter, to a degree of which the party is himself unconscious, as is immediately perceived by all who take any pains to know the person whom they call reserved; for the personal knowledge, after it goes a line beneath the surface, finds an interior all open, free and unconfined. Mr. Wallace's temperament so ruled him in this matter, and no further,

nor otherwise. His heart was as warm, and as kindly as a child's, and as true as steel. No difference of opinion or sentiment turned its edge. Instead of being selfish, or self-esteeming, his truer characteristic was that, to speak after the manner of men, it was a defect—that he did not sufficiently value himself upon the productions of his mind and pen, to connect his name with them, nor upon his powers of conversation, to give general society more frequent benefit from them. If God had continued the life of his accomplished mother, as it has pleased him to spare her this pang, more bitter than her own death, you might have asked *her*, if her broken heart could have throbbed after such intelligence, what he was as a son! And, if death had not almost emptied his quiver upon that family, you might have asked his lovely sisters, what he was as a brother, through every day and hour of his life! But this is coming too near to the sacred privacy of domestic grief. He has left but one survivor in his own line, of sufficient age to suffer and to remember. Suffer, as he must and will, the time, we hope, may come, when remembrance will triumph over suffering, and recall the virtues that have existed, and have exalted the family relation without anguish for their premature loss.

It is sad to record the passing away from a world in which it was so much wanted, and from friends who so deeply admired and loved him, of this young man's pure heart, accomplished mind, and noble aspirations. It is especially sad that they have so passed away in a foreign land, without the solace of personal friends, and the aid of family physicians, who might, possibly, have averted the melancholy conclusion. But such regrets are now unavailing. It is our duty to be thankful for him, and to profit by the remembrance of what he was, rather than to repine that all the bright promises of his mind and life have not been fully established. It is the duty of all men to receive the gifts of God with thankfulness, and to endeavor to profit by them, whatever may be the abatements, disturbances, or term of enjoyment, which the divine appointment may have connected with them. Submission to His will

is as much a part of perfect gratitude as it is of complete obedience.

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From the New York Home Journal, Feb. 19, 1853.—GEORGE P. MORRIS.

“A more gentle, genial, gifted spirit never breathed upon the earth. In all the relations of life he was honored, cherished, esteemed, beloved, admired. In his beautiful and blameless character, genius and scholarship were blended in perfect harmony with the kind consideration of the friend, the calm judgment of the counsellor and the social virtues, qualities and accomplishments of the true gentleman.”

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From the New York Churchman.

DEATH OF HORACE B. WALLACE.—We learn, with deep regret, by a private letter from a friend in Philadelphia, that HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, Esq., a young lawyer of that city, and nephew of the eminent jurist and statesman, the Hon. HORACE BINNEY, lately died very suddenly at Paris. The particulars of his death are not given, further than the simple facts. He was a man of remarkably rich and varied gifts and accomplishments, all worn with a modesty that added much to their gracefulness and efficacy; and he promised to be one of the brightest lights of our nation. Our Philadelphia correspondent, than whom we know of none more competent to judge, as most of our readers would be apt to confess, were we free to name him, justly says of Mr. WALLACE: “I regard him as one of the best and most accomplished minds I have ever known. He was really great and beautiful in all his manifestations. In all that is exact and beautiful in expression, in extent of reading, in learning and judgment, he was a first rate man.”

A short acquaintance with Mr. WALLACE was enough to satisfy us that, in respect of matter, he was one from whom there

was always something to be learned, while his manner and bearing were such as made it a pleasure to learn from him. Everything, indeed, both in his moral and intellectual structure, stood firm and symmetrical, as if all the parts of his mind were well placed, and the elements choicely mixed up in him. His mother, too, deceased some years since, was worthy to be the sister of HORACE BINNEY; to our apprehension she used to talk like a statesman and a philosopher, yet she was, in all respects, as sweet and womanly as though her mind had never travelled beyond the domestic fire-side; truly a noble and venerable lady of the old school. The naming of Mr. WALLACE's connections is, doubtless, assurance enough that his mind and character were moulded and tempered in the Church. And, even had he not been bred there, his native rectitude and harmony of mind would, most likely, have carried him there.

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From the Register, Philadelphia, January 15, 1853.

[COMMUNICATED.]

The sad and startling intelligence has been received of the death of HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, Esq. It seems but as yesterday that we saw him apparently well. Perceiving however in himself the indications of failing strength, he went abroad, hoping to regain his health by cessation from study and change of scene, but he died suddenly, in Paris, a few days after his arrival.

We knew him and the several members of his immediate family, now all gone but one. Our regard for him and them, seeks to indulge itself in some expression of our estimate of his rare and admirable qualities. We remember to have heard the late Professor Dod say of him, when a student of the College at Princeton, "He was the most extraordinary young man he had ever known. He seemed to read and know every thing. His superiority and modesty alike attracted his notice on all occasions." His wide range of reading then so remarkable, he continued in connection with his professional studies. Of his attainments in the science of law we can hardly be ex-



pected to speak, yet we know he must have mastered its principles and authorities, and could weave them at pleasure into a fabric so much his own, as to seem and be like a fresh creation. With the practical parts of the profession he was never willing to be connected.

Mr. Wallace did not so much read to gather facts, or to know events and the actors in them, as to acquire rules of judgment; to discover the beautiful and the true in every thing; to take their directions, and find them in their springs and most concealed forms.

Little from his pen has generally been known as his, but we have seen passages of his writing, which, for hidden associations—for varied beauty, for exact discrimination, for words apt and perfect to thought, we know not where to find equalled. What he wrote, and what he said, seemed to have nothing common or improvable about it, and yet was as natural and inartificial as the breath of life. A sense of propriety and delicacy was ever present with him as a nature. His greatness was such as obscured him, because it acted as a restraint upon all self-display. When with familiar friends, in the audience of appreciating minds, his conversation would often become surprisingly eloquent, bringing, as in a moment, the treasures of thought and learning to bear on his purpose with a rapidity and naturalness, which seemed to tell how unconscious he was of any effort, or of the stores of mind then unfolding. When we consider how highly cultivated and exact his taste was in every branch of literature, science and art; what resources of thought and illustration were ever at his command; what chasteness, justness, and certainty marked all his perceptions, we feel that it is impossible to utter full truth concerning him, and preserve the appearance of chastened discretion. How admirable was his style of man! All the moral virtues, as servants loyal to a master, and yet gaining empire and royalty in doing his will! All the powers of the mind adjusted, not one unused in its office, but as lights, each reflecting on the other, and making the soul as a place of clear vision, hung round with all fair images, and radiant with the first elements which enter into the best creations!

When the image is before us of what he might have done had he lived long; of the rich fruits that might have been gathered from such a mind, to be kept and resorted to for use in aftertimes, and consider that he is not, and that little of all this is left as a reality, we feel that we may well mourn, and take warning to leave nothing of to-day's work undone, lest it should never be revealed; lest the little or the much that we can do should be less through our neglect.

H. HOOKER.

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From the Boston Law Reporter, March, 1853.

### OBITUARY.

In Paris, France, died, HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, Esq., of Philadelphia, aged 35. Just before the sailing of a late steamer from Liverpool, a telegraphic despatch from our minister at Paris, announced the sudden and painful death of Mr. Wallace in that city.

The resolutions passed by the Bar of Philadelphia, expressive of more than usual sorrow and respect, the notices in the secular and religious papers of New York and Philadelphia, and a pamphlet obituary prepared by one of the eminent jurists and statesmen of our day, as well as the grief of an uncommonly large circle of friends, show that this has been the death of no ordinary man; especially when we consider that he died at the age of thirty-five, and in no public office or connection.

Mr. Wallace was born in Philadelphia, in 1817, and educated at Princeton College. His mother, a sister of the distinguished citizen whose name he bore, was a woman of a high style of mind and manners. At college, he was distinguished as a mathematician and a Greek scholar. The late Professor Dod, of that institution, said of him, "He was the most extraordinary young man I ever knew. He seemed to read and know every thing. His superiority and modesty alike attracted my attention, on all occasions." Before the age of twenty, he projected a new theory of comets which,

though subsequently abandoned by him, showed originality and skill, and his Greek studies he continued to the last. Being in circumstances of independence, he spent a good deal of time in foreign travel, and it is purposed to publish his notebook of observations, carefully made by him on the great subjects of fine arts, manners, social systems, and the developments of religious and political character and institutions in Europe.

But it is chiefly as a lawyer that we are to notice the deceased. He is known as the author (in connection with his friend Judge Hare,) of the American notes to Smith's Leading Cases in Law, and to White & Tudor's Leading Cases in Equity, and of the later and yet more valuable work, (also in connection with Judge Hare) on American Leading Cases. These works evince a thoroughness, a logical precision, as well as a fertility of analogies and illustrations,—in short, the mind of the true legal philosopher, which have given them an assured rank in all States of the Union, and repeatedly exhausted the publisher's supply. And these were prepared before the age of thirty.

To the profession, therefore, the early death of such a man is a great loss. A laborer, in obedience to the great law that genius will labor, and not from the ordinary pressures which lead to so much book-making, the profession could place implicit reliance on his natural thoroughness and pride of character, as well as conscientious regard to duty. And his developing powers of mind and increasing acquisitions gave assurance of yet brighter things to come.

Yet it is fair to say that these works alone do not account for the extraordinary manifestations from high quarters called forth by his death. He was also known as a writer, almost always anonymously, in our leading journals, on subjects philosophical, literary and theological, and the value and power of his pen had become known among literary men. The dedication to him of Griswold's Collection of American Prose Writers was an expression of the general feeling entertained towards him by the younger class of authors. The New York Churchman, and the Register, a church paper published in

Philadelphia, have borne testimony, since his death, to his religious and theological character and opinions, and the Literary World, to his literary rank and merit. Nor is this all. The high and general character of the response is also attributable to the fact, that Mr. Wallace impressed himself on all men whom he met, and especially on leading minds capable of directing public opinion. There was that rare and unmistakable fineness of temper, denoting the true metal, that moral and intellectual elevation, showing itself in manner and conversation, in a way which the high-minded cannot mistake, and the vulgar and commonplace cannot imitate, which gave him a place in the affections and respect of those whose respect and affection for the most part determine the rate of public estimation.

So many of the lights of the profession have been men whose minds and characters, out of their professional track, are unmarked and uninteresting, that we are proud to rank a character like that of Mr. Wallace among the legal writers of America.

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From the Daily National Intelligencer, Feb. 23, 1854.

The most eminent disciple of Mr. Comte in this country was, perhaps, the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, of Philadelphia, over whose early and untimely grave the whole nation failed to mourn, only because it did not know its loss, and because his life was too short in which to found a fame equal to his abilities and virtuous ambition. Long before the *Philosophie Positive* was much known either in England or the United States, Mr. Wallace had made himself thoroughly acquainted with it. Indeed, he declares that he had himself begun to apply the inductive method of Bacon to politics, morals and religion, before he had ever heard of Comte, just as Coleridge informs us, that on reading the works of Plotinus and the Neo Platonists, he found out that he had already thought out all that they contained. Hence, it is not without reason that Mr. Comte, in the preface to the third volume of

his *Système de Politique Positive*, deplores the loss of so eminent a disciple, destined without doubt to become one of the principal pillars of positivism. Newton did not with more reason regret the early death of Coates, than does Comte of the "temporal patron and spiritual client," whose sun went down even before it had reached its noon-tide.

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From the North American and United States Gazette.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.—DEATH OF H. B. WALLACE, Esq.

At a special meeting of the St. Andrew's Society of Philadelphia, held on Friday, January 14, 1853, at the office of John K. Mitchell, M. D., it was

*Resolved*, That this Society has learned, with deep sorrow, the sudden and unexpected demise, at Paris, of their late highly valued member, HORACE B. WALLACE, Esq., of the Philadelphia Bar; a gentleman endeared by long association to his associates of this Society, honored in his profession, and universally beloved and cherished in the social circles of his native city.

*Resolved*, That the above resolution, duly attested by the the President and Secretary, be entered upon the records of the St. Andrew's Society, and published in the public papers of this city.

J. K. MITCHELL, President.

GEORGE YOUNG, Secretary.

*Philadelphia, Jan. 17, 1853.*

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From the same.

At a meeting of the Bar, held at the Law Library, on Monday the 10th instant, at 12 o'clock noon, the Hon. WM. M. MEREDITH was called to the chair, and E. SPENCER MILLER was appointed secretary.

The following resolutions were offered by P. M'CALL, Esq.:

*Resolved*, That we have heard, with sentiments of profound



regret, of the untimely decease of HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, Esq.

*Resolved*, That in his death we lament the loss of a brother, whose labors in the field of American Law had won for him a well deserved reputation; and whose high moral and intellectual endowments, varied attainments, and purity of character, added lustre to the Bar of which he was an ornament.

*Resolved*, That a committee of five, with the officers of the meeting, be appointed to convey to the family of the deceased an expression of the heart-felt sympathy of the Bar, on this melancholy bereavement.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be published.

The following gentlemen were appointed by the chair on the committee: P. McCall, H. J. Williams, B. Gerhard, G. M. Wharton, and Saunders Lewis, Esq.

W. M. MEREDITH, Chairman.

E. SPENCER MILLER, Secretary.

*Philadelphia, Jan. 10, 1853.*

# A R T,

## AN EMANATION OF RELIGIOUS AFFECTION.

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THE position of an educated, but untravelled, American, in respect to Art, is one which, perhaps, a European would hardly understand. A certain perfection of character enters so necessarily into the nature of Art, in its true and highest condition, and the difference between that consummate excellence which breathes the glow of creation, and that secondary merit which only transcribes and imitates, is so completely one of kind, as well as degree, that it may fairly be said, that if we see not Art in its supremacy, we know not Art at all. A European, of whatever country or class, has been familiar with some examples of this kind from his youth. An Englishman, in visiting Italy, will become acquainted with works of a higher grade than any he may have met with before; yet a few good pictures in the galleries at home, or at all events, the magnificent cathedrals of his own land, will have given him a knowledge of the nature of great Art, and an experience of the emotions which it is fitted to produce. But of those works, still existing in their completeness, which may be referred to the perfection of Art,—in Greek sculpture, Gothic architecture, and early Italian painting—not one example has ever been seen upon the shores of the new world. The American reads

of Art, and conjectures what it may be, with something of the wondering, half-incredulous curiosity, with which he might hear of a new sense. The astonishment of delight with which the glorious beauties of the master-pieces of the pencil or chisel at last roll over his spirit, mingling thought and feeling together in a tumultuous re-action of enjoyment, when, at some late day, in the fulness perhaps of reflective sensibility, and the maturity of a taste cultivated by literature and society, he comes, for the first time, into the presence of a new order of illustrations of divine characteristics, can be dimly apprehended by one to whom acquaintance with such things has been gradual and prolonged. My own preparation for these studies had been slight, and my appreciation of them was, of course, limited: yet I can scarcely now write upon the subject without falling into the language of enthusiasm. I am sure that the canons of the Cathedral at Parma concluded me lunatic, when they saw me stretched upon my back for hours, under the incomparable Assumption by Correggio in their Cupola. And it was with what I might, without exaggeration, call a rational delirium of pleasure that I viewed, through successive hours, the Madonna di San Sisto at Dresden, and the Madonna della Misericordia at Lucca.

But it is not the energy and beauty inherent in particular productions,—the delight which they afford the taste, the expansion they give to the imagination, or the elevation to which they guide the spirit,—that constitute all the value of those exhibitions of genius which Europe sets before us. It is as an illustration of the properties and history of the mind, that the study of Art is able to engage and reward the most animated curiosity. To observe the rise, development, extension, modifications and decline, of the power of Art, at various times and in dif-

ferent countries,—to note its relations to the progress of society, and its connection with the moral state of the people among whom it appears,—and thus to arrive at some anticipation of the fortunes of Art in the present day,—form a large share of the satisfaction of ranging through the galleries of the continent.

There is, at this time, throughout both Europe and America, a great deal of *mental* interest in Art. Not only does the topic employ the speculations and criticisms of the lettered classes, but the popular attention, largely, is directed to it. We have Art-Unions; with their halls of pictures; their distribution of engravings; their annual meetings, speeches and reports; by which the community is made to hear much about the matter. Treatises have appeared upon the means of developing art. The value of “High Art,” the importance of “æsthetic views,” and the nature of “artistic principles,” form not only the themes of articles and essays, but the staple of modern conversation. In England, parliament has appointed committees to investigate and make report upon the subject; and public national encouragement in various ways has been accumulated upon it. But with all this external excitement about Art, has Art, itself,—the capacity of Art in the class professing it,—improved at all? Without making any remark about America, I think that it is necessary only to have walked through the rooms of the Annual Exhibition at London, at any late display, to be convinced that, amid all these stimulating efforts, the originality and force of Art have, in the last twenty years, sensibly declined.

It seems worth while to try to look into the philosophy of the matter, and consider whether the methods that have been made use of, reasonably tend to the creation of artist-power, and how far it is probable that this age, as

its character and course now are, will produce schools of great painters. Modern society, conscious of acute and comprehensive intellectual abilities, and aware of exercising almost indefinite mechanical mastery, has not thought of calling in doubt its own ability to display the powers of Art. It looks upon the matter as a mere affair of development, and takes it for granted that only instruction, practice and motive, are wanted to bring out the precious result. It has not thought of questioning how far life now supplies the moral staple from which Art is fashioned, or admits of the circumstances requisite to evolve it fittingly.

It is clear that the art-creating faculty is not the same with the purely rational and scientific capacity, but is wholly disconnected from it. The offices of the latter are perception, discrimination and inference. The other, a more sensitive and impassioned thing, re-acts, according to instincts of its own, with a modifying and moulding energy, upon every object and feeling addressing it, so as to result in visionary conceptions and ideal creations. It is to be looked upon as a separate and peculiar faculty; holding a place between the mere emotions and the clear intellect; partaking the properties of both, and combining their natures in the unity of its own original character and action; as its productions also occupy an intermediate position between the sensible and rational. Yet, two-fold as may be the affinities of Art, in its critical analysis, the faculty that creates Art, is single, distinct, original and natural; a gift bestowed upon some and withheld from others. It implies, no doubt, a cerebral organization or development of a special kind.

It is pretty obvious that no man, or society of men, can, "by taking thought," add the endowment of this "faculty divine" to their nature. And it lies so deep amid the im-

pulsive and sympathetic parts of the being, and its coming forth is so involuntary and unconscious, that it is certain that mere intellectual flagellation cannot create or stir it. It may be, to some extent, a subject of educational development; but only indirectly and remotely; by inward culture of the sentiments, or through the establishment of great moral institutions which rouse and deepen and refresh the spiritual affections of society.

To determine whether Art is likely to flourish in any country, at any particular time, we must explore the nature and characteristics of this art-faculty, the circumstances under which it appears, and the laws that regulate its growth and state: and in so doing, we shall derive no profitable aid from mere notional theories or metaphysical speculations. We must proceed from observation. We must look at those occasions in the history of our race, in which artist-power has been manifested in genuine and signal energy; and by noting the antecedents and accompaniments under which it has come into action, and the qualities that have marked its progress, we may discover the conditions of its existence and the laws of its evolution. In traversing various nations, and viewing the monuments that still remain upon earth of the capacities and accomplishments that, in any former times, have belonged to mankind, we quickly see that the faculty of Art has only at certain and very rare periods been possessed by man; and that it partook the aspect of a real inspiration, streaming forth free from apparent relation to intellect, intention and will. We shall find that it has appeared, not as the accidental and occasional attribute of individual persons, separated in place and time, and starting up alone and unfollowed, in a community otherwise destitute of the manifestations of such a possession, but rather as a characteristic of a society, nation or particular people,



at certain eras, and in special ages of their history. We shall find it, not bursting out suddenly, in all its completeness, but rising gradually, advancing to a pitch of excellence which, according to the purpose and capacity of the style, may be called Perfection; continuing in bright and flowing vigor for a limited time; then flickering and going out like a lamp; or drooping and dying like a plant; or breaking and fading away like a vision-haunted slumber of humanity. *That* light, no efforts can again relumine; *that* growth, no culture afterwards can revive; to that sweet half-conscious dream of glory, not all the drowsy sirups of the world can medicine once more the faculties of that people.

Thus far, architecture, sculpture and painting have shown themselves the three matters best adapted to take the forms and show the character of Art. There may be a reason for this, and it might be suggested that Literature, on the one hand, is too intellectual in its essence, and music on the other too sensuous in its operation, for either of them readily to assume that fusion of mental and material,—to admit that perfect balance of the elements of the sensible and thoughtful, in its substance,—which Art requires. But it would be rash to infer a necessary law from so scanty an experience; and it is enough to say that looking at Art historically, and taking note of the actual evolution of this power through the past course of our race, we shall find that it is in these three departments only that those qualities of surpassing and irresistible excellence have been reached, which make Art an existence and nature by itself. In the range of the world's experience, there seem to have been but four special displays of artist-inspiration so undefective in their completeness, so exalted in significance, so absolute in splendor, as to fill every susceptibility that our nature can conceive to be the

subject of an emotion. The reason finds in them no sign of deficiency ; feeling can suggest no limit to their interest. They stand in the mystery of an inherent Perfection : participating of an apparent divinity in the inscrutableness of their nature, as well as in the overswaying might of their moral power. Through them, the mind runs upward along the viewless chain of spiritual sympathy till it loses itself in the Infinite. These are Greek sculpture, Italian painting, Gothic architecture and Greek architecture.

Of these, only the three first yet remain upon the earth, in such entireness of preservation, that we are able perfectly to appreciate and experience their power. Greek architecture is no longer a presence of unimpaired and living excellence. We may mentally reconstruct the crumbled and plundered temples of Attica, and can infer what once they must have been ; but there is no example from which we can directly feel all the beauty and meaning that dwelt in those spoiled and violated forms. My own acquaintance, too, even with its ruins, is so limited, that I shall not pretend to make any deductions from it. But I shall offer some reflections upon the nature, characteristics and laws of Art, which an actual observation of specimens of the other three, suggested to me.

In viewing these monuments of art, or indeed any others, it becomes apparent that Art has always had an intimate connection with the character and degree of the religious sensibility of the people among whom it has appeared : and a prolonged examination of these works in all their variety will suggest the truth that the Art-faculty is nothing else than earnest religious feeling acting imaginatively, or imagination working under the elevating and kindling influences of religious feeling. There is no instance, in history, of a signal manifestation of art-power, except among people, and in ages, where religious enthusiasm and re-

ligiousness of nature were prominent characteristics. And further, there is no instance of supreme excellence in Art being reached, excepting where *the subject of the artist's thoughts and toils,—the type which he brought up to perfection—was to him an object of worship, or a sacred thing immediately connected with his holiest reverence.* This law,—that the mental faculties become fertilized and expanded into Art-creative energy, only when impregnated with religious emotion, or that Art is a fervent essence of religious sensibility overflowing into the moulds of imagination,—will be illustrated in the examples of Art just mentioned, where the human person, the basis of the Greek ideal in sculpture, and the Madonna, which is the inspired and inspiring centre of Italian Art, were to each people an image of worship; and the temple and church, which were the objects of Greek and Gothic architecture, were sacred forms, identified with the residence and glory of Divinity. Mere religious feeling, of itself, will probably never work out anything like a high Art. Many other attendants may be required to co-operate. At the periods when great Art has been manifested, there has commonly been a general movement in the nation, and a great outflow of the forces of individual and social character; but these movements have been connected with a predominant earnestness, sensitiveness, and depth of religious emotion, and the display of Art has had an immediate relation with it.

It is not difficult to give a reasonable account of this principle. The perfections of Art consist not in execution; not in the learning of the eye, or the dexterity of the hand; but in the exaltedness and fervor of the conception of the work. And it would appear that the artist mind must conceive of its subject with the glowing intensity of adoration, in order to reproduce that form in the

power and splendor which belong to the highest examples of actual Art. The picture or statue must first be limned or moulded in the imagination by the touches of worshipping affection, before a model fit to be transcribed into marble or canvass is brought into existence. But the connection between religion and Art is deeper and more instinctive than that. And here, in considering the effects of religious feeling, we must not draw our impressions from the religious feeling of this day, especially in Protestant countries; where it is a whipt and cowering thing, mastered by reason, subjugated to convenience; but must recur to earlier conditions of our race, when it overswept intellect and interest, and was the great forward, urging and onward guiding influence of our nature, in whose train all the other parts of man's being followed. It seems to be a constitutional tendency of earnest religious sensibility to fashion visible types, symbols, or images of worship. The spirit, conscious of an emotion of reverence for some unseen subject of its own apprehension, desires to substantiate and fix its deity, and to bring the senses into the same adoring attitude, and this can be done only by setting before them a material representation of the divine. This is illustrated in the universal and inveterate tendency of early nations to idolatry. And among those people, who have something abstract and ideal for their high, intellectual worship, if the affections and more passionate part of the being exercise religious emotion at all, it will be towards some Art-creation of humanity.

How and why was it that the sculpture of the Greeks attained a character so exalted, that it shines on, through our time, with a beam of glory peculiar and unextinguishable? When we enter the chambers of the Vatican, we are presently struck with the mystic influence that rays from those silent forms that stand ranged along the walls;

like the moral prestige that might encircle the vital presence of divine beings. We behold divinities represented in human shapes idealized into a significance altogether irresistible. What constitutes that idealizing modification, we know not; but we feel that it imparts to the figures an interest and impressiveness which natural forms possess not. These sculptured images seem directly to address the imagination: they do not suffer the cold and critical survey of the eye, but awaken an instant and vivid mental consideration; and seem rather to be intellectual existences apprehended by the mind, than material outlines surveyed by the sight. We see that the soul of the sculptor has wrought with a transmuting, glorifying operation upon the type that life afforded him; and, by that moral law upon which Art depends for its effect, the creation of impassioned genius has force forever to awaken in the spirit of those who view it, emotions kindred to those from which it sprang. A matter which strikes you, perhaps, most of all, as you stray through these lengthening halls, is the prodigious number of works of similar excellence that the genius of Greece has left us; not all equal in degree, indeed, to the Apollo, the Venus, or the new Athlete, yet of the same nature and order of merit. We learn that supremacy in sculpture among that people, was not an accidental or miraculous inspiration of a single artist, or of two or three, but was the heritage of a race.

The cause of the special and unapproached excellence of the Greeks in sculpture will be found intimately connected with the circumstance, that *their theology was an anthropomorphic one*. The human form was to them an image of worship. They conceived of the gods as possessing that shape. Indeed, it is evident from the facility with which eminent persons in their earlier civilization were deified, that to their natural sentiments humanity partook of a

divineness, and, in its higher phases, passed readily into that sphere. The peculiarity of their case is this, that their mental organization was such that instinctively the personality of man was to them an adoration: the free emanation of their religious conceptions was in a pantheon of men and women possessing merely natural impulses and characteristics. This is a condition which we, who have always sought and possessed a religion purely spiritual and abstract, can scarcely comprehend. It is not as if we, with natures adapted to moral and intellectual apprehensions of our object of worship, were to turn ourselves toward human forms with a resolution to make them themes of homage. The fact that the Greeks spontaneously made or found a religion in them, proves that the Greek nature was exquisitely sensitive to the highest impression of the human subject; and felt its finest graces, its most evanescent beauties, with a force, an emotion, a delicacy of interest, which we cannot follow. The whole intellectual being of the Greek, passioned towards this type: to him it was a representative, the embodiment,—in its imaginative conception,—the very identity of divinity. All the susceptibilities of his immortal spirit, all the endless enthusiasms of a nature, in all things, as the Apostle thought, “too superstitious,” or, according to a better version, “very religious,” were concentrated in reacting upon this image, and glorifying and exalting it. It is not wonderful that Hellenic artists accomplished such an idealization of every variety of the human shape, as Christian efforts have wholly failed to approach. If the process of adoring an object be not simply forming and realizing progressively higher and brighter apprehensions of its glory, at least the secondary and reflective mental consequence or accompaniment of adoration must be the production of such heightened impressions. When our feelings direct themselves under



any emotion towards an object, our imagination quickly works upon that object, to represent it as worthy to excite those feelings, whether favorable or hostile. And, thus, when our instinctive nature worships aught, our minds speedily frame a justification of this devotion by idealizing the object under traits to which, if real, adoration would not be inappropriate. Thus, from the fervent mind of the Attic sculptor, to whom the augmentation of beauty was a service of piety, sprang forth a throng of shapes flashing with all the lustre that the soul's idolatry could lavish upon them.

It has sometimes been suggested that the superiority of the Greeks in delineating the figure arose from the familiarity with it which they acquired from their frequent opportunities of viewing it nude,—on account of their usages, costumes, climate, &c. This is too superficial an account of that vital faculty of skill and knowledge upon this subject, which was a part of the inherent capacity of the Greek. His superiority, in this matter, is rather to be referred to that susceptibility to the mental impression of this image which is implied in his making a religion of it,—to the enduring distinctness with which it stamped itself upon a moral nature, in this respect, peculiar in its organization,—to the revering interest, the pious scrutiny, the adoring earnestness of attention with which he was predisposed always to contemplate and study its form,—to the ethereal sensibility and intensity of apprehension with which his consciousness riveted itself upon it. The out-flow and characteristic exercise of Grecian inspiration in sculpture was in the representation of their mythology, which included heroes, or deified men as well as gods of the first rank. Later, it extended to winners at the public games, athletes, runners, boxers;—but this class of persons partook, in the national feeling, of a heroic or half-

divine superiority. A particular type of form, highly ideal, became appropriate to them, as to the heroes, and to each of the gods. It may be added, that a capacity thus derived from religious impressibility extended to a great number of natural forms, which were to the Greeks measurably objects of a divine regard. Many animals, as connected with the gods, or with sacrifices, were sacred beings to them, and became subjects of their surpassing gift in sculpture. In general, nature,—the visible, the sensible, the actual,—was to the Hellenic soul Religion; as inward and reflective emotions were and are to the modern European.

Italian painting is a character as definite, an inspiration as special, and a perfection as absolute as Greek sculpture. The limits of the life of this spiritual plant of beauty may be fixed with much precision. The first bud broke through the hard rind of conventionality about the year 1220, and the scene of its first growth may be fixed at Siena; and by the year 1320 the germination of the whole trunk was decisively advanced. Cimabue and Giotto had spread examples of Art over all Italy. In the next century, till 1470, all the branches and sprays that the frame was to exhibit were grown; the leafage was luxuriantly full, and the buds of the flowers were formed. Memmi, the Gaddis, the Orgagnas, the Lippis, Masaccio, and, more than all, as relates to spiritual development, Fra Beato had lived and wrought. About 1470, the peerless blossom of Perfection began to expand, and continued open for seventy years, the brightest period of its glow being between 1500 and 1535. Its life declined and expired almost immediately. After 1570, nothing of original or progressive vitality was produced in Italy. Fra Bartolommeo had died in 1517; Leonardo in 1519; Rafael in 1520; Correggio in 1534; Michael Angelo, at a great age, in 1563.

Giorgione had died in 1511; John Bellini in 1516; Titian survived till 1576, at the age of 99; and Veronese died in 1588. The complete exhaustion of the vital force of Art, in the production of the great painters who were all living in 1500, is a noticeable fact. With the exception of the after-growth of the Bolognese school,—of whom Dominichino, Guido, and Guercino, alone are worth notice,—which flourished between 1600 and 1660, nothing in the manner of the previous days, but false and feeble imitations, appeared.

The organic distinctions of the various schools, and their historical development, will form the subject of another paper. At present, in connection with the principle immediately in hand, we shall note but two things: First, that this evolution of artist power in Italy took place in direct association with a great increase and action of religious feeling in Italy; and secondly, that all the subjects of the painters' toils were to them objects of adoration: the Virgin, the Saviour, the Saints. The type which was earliest and chiefly perfected, and which led the development, was the Virgin, who was then the principal object of affective adoration; and it was mainly in connection with the adoration of her divinity that this new religious movement took place.

I know not a spot upon which one who takes an interest in tracing the mental and moral history of the world, may stand and look around him with deeper reflections than will occur to him upon the hill-side terrace on which stands the triple church of Francesco, at Assisi. The village is poor and neglected; and in the more distant prospect little is to be seen but the bare undulation of hill and valley which gives to all that part of Italy a pensive, yet engaging, elegance. But in Religion and in Art, that scene is a memorable one. If there has been, or now is,

any reservoir or fountain of evangelical life in the huge system of the Church of Rome, it is to be found in the brotherhood of the spiritual Franciscans. Among them is the enthusiasm, the sympathy, the more sensuous emotion of religion. The grave of the founder is beneath your feet. The cell in which he lived and felt and prayed is at the base of the mountain upon which you stand; and the piety of modern times has erected a noble cathedral to mark and defend that holy retreat, whose rude oaken door is guarded as the monument of a sanctity whose living influences are not yet exhausted. And when you observe that the church of San Francesco beside you contains upon its walls the finest museum that exists of the earliest works of Italian Art,—that Perugia, identified with the original and greatest movement in painting, is distinctly seen on the opposite hill,—and that Siena and Florence lie not far beyond it, the local connection between the origin of the religious revival in Italy and the development of Art readily suggests the probability of a rational one.

It is agreed, by ecclesiastical writers, that there took place, in the beginning and middle of the thirteenth century, a decided increase of religious enthusiasm in the church, especially in the south of Europe, which was manifested by the formation of new monastic orders. The most eminent of these, who, from that time to this, have been the chief depositories of the devout feeling which has sustained and extended the church, were the mendicant or begging Friars; the most conspicuous fraternities of which were the Dominicans and Franciscans. The religious passion which, on the one hand, carried such multitudes of persons into these orders; and, on the other, caused them to be honored and followed with such earnestness by the laity at large, makes the establishment of these orders a monument of a great augmentation of

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pious sensibility in the Romish Society. To fix the date and peculiar seats of this movement, we may note that St. Francis was born at Assisi, in 1182, and died at the same place, in 1226; that St. Domenic was born in Old Castile in 1170 (?) and died in Italy in 1221; that St. Catharine of Siena was born in 1347, and died in 1380; and St. Berdardino, of Siena, was born in 1380.

When we inquire for the first appearances of Italian genius in art, we find that the earliest authentic production of this character is a Madonna, by Guido of Siena, which hangs in a chapel in the north transept of the church of San Dominic, in Siena, and bears the contemporary date, 1221. It is a work of great merit, in that stage of painting, which till then had not advanced beyond the meagre and conventional types of Byzantine figuring. The face of the Virgin has even more nature than that of Cimabue's great Madonna in the church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence; and there is much freedom and grace in the figure of the child, who sits in her lap with his feet crossed. Another work, by the same artist, also a Madonna and child, is in the academy of that city, (No. 2.) The child is well and strongly drawn, and his face is expressive. Other painters speedily appeared upon the same spot; one of the ablest of whom was Duccio di Buoninsegna. By this artist, besides the celebrated work, in the cathedral, of the Passion of Christ, and its reverse of the Madonna and Saints, is a good painting, in the Academia, of the Virgin and Child, and four saints in panels. A more eminent name appears about the same time, at Florence, in Cimabue, whose Madonna, once the adoration of the city, is a work of grand genius, and will still be found in the highest degree impressive and effective. The upper church, at Assisi, contains a ceiling painted by him, with figures of the four Doctors of the Church, in one compartment, and the Ma-

donna, Christ, St. John Baptist and St. Francis, in another. To him succeeded Giotto, four of whose works are on the vault, under the cross, in the lower church of Assisi, which contains also works by his pupils, and by the early artists of Perugia. I mention these brief particulars to show that Art, in Italy, rose in immediate connection with that particular movement in religion that carried the Romish or Italian church into a situation in which the northern countries of Europe did not long submit to be; that this manifestation took place on and near the very spot where one of the most signal events in religious enthusiasm was fixed; and that the new monastery of St. Francis, at Assisi was the principal and earliest patron of nascent Art. It should be added, that the monastery and order of St. Dominic, early established at Florence, soon gave Fra Beato and Fra Bartolommeo to Art.

There is no doubt whatever, that about the time that Art thus began to appear, there was a general stirring in Italian life and character, and that, without it, this display of Art could not have been produced. But it is equally certain, that an increased intensity of a peculiar kind of religious devotion was a part of this movement, and that the appearance of Art was particularly allied with this excitement in the church.

When you look at the subjects in the perfecting and beautifying of which Italian genius, from first to last, was occupied, you find that all of them were holy persons, and beings adored. It was in representing, visibly, the mythology of the Romish church, that the Art-inspiration of medieval Italy worked itself out. But it was especially in the pictorial deification of the Madonna that creative genius then reached the standard of ideal perfection which makes the glory of these schools. And here we may note also, a particular historical relation between religion and



Art upon this point. It was about the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth century that the character of the Virgin was raised into real divinity by the establishment of the doctrine of her immaculate conception. The controversy upon this topic began about 1140, and raged for above a century, when it may be said to have gained that ascendancy and growing moral power which it has ever since maintained. A leading characteristic of the Franciscan revival was the special exaltation and adoration of this lady, and the enthusiasm of the order became identified with this new doctrine,—a theory so necessary to justify that inordinate worship of her which has pervaded the whole church, that the Franciscans have almost obtained the final seal of infallibility upon it, notwithstanding its manifest heresy in point of doctrine. In all its range Italian art never went beyond spiritual subjects; so different, in that respect, from the scope of our modern painters.\*

\* How completely painting was anciently felt to be a religious exercise, may be seen in the very curious "Guide de la Peinture," translated by M. Didion from a Byzantine Greek MS., said by the monks of Mount Athos, from whom he obtained it, to be of the tenth or eleventh century, and, in his own opinion, of the fifteenth or sixteenth but derived from earlier works and representing the views and feelings of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The work is inscribed to the Virgin, in a dedication, which, after some ardent compliments to her beauty and graciousness, proceeds as follows: "Saint Luke, after having been sanctified by the precepts of the Gospel, which he proclaimed by preaching and writing, desired to manifest to mankind the most sacred love which he had for your gracious and divine greatness. He judged, and rightly, that out of all his treasures of science and spiritual wealth, he could make you no worthy offering except in the representation of your admirable and charming beauty, which he had contemplated actually with his own eyes. This holy and learned personage employed all the resources of colours and gilt mosaics to produce faithful representations of this

Certainly, one of the most memorable accumulations and exhibitions of Art capacity that the history of our race exhibits, working out a completely new style or medi-

image in pictures, according to the rules of his art. I, in my turn, a feeble imitator, desired to follow the example of this accomplished man, and devoted myself to sacred painting, with a belief that my capacity would second my good will, for the accomplishment of my duty to your sacred person, your venerable greatness, your admirable magnificence." Here the beautifying, in pictures, of the countenance of the Virgin is considered as an acceptable duty and as a religious service.

After an address to all painters, follows "Some preliminary exercises and instructions for him who would learn the art of painting." The first exercise enjoined is, drawing, freely and generally. "Next, let him address to Jesus Christ, the following prayer, before an image of the Mother of God, the Virgin the conductress, while a priest blesses him: 'King of Heaven,' &c.; then the Magnificat, an invitatory and the Versicles of the Transfiguration; then let him pronounce aloud this prayer," &c. A part of the prayer is, "Divine Lord of existence, lighten and guide my soul, and the heart and mind of thy servant (N.): direct his hands so that he may worthily and truly represent your countenance, and those of your most holy mother and all the saints, for the glory, joy and decoration of your holy church." "*After the prayer,*" continues the manual, "let him study the proportions and expressions of figures," &c. "Do not begin your work," he goes on, "without reflection; but operate with the fear of God and with piety, in this art, which was a divine thing." "It is a divine work," he says again, "and one which God has taught us, as is evident to every one, from a number of reasons, &c. This excellent employment was equally acceptable to the holy Mother of God, and approved by her, as every one knows, since she encouraged and blessed the apostles and the evangelist St. Luke, on account of his skill, and said to him, 'The grace of him whom I brought forth is spread over them for my sake.' And it is not only St. Luke who is blessed, but all those who labour in the production of the miraculous works, the sacred portraits of the Lord, of the Mother of God and the other saints: for this art of painting is acceptable to God and favorably regarded by him. So, all those that work with care and piety, received from heaven graces and blessings." It was thus, by exalting his imagination with the idea of the Transfiguration, and kindling his heart with prayer and benediction that the ancient painter approached his work.

um for the notation of the conceptions of Art and then revealing and perpetuating in the language of these new forms a thousand ideal sentiments of sublimity and beauty, is presented to us in Gothic architecture; and from it we propose to draw the third illustration of the principle involved in the present discussion. I shall have occasion, in another paper, to trace the history and progress of this style of Art with some definiteness; but, for the present, it is enough to say, that the first germination of this new creative energy appears about A. D. 1050, and chiefly among the Normans of France and England, where it swelled forth with extraordinary power and vividness; and that, after passing through a regular life, composed of an Herculean infancy, a graceful youth, a maturity and an old age, it became extinct before the year 1550: so completely dead, that, since that time, in no nation of Europe have men been able to compose in that medium; the forms having ceased to be vital and plastic, and the spirit which once animated and disposed them, having departed from the life of men; the language thus being lost, and the sentiments appropriate to be embodied in it, being no longer produced by the mind.

It was in the erection and decoration of sacred buildings, exclusively, that this new spirit of Art accomplished such extraordinary results. The sense that the building to be fashioned was to become the home of the Spirit of the All-Holy; and the enthusiastic design to raise it to a divineness worthy of the shrine of his worship, and to stamp upon it a symbolism of the greatness of his power and the beauty of his love; that became the actuating instinct of this earnest Art. The subject, in brooding upon which the conceptions of these men became impregnated with the kindling fire of creation, was to them a feeling of religion. Devotion was the expanding and exalting influ-

ence that wrought within their imaginations. Castles, and palaces, and towers and towns were built in those days, but it was not in their construction that this style became evolved. When matured in ecclesiastical buildings, it, of course, extended to other buildings: but it originated and grew up and educated itself in the service of the church; and every thing in this architecture, whether as respects constructive principles or decorative details, is essentially ecclesiastical. Personally considered, it began and always dwelt in the bosom of the church. Its professors were the priesthood. Nay, to a great extent, the working masons were in minor orders; and capitals were wrought, and arches channeled by hands ordained to holy tasks; so sacred was the whole work considered.

When you look at the time when this æsthetic overflow of feeling took place, you find that it was contemporaneously with a great expansion and agitation in the religious emotions of Europe, especially in the transalpine nations. A memorable evidence of the excess in which spiritual enthusiasm at that time was generated in society,—of the enlargement of holy zeal beyond what the forms, and modes and uses of ordinary life could contain or conduct—is furnished by the crusades, of which the first took place in the year 1095. Of course, the feeling, which then came to a crisis, had been on the rise for some years before: so that the budding forth of Gothic architecture is contemporary with the commencement of one of the greatest and most general augmentations or secretions of instinctive religious sentiment or passion that the world has ever known. Moreover, this movement in favor of the crusades took place chiefly in France, England and Germany; and the leaders and armies of the invasion were principally from those countries, and not from Italy; which comports with the fact that this architecture was almost wholly of

transalpine growth. The religious start in Italy, which has given her a supremacy in spiritual things, which she has since held, did not take place till the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and, as already stated, was simultaneous with the rise of painting in that country.

Another indication of the superabundant religious sensibility that began to appear about that time, and was immediately connected with the production of architectural works, is the formation of separate, resident monastic establishments. This system of a detached corps of monkish orders, strictly celibate, devoted specifically to the elaboration of the spiritual empire of the church, was the work of St. Gregory the Seventh, who ascended the pontifical throne in the year 1073. The earliest of these monastic orders was instituted in the Lamousin in the year ——. The order of Carthusians was established by St. Bruno, about the year 1100. Others soon followed. And it was mainly in consequence of these associations of men, in a religious life of seclusion, that those edifices were erected. Most of the chapels and cathedrals in which this architecture was used, were parts of monasteries.

From all this, it may safely be concluded, that Gothic architecture was a direct emanation from a growing element of religious fervor; that in fact it was an æsthetic exercise of worshipping feeling; an imaginative effort to continue material forms, that should be meet to be regarded with sentiments of adoration, and felt to be types of things divine. Drawing its animating energy from an overcharged religiousness, or superstition, it declined when that spiritual force, which once had given it impulse, abated. The date of the extinction of this art-inspiration is the era of that great diminution of religious feeling, of which the Reformation is the great social monument. I do not question that the Reformation gave us a purer doctrine, a sounder moral-

ity, and a better society; but it would be idle to deny that it was the result and the record of an immense decrease of spiritual sensibility, which had been before then, no doubt, for all purposes of utility and knowledge, in excess. But it was that very excess, producing a kind of idolatry of visible things that were associated with the religion that engendered Art. Since the Reformation, that enthusiasm and self-dedication, have been spent on industry, science, and other temporal engagements, which, before, were concentrated upon religion.

It is obvious that as far as regards the sacred character of the buildings, the same remarks which have been made respecting Gothic architecture are applicable to Grecian. This art attained its great perfection in exercising itself exclusively upon temples; and thus was a collateral effect of religious feeling.

If the law above stated be correctly inferred, it might be expected that a people, whose objects of worship were purely abstract and ideal, should be able to exhibit a powerful and brilliant literature, in connection with religion, but not to attain the highest eminence in the creation of forms of visible grandeur and beauty. Protestantism has never produced a great artist. The last of the heroic race of painters were Rubens and Vandyke; and both were Catholics. The loftiest school of our own day, that of Munich, is composed either of Catholics or of persons who being Protestant at the outset, became Catholic in the process of becoming artists. But I reserve the further prosecution of these reflections for a paper in which I propose to consider the prospects of this age in respect to Art, at large.





out, with two fingers extended, in the attitude of benediction as practised in the Latin Church, is a fine figure. Along the sides of the picture, are six kneeling forms of angels, in various positions, freely and excellently drawn; with countenances of heavenly loveliness, and in attitudes highly graceful. A spiritual power pervades the work, which stamps it as the production of a truly great artist.

Giotto, however, is a name justly memorable, on account of the prodigious advance which he made in leading Art in the direction of life and reality,—qualities for which he was more remarkable than for spirituality, and in which he was not universally followed by the most eminent of his immediate Florentine successors. Fortunately for the greatness of the Florentine school, its passage into perfect nature was postponed for nearly two centuries. That interval shows a constant progress, under many varieties of manner, in developing the riches of conception, and the resources of form and composition. We may note two classes of these artists: those who were pre-eminently spiritual, such as Fra Beato and Orcagna; and those whose bias, like Giotto's, was to the actual, such as Filippino Lippi, Benozzo Gozzoli, and Cosimo Roselli. The two characters were best united in Masaccio. But in the works of all these artists, until we come to Leonardo, more or less of the old conventionalism stiffens the figures and distorts the composition. Something of the archaic symbolism, which, in giving intensity to inward expression and significance, made the attitudes and grouping awkward, was always visible. But at last, by Leonardo da Vinci, the conceptions of Art were embodied in forms entirely natural in character, movement, and condition. In the productions of that wonderful man, the spiritual and the real were brought into union in a harmony the most absolute. From that time, Art spoke the universal language

of nature. He is the author of this great transition, and the father of the perfect school of Art. Then quickly followed Michael Angelo and Rafael, and the style was irrevocably established. Much of the freedom and actuality of manner which Leonardo and Michael Angelo instituted, was derived from their anatomical studies, and from their practice in modelling and casting. But the general transition was principally stimulated by the re-discoveries then made of the ancient works of Greek sculpture, nearly all of which had been lost beneath the rubbish and mould of centuries.

In the older works of Fra Beato and Perugino, the faces are little else than calm mirrors of passive mental sweetness and purity, and the figures serve for little but to sustain the faces. If the countenances form deep and satisfying studies of spirituality, it is no objection that the attitude or action be not altogether life-like. In like manner, in that earlier school, we meet with many instances where, although the forms may be accurately and finely drawn, the composition is wholly spiritual and symbolical, and not in the least historical or dramatic; as in pictures where the Madonna is seated on a throne, with one or two saints on either side of her. These seem to be derived from a more ancient style of representing the Madonna on a central panel, and two or four saints in separate compartments adjoining her. Then the removal of the dividing frames placed the holy attendants in rows beside her, as is common in Perugino, and is sometimes found in Rafael, as, for example, in the Madonna di Foligno. The composition does not pretend to represent anything that did or might take place. Saints of the most various times are brought together around the mother and infant. The parties are not attending to one another. Each stands wrapt in meditation. The impression and interest of each

are meant to be spiritual; and the company represents nothing but an aggregation of pious contemplations. In the succeeding style, figures are brought together only as taking part in some consistent and probable action, as in Correggio's St. Jerome.

The truth and greatness of this new and perfect style rest upon this principle or law: that the forms and scenes of life, viewed of course ideally, possess capacity to embody and represent all spiritual sentiments. In another department, Shakspeare has shown that society, as it moves, illustrates moral truths more accurately, fully, and strikingly than any dissertations could reveal it. But to have this representative power of instruction, it must be viewed and rendered imaginatively; and in reading or seeing Shakspeare's dramas, one knows not which to consider more remarkable, the truthfulness to nature or the vivid imaginativeness of conception by which that high truth is brought out. The living greatness and intellectual power of that dramatist lie in the naturalness of his characters and scenes, and in their immense elevation above the literality of the actual. To form the consummate manner of Leonardo and Michael Angelo, a common approximation took place between the spiritual feeling on the one hand, and the natural form on the other. The human figure was conceived of, with a dignity, variety, expressiveness, and grandeur fit to indicate every spiritual feeling; and the spiritual was apprehended no longer in the abstract and morbid manner formerly prevailing, but in a concrete, personated, and individual style. The spirituality is identified with character, and treated illustratively instead of directly. But the spiritual still is the great and paramount subject of the artist, and living forms are but the medium of its display.

If we were compelled to assign an explanation of the

almost instantaneous decline which this great Art underwent in the middle of the sixteenth century,—the loss of inspiration that befell it like the accident of a moment,—we should connect the declension with that change in the *purpose* of artists, by which the imitation of the real came to be considered the substantive object of Art, and not the manifestation of moral truths through the means of the natural. When in the sedulous study and elaboration of living forms, undertaken, at first, to make them serve a higher function, the painter became fascinated and satisfied with the mere realization of the outward and visible, then Art fell like lightning from the heaven of its divineness. In Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Rafael, every limb, every feature, every action,—all that enters into the outlines, the composition, and the light and shade,—is significant of something mental. After them, the material and visible predominates over the inward and suggestive. Parts, or the whole, are painted, for the effect on the senses, not the influence of the soul. And now, critics teach and artists practice, upon the maxim that Art consists in the most life-like transfer of objects from reality to canvass. To paint a figure, or other object, in such a manner that it shall look in every respect like the thing itself, and almost be mistaken for it, is the disgraceful boast of modern Art.

Landscape, no doubt, belongs to the declining day of Art's inspiration. The shapes and scenes of the inanimate world are unfit to be the vehicles of the fervid, deep, impetuous emotions of the early and strong hours of the life of art: the human form and face, only, can supply them with a language. Landscape, therefore, begins under the reign of later and milder sentiments. Claude, Salvator and Gaspard Poussin appeared a century after Rafael. Still, according to its capacity, landscape, in its best days and in the hands of these masters, has clearly a symbolical charac-

ter; and is representative or suggestive of certain appropriate moral sentiments. The horror of the sombre forest is made tributary to an effect of fierce crime, bitter remorse, gloomy contemplation or savage cynicism; the vivid morning betokens enterprise in commencing action; the noon speaks of broad, bright, happy safety and contentment; the evening breathes domestic quiet, pensive meditation and sweet repose. This moral purpose and effect of landscape are conspicuous in the great early masters I have named. The first grand landscapes that we know of, were created to increase the moral interest of a living composition which was itself the direct and main theme of the painter. These are contained in the *Peter Martyr* of Titian, in the church of San Giovanni è Paolo, in Venice, and in the *Saint Jerome in the Desert*, in the Brera at Milan, (No. 6 of the catalogue,) from the hand of the same various and all-accomplished artist. In the former of these, how significantly the scenery augments the sternness of the deed, yet supplies the higher view of the saintly suffering. The light streaming down from the open heaven upon the dark trees, kindles them with a lurid illumination: terror fills the woods; but above, the placidness of the dark blue sky explains and justifies the providence which permits the barbarity. In the other, the matted hemlock trees which imprison the praying eremite, and the mass of light which, beyond him, pours in from the deep heaven, with its whitish clouds, exemplify the inward condition of the solitary wrestler with sin. In all of Claude's landscape the emblematic meaning is obvious. He usually adds some subsidiary composition of persons, to point the inherent design; and most of his pictures have received, from himself or others, some allegorical name. The same thing is yet more apparent in *Salvator*, whose scenes have an irresistible effect on the imagination, and who



often introduces figures to aid in representing the sentiment of the landscape. Take, for example, the two black and wild, but most powerful Salvators in the Marquis of Westminster's collection in London; Democritus contemplating the end of all things,—seated in a gloomy wood with a heap of skulls and bones at his feet, and Diogenes about to throw away his wooden cup on seeing a man drink from a spring without one. The landscape effect in both of these is principally and powerfully moral. When you pass to the woods and fields of Ruysdael and Böth, you find that the charm of the scene still lies in the indication of sentiment. It is not, perhaps, a spiritual, or even moral sentiment; it may be only a natural one. But still, in their works, the character of landscape art is, the production of some imaginative feeling through the medium of an ideal scene.

At present, we live in a time when landscape is almost the only growth that Art has strength enough to put forth, and landscape, only in that last and lowest stage in which all mental significance, is lost, and nothing but an illusive imitation of objects, for themselves, is valued; as in Achenbach.

The law, that Art begins with an invented symbolism, then takes up actual forms as the basis of ideal creations for the embodiment of profound sentiments, and at last loses sight of every such secondary meaning, and merely reproduces the real form for its own purpose of its utility, with such fantastic decorations as can be accumulated upon it, is also illustrated in the history of architecture. Gothic, Roman, Greek and Egyptian architecture are to be viewed as constituting but one vital and continuous trunk; each having grown out of its predecessor. Egyptian architecture is clearly thus far symbolical, that its structures are not imitated from any dwellings actually used at the time,

but are constructed upon some remote or imagined type, adapted to denote the gloom and mystery of a sombre religion. If Mr. Hope's conjecture be just, that the type of Egyptian buildings is the cavern hewn out of the rock, with upright supports left standing to sustain the roof, that architecture undoubtedly belongs to the first, symbolic stage, for such excavations assuredly did not form the contemporary habitations of that people, and probably did not even at the earliest times. The cavernous style of India and Egypt, as well the style of the Druids, was probably mystic in its character, and designed to produce awe. On the other hand, Chinese and Greek architecture belong to the second stage, when familiar and actual forms are idealized for the type of structures; the former using the tent, and the latter the cottage. The Greeks borrowed the column and entablature, with some attending elements, from Egypt, but applied them up to a form, which, to them was a natural and familiar object of life, the cottage. Roman architecture was merely Greek architecture worked with such modifications as the use of the arch, in connection with the entablature introduced; and it was the mixture of two incongruous principles that made that style so false. When Gothic passed out of Romanesque, took up the arch alone, and, therewith, developed a consistent and harmonious system, it seized the familiar and immediate form of the Basilica, and expanded and idealized it into the Cathedral. In both Greek and Gothic architecture, forms previously in use were adopted as vehicles of the religious sentiments which either style embodied; of wide, sustained and graceful majesty in the one case, and of long-drawn, lofty, still-receding vastness and solemnity in the other. Architecture, now, has no fixed character at all. It merely continues and repeats old forms, sometimes of the temple, sometimes of the cathedral; without any reference to

imaginative or moral effect, and aiming only at some cleverness in copying the original which it produces.

Before leaving this law of the transition of art from conventional symbolism suggested by nature, into pure and perfect natural and common forms, it may be noted that this transition has taken place commonly when art, in its former state, has past over to some other people, by whom the sacred immutability of the symbolic type is felt with less rigor. It is only the artist of some other, though kindred country, less imbued with reverence for the model, who feels freedom to improve it by human amendments. Thus, the forms of Egyptian sculpture were brought up to consummate nature, only when they passed from Egypt into Greece; and Byzantine symbolism in painting became freed and fashioned into human beauty, not in the East, where its shapes are still a religion, but in Italy where they were but a prescriptive model, not an all-sacred sign.

I have gone through this investigation for the purpose of arriving at one critical principle in art. It might have been easy to produce conviction, by a comparison of examples, that that style of art, which, like Michael Angelo's, lightens forth mighty truths, solemn lessons, piercing judgments, is higher than that which transcribes a horse, a dog, or a rock, so faithfully that you are first surprised, then amused, and finally disgusted at the deception. But the historical survey we have made, furnishes us with an inductive demonstration, a scientific certainty, founded on the origin and growth of art, that its nature and essential function, are, to communicate spiritual impressions, to represent and thereby awaken moral emotions, to signalize the principles of the interior and higher life; and that natural forms,—the human figure and the human countenance,—furnish in the most complete condition of Art, the types and language of its meaning, only because of their

fixed essential adaptation to represent and convey, through a sympathetic medium and with sympathetic power, every variety of spiritual excellence that can have a personal existence. It follows, therefore, incontestably, that those modern schools of art which rest in mere transcripts of actual and visible objects, seeking no ulterior suggestive effect, but aiming only at illusive imitation, is wholly *from* the native and appointed purpose of Art. Those who paint in that way, are not occupied about Art, at all. The modern, critical principle, which recommends and applauds the most real and life-like imitation of figures, is false and erring. Such toys, as are thus produced, do not even form the *language* of Art; for natural forms must be re-cast in the imagination, and exalted by the reflection of the mind, before they enter into the symbolic dialect of inspiration. In proportion as an artist makes his figures, actual and real in appearance, he diminishes their æsthetic significance; and when he accomplishes an effect of deception or illusion, he has set the seal of dumb imbecility upon his work. The modern condition of Art is directly opposite to that primitive state of things which existed in the days of Cimabue and Duccio di Siena. Art had then too many ideas for its power of expression; now, it has no ideas whatever to express. In that former Art, the fervor of in-dwelling ideas gradually raised and perfected the forms through which those ideas sought utterance; in this, the cold reality of form extinguishes all suggestions of ideas. The one was quick with the glories of Leonardo, Michael Angelo and Rafael; the other is smitten with incurable barrenness.



# THE LAW

OF THE

## DEVELOPMENT OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

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I HAVE already spoken of that æsthetic inspiration of which Gothic architecture is the great monument; and have shown that it was one of collateral manifestations of an expanding and soaring increase in religious feeling in Transalpine Europe. A minuter attention to the conditions under which that vital energy evolved itself, advanced through continuous stages of progressive life, and then stagnated and became extinct, will throw some light on the psychological nature and laws of Art.

In tracing such a history, it will be found that this creative spirit showed itself almost simultaneously in England, France and Germany; a little later in Italy, the Netherlands, and probably Spain; modified more or less by national circumstances in each country. It was the outflow of the genius of the race in these regions. No individual persons can be named who made this or that advance. It may be said to have evolved itself, by steps taken instinctively and blindly, here and there, but constituting, when connected, a harmonious and definite progression. Emanating from a part of our nature much less abstract, voluntary and conscious than the intellect, its advance may be called a veritable growth. Like religion itself, of which



it is a flower, it seems to shoot forth from the aggregated sympathy and intelligence of kindred nations.

Another important matter to be noted is, that this new style of Art developed itself directly out of that which had existed before; and each successive phase of it was derived immediately from the preceding one. The creative spirit of this Art began to move and manifest itself before the new types and forms that afterwards became identified with it were produced. At first, it clothed itself entirely in the old shapes of an outworn Art; expanding, amplifying and newly connecting them, however, into a capacity to give expression to its meanings. Gradually the combinations and modifications of these forms, which its operations made, educes new ones, which then became the winged and sympathetic language of this eloquent inspiration. But the spirit came first, and not the forms; and the spirit created the forms which it required for its uses.

The first marked and unmistakable manifestation of Gothic is the Norman architecture, which originated about Caen, was brought at the conquest, into England, and there received a splendid series of developments. This grew entirely out of the Romanesque architecture of the preceding centuries, which had shaped itself from the ruins of Roman Art. The Gothic cathedral took its form and members from the Basilicas of Rome, which had their nave and side-aisles, clarestory, triforium and a tribune or choir, which was generally apsidal. The Gothic builders altered the proportions of these members, and produced new and peculiar effects, but the formal elements which they used were those which had been employed before. Even the characteristic ornaments of the Norman are old. The zigzag, or chevron moulding, appears in Adams's drawings of the palace of Diocletian, at Spalatro. Besides, this Norman movement in France and England,

there had been, a little before, and about the same time, an activity in the purely Romanesque architecture, as in the older parts of the cathedral of Mentz, which yet have little or nothing of a Gothic character. But the Norman architecture of England, while it is Romanesque in its forms, is thoroughly Gothic in spirit and character, and is properly to be regarded as the first full style of that architecture. I can imagine nothing more completely *from* all rational purpose, than the discussions which have been carried on, about the origin of pointed architecture and the pointed arch. If those who have contended for this or that source of the pointed arch, under a supposition that the origin of pointed architecture was involved in that inquiry, had explored the great Norman cathedrals of England, they would have found that Gothic Cathedral Architecture, in every one of its characteristic qualities and impressions, was developed and established before the pointed arch was used. In its constructive principles, in its imaginative conception and effect, in general aspect and in particular detail, the Norman architecture of England is, perfectly, Gothic architecture. Let any man view the nave of Durham Cathedral—one of the mightiest and most sublime of the structures of man, yet light, and rich, and various, with the ease and power of a creative sentiment conscious of resources inexhaustible—the nave and transepts of Ely—the nave and some other parts of Gloucester—and he will never doubt that English Norman is a genuine style of Gothic. The fact, that in nearly all the English cathedrals, a part of the building is in the Norman style, and the rest in early English, decorated or perpendicular, and that all these parts unite and harmonize in a concord the most delightful, proves that they are entirely homogeneous. The same thing is demonstrated, more conclusively, by the circumstance that the Norman nave of

Winchester, constructed in —, was altered in —; into a —, by merely a superficial chiseling. The only considerable difference in the Norman is that the arches are round; but that and other differences do not separate it from any one of the later pointed styles more than they are discriminated from one another. Though this style seems to have begun in Normandy, and been advanced with some force in France, England is the region in which it swelled forth with an enthusiasm and an energy, in infancy, prophetic of the mighty exhibitions its mature life was to display. In Germany, its shoots were feeble. Bamberg Cathedral is, perhaps, one of the best specimens.

There was a great progression in the round arched English Norman; and its later forms grew far more light and delicate, and enriched than its earlier. Finally, it passed into the pointed. It had lasted from the conquest, in 1066, for about a century and a half; and then, about the year 1200, the pointed manner superseded it. No one, I think, can traverse England and see the principal ancient churches and cathedrals of that land without forming a firm opinion that the pointed style grew naturally and easily out of the later Norman. Notwithstanding the numerous plausible treatises that have been written in favor of other hypotheses, an observation of a number of early buildings satisfied me that the use of the pointed arch, in this architecture, was suggested by the intersection of round arches, in galleries, and ornamental arch-courses. The question is not of the invention of the pointed arch, which was known long before, but of its employment in Gothic architecture. A strong illustration in support of this theory may be seen in the Chapter-house of the Cathedral of Bristol, which was also the Chapter-house of the old Monastery of Augustine. Nothing can exceed the architectural splen-

dor and luxuriance of that apartment, which is purely Norman, though the richest and most beautiful specimen that I know of. It belongs to the date A. D. 1140. There is a long range of intersecting circular arches round the walls; and, where they intersect, it is opened, above and below; thus forming narrow pointed arches of great beauty. All the other arches in the room are round. As an evidence of the richness of this Norman example,—above the stall-arches, the space is richly paneled in diamonds.

View, also, the choir and transept of Canterbury Cathedral, where round and pointed arches are mixed in a way that shows that at that date they were used indifferently and in union. The style of that part of the building, one acquainted with English specimens would probably call Norman, but with pointed arches freely employed in it. In the Temple Church, at London, any one looking at the range of arches in the upper part of the circular portion of that structure would be at a loss to decide whether the architect primarily intended round or pointed arches, or did not equally intend both, alternately. The lower part of the building is composed of pointed arches, and the upper gallery is, probably, an instance of pointed arches having their mouldings carried along the wall so as to form full circular arches, rather than of a range designed to be round, accidentally discovering pointed arches by intersection. It is, therefore, perhaps, an example of lingering upon round arches after the pointed were set entirely free; but whichever way it be looked at, it is an evidence of the close relation of the round and pointed manner. A consideration which indicates such intersection of round arches to have suggested the pointed style in Gothic, is that the form of the pointed arch, when it thus first came in, and during the whole period called Early English, is extremely narrow, or lancet; just the shape produced by such inter-

section, and entirely different from the forms of the Eastern arch, which are broad. The English arch grew wider in later times, by embracing several associated lancet arches. Any one who studies French or English Gothic historically, will not be inclined to adopt the theory of an oriental origin of the pointed style. The hypothesis which represents the pointed arch as evolved from the necessity or convenience of groining elongated areas, still acknowledges the use of this arch to be self-developed from the inherent tendencies and capacities of the style.

When, in the progress of working round-headed arches, the imagination of the Gothic builder became acquainted with this new type,—this new formal element of combination,—the tall lancet arch, it obviously suggested a new and appropriate conception of design and composition. And it is chiefly in composition and ideal conception, that the Early Pointed differs from the Norman; and it was that arch that led at once to the soaring, and shapely and slender constructions that succeeded. Then rose to heaven the gleaming needles of Salisbury's long arcades; whose arches seem to be hung down from the skies rather than raised from the earth; whose fearlessly up-springing shafts are a perpetual chant of *Sursum Corda*; creating an ever-upward current of feelings. Then swelled on high the vault of Amiens; fit to be the portal of a world above. Then shot into the clouds, the arrowy flights of Cologne's luminous choir windows, lost in a vision of gorgeous hues, as the dazzled sight droops from its straining gaze.

. . . . Aerias telum contorsit in auras,  
Ostentans artem pariter, arcumque sonantem.  
—Volans liquidis in nubibus arsit arundo  
Signavitque viam flammis, tenuesque recessit  
Consumpta in ventos.

The Norman style had previously worked itself out of the massive and cavernous heaviness of its first manner into a more elegant and delicate lightness; and each one of its members was ready to undergo that modification which adapted it to enter into the unity of the Early English effect. The piers or pillars, for example, of the later round-arch style in France and England had departed from the single thick cylinder of the early period, into a combination of four or more round pillars encircling a central one; and the transition from this to the clustered pier of the Early Pointed was gradual and easy; and the moulding which represented the connecting band of these several shafts, became the ring so characteristic of Early English. An usual style of arching in the Norman and Romanesque, was to include a triplet of little arches under one embracing arch; and when the large arch became pointed, and these smaller arches were pressed together, the central one was lifted from its feet, and the whole were brought up against the sides of the including arch; and then, coalescing with it, they formed the trefoiled arch, one of the most pervading and peculiar of the Early English elements. In like manner, the cheveron became sharpened into the tooth ornament.

This new style, which prevailed about a century, gradually expanded, and grew more solid, and received richer and heavier decorations; the arches widened, and the pier grew broader; and, finally, it passed into a new type, the Decorated, sometimes called the Perfect Gothic; though, according to my taste, it is the later and richer forms of the Early English, which in purity, expression and beauty, display the perfection of the Gothic Art. But the derivation of this variety, out of its predecessor, was natural and continuous. In the windows of the Early English, particularly as it advanced, we constantly find a combination



of two arches under one containing arch, with a trefoiled circle, or several such, or some similar figures, in the head. In the decorated, all these coalesce into a single window, or arch; the dividing shafts being thinned away into vertical mullions, and the heads of the included arches and circles or trefoils or quatrefoils combining into one complex and flowing figure, by a transition which, in France, where chiefly it was evolved, may be traced with an absolute conviction of certainty. At the same time, to suit this widened type of window, the piers, which before had maintained the indications of a cluster of distinct shafts, now ran together into one somewhat monstrous figure. Another element, which perhaps is the most striking and uniform characteristic of the Decorated style, is the angular pediment or canopy raised over the arch. This appears to have been a simple intrusion into the Gothic, of a Roman or classic form, and probably was caught from Italy. But Gothic Art, then, had vigor enough to assimilate it to itself and work it up into its own system. It set crockets and a finial upon it, and, like a convert to a new faith of art, it became one of the most orthodox and conspicuous members. This is the style which is the most widely spread throughout the continent; and in Germany, it continued to the end; for though it grew more expanded and richer, and more adorned, even to capriciousness and bad taste; yet, in that country, no new, distinctive style of Gothic appeared. In England, however, and in France, there remained enough organizing or germinative energy, to produce, in each country, one further and peculiar type, as the last flash of Gothic inspiration. These are the Perpendicular in England, and the Flamboyant in France.

The fortunes of the life of the later Gothic seem to have been principally influenced by the introduction of paneling; which was, no doubt, of classic or Italian derivation.

It is found copiously in the later German Gothic, but it did not enter into a vital and modifying connection with it; it merely mixes with it subordinately. In England, the chief peculiarities of the Perpendicular may be referred to its taking up and incorporating into itself, the form and principle of rectangular paneling;—the setting of arches in panels, and the running of paneled bands and galleries around and across other members. The vertical mullions in the heads of windows, which became one of the most popular signs of that style, arose obviously from the mixture of rectangular paneling with arches. That vertical kind of tracery was probably first worked out in screens and galleries, from putting arches into panels, and was then applied to windows. But the earliest perpendicular compound windows are formed by running up a square paneled frame between the subordinate arches which form the window. However, when once this union of vertical lines in tracery was effected, its varieties of course became endless. The origin of the transom, which in England seems peculiar to the Perpendicular, but on the continent is constantly found in the Decorated, is easily explained. In the French cathedrals, where the effort seems to have been to reduce the walls as much as possible to windows, probably for the display of painted glass, in which that country excelled, we find the triforium and clerestory so much expanded and connected that the interval between them becomes merely a tablet or a little gallery. In the ends of the nave and transepts, where the arrangement actually passes into one great window, this little paneled or arched gallery still runs across, and gave rise to transoms, which in England are narrowed down into plain bars, but on the continent are often found as veritable little galleries.

The peculiarities of the French Flamboyant style are by

no means confined, as is often supposed, to the flowing and flaming tracery in the heads of windows, which would make it only a late and full style of Decorated. In galleries, screens, staircases, &c., it evolves an original, definite, and extremely agreeable style of Art. No one can look at the curious, circular, porch-like façade of the church of St. Maclou, at Rouen, or the brilliant staircase in the west corner of the North Transept of Rouen cathedral, which leads into the library, or the splendid but mutilated remains of the Bourbon chapel in the cathedral of Lyons, without agreeing that the Flamboyant had its own true germ of life, and that it is one of the most vital and genuine of the French types of Gothic. Mainly, however, and in what it differs specifically from the ordinary Decorated style, it is characterized by a wavy and very luxuriant style of paneling.

The latest Gothic in all countries might fitly be called the Paneled Gothic; the paneling being rectangular or vertical in England, and wavy in France.

The inquiry, whether France, England, or Germany is entitled to the honor of having developed the Gothic style, is equally jejune with the search after the foreign sources of the pointed arch. When the discussion of a question leads only to perplexity, it may be concluded that the question does not truly arise, or is not properly put. This architecture was developed concurrently in France and England. The transition from Norman to Early Gothic, and thence to Decorated, consisted in several alterations; and a careful examination of specimens in the two countries makes it probable, that some particulars were worked out in one country, and some in the other, and that all being consistent, and belonging to the same advanced stage of the style, they were united into one new type of Art. For example, in the Early Pointed, while I am in-

clined to think that England worked out the pointed arch, and established the corresponding system of composition, I should infer that France contributed the slight clustered pier, because those combinations of slender columns surrounding a larger central one, out of which it grew, are more general in France, and continued there longer, as if they were native to the soil. But, upon the whole, I think that England is fairly entitled to the merit of somewhat leading France in the development of the Early Pointed system, as a complete style of construction, and a new character of Art; because, as far as I can determine, the English buildings in this way are a little earlier in date than similar ones in France; and because the late and light Norman, out of which I think it sprang, was brought to that pregnant fullness and force in England only; and because it flourished long and purely and proudly on English soil, whereas in France it passed almost immediately into Decorated. But if England may make this boast, France justly claims the creation of the Decorated. The wide arches in which it deals are connected with that love of transparency which caused the French builders to make large windows a principal feature in their cathedrals; and the progress of window-head tracery may be followed step by step in France, which cannot be done in England. This style soon became European. The Norman, Early English, and Perpendicular are essentially English styles, the first and last almost exclusively so; the Flamboyant is French; the Decorated is continental. In England, the number of buildings in this last style is small, in comparison with those in the other three manners. But viewing Gothic in its entirety, it is in England and France that the rich resources of that Art were developed; and Germany adopted, employed, and illustrated the style, rather than created it. I cannot repress my surprise that Mr.

Hope should have maintained the opinion that Germany is the native land of the Gothic, chiefly on the ground that the German cathedrals are greater and finer than those of any other country. That very circumstance is an indication the other way. They are grander and richer and more gorgeous, because the builders of them were dealing with a style of Art whose capacities were then fully brought out, and afforded an almost boundless choice of elements. The composition of the elements of Art in a vast edifice is a different matter from the evolution or creation of those elements as forms capable of a congruous union into effective compositions. In that sort of combination, the architects of Cologne, Strasbourg, and Fribourg, deserve great applause, but little or nothing in those buildings belongs to the history of the development and perfecting of the types and æsthetic materials of Gothic Art. The formation or improvement of an alphabet or language is a distinct affair from the creation of lofty works in it, when it has become settled. Mr. Hope's architecture is valuable for the progress of building from the time of Constantine till the appearance of Gothic; but this latter he had not studied historically or minutely.

The evasive uncertainty and illusive interest of this inquiry as to the country which developed Gothic architecture arises from certain *mental* laws of Art, or rather laws of the mind in respect to Art, which are not always considered. If any one studies architectural specimens on English, French, or even German soil, exclusively, he will probably make up his mind that the development took place in the country to which he is attending; because he will see there a continuous and natural progression, and a regular series of all the transitions that the Art, in its general history, has gone through. Yet many of these advancements, which seem to be growths of the spot, may

have been derived from abroad. For the adoption of a foreign novelty in Art is not a mechanical importation of a material object, it is the mental incorporation of an ideal influence; and the mind, in taking into itself any new type, always, by its inherent laws, recasts it into an assimilation with its own natural and previous conceptions, and reproduces it under modifications that ally it to pre-existing apprehensions. It does not take up the novelty as a new starting-point for its labors; it works its old forms under modifications derived from the new suggestion. So that, while there is a vital energy in the mental constitution of Art, in any land, the progression of Art there will have the appearance of being self-evolved, though much may have been imitated from a distance. This, of course, is while there is a life of Art-power at home; for, if that is completely dead, foreign forms come in, entirely, or by piece-meal, by a process differing little from local transportation.

While the continent and England thus co-operated in the elaboration of Gothic architecture, the former excelled in those great fabrics which make the glory of medieval construction, and the latter worked the successive styles with greater purity, and realized in them a finer discrimination of character. Purity of style probably consists in combining only those elements which are strictly homogeneous, and tributary to one impression or sentiment: and to seize the characteristic expression of each element, and bring it out the most justly, and in conjunction only with matters that co-operate to the same effect, accomplishes a purity that is essentially classic; and this is to be seen in England as no where else. Its Norman had a clear, definite, and most solemn grandeur; awing the sense, arresting the imagination in an expectation of something to be revealed from a call to reverence, so emphatic and



impressive. The ordinary Romanesque of the continent exhibits nothing like this. In England, the Early Pointed differs from the Decorated in moral significance, in imaginative impression, in inherent ideal sentiment. View, for example, the north transept of York Minster, with its great window of lancet arches, called the Seven Sisters; or the long chapel of the Nine Altars at the head of Durham Cathedral, forming a second transept, the most exquisite specimen of Early English in the kingdom; what romantic grace of melancholy tenderness, what pensive charm of wasted elegance,—like some ballad tale of neglected and enduring sentiment,—hangs around the scene! The passage from this to the Decorated style of the nave of York is a change from the presence of a love-lorn, gentle maiden, to the company of an expanded, happy matron. So, in England, the latest Gothic of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, St. George's at Windsor, or King's College Chapel, has a wholly different character, and a distinct ordonnance of lines, from the Decorated Chapter House of Ely. Whereas, we are not conscious of any such change of sentiment or effect in passing from the early to the middle and thence to the late Gothic, in France and Germany; these vary, not essentially in tone or significance, but only in the degree of fullness and richness. In the English cathedrals, these strongly discriminated styles are placed side by side; the rule apparently being, that every kind of new erection, or change, or addition, should be executed in the manner that was prevailing at the time. They are juxta-placed, each in its own fixed character, but they are never confused together. Thus, in the beautiful Early English choir of Ely, three arches nearest the cross, which had been destroyed by the fall of part of the tower, were rebuilt in a rich Decorated manner in the fourteenth century. Salisbury is almost the only

cathedral in the kingdom which is in a uniform style. The others are patchworks of several, sometimes of all the four styles. England is the country in which to study the *language* of this architecture in all its varieties ; but the finest works in it, though produced in some instances after the language had grown a little debased, are abroad. The English cathedrals are of wonderful interest and beauty, but rather from the surpassing excellence with which the styles are illustrated, than from the combined richness and expression of the whole. In England you admire the elegant perfection of arches, piers, screens, or windows ; in France your mind is lost in the magnificence and power of the entire combination. But if England's cathedrals are inferior to those of France, they are more beautiful than anything else in the world. Durham and Ely and Winchester and Salisbury, what needs the soul of man more impressive, glorious, transcendent than these ?

There are some differences in the arrangement of the French and English cathedrals. In the latter, the last end is commonly square, which allows of a great window. The continental choirs are generally apsidal, with chapel-flanked aisles flowing continuously round them. This circular termination is retained from the old Basilicas and Romanesque churches. Almost the only square-ended cathedral that I recollect is Laon. In France, the clerestory and triforium windows are of much greater size and extent, constituting almost walls of glass ; so that the illumination is very complete. Colored glass accordingly forms a striking characteristic. Much of it is of great antiquity and well preserved. The splendor and beauty of the hues are wonderful. On the continent, the exteriors, and particularly the façades, are much more showy than in England. The profusion of wide flying buttresses, which in the latter

country, are not very common, give the French and German cathedrals a striking aspect.

I have traced these brief notices of Gothic architecture, not for the purpose of giving an exposition of this style of building, but to illustrate by such a review, some of the characteristics and laws which belong to the development and natural history of art. Gothic architecture, like Italian painting, is not so interesting from its inherent beauty as on account of the light which it throws upon the laws of the mind in one of its most curious departments. In the paper on the schools of painting, it will be seen that the same principles are manifested in the case of a kindred faculty, and I have there discussed them somewhat more at large.

From the remarks in a previous paper, it appears that this creative spirit was an emanation or outworking of religious sentiment existing in excess; and that when this excess corrected or discharged itself at the Reformation, the life of architecture went out.

The circumstances in regard to this architecture, noted in the present paper, indicate that art proceeds from an inspiration pervading society in certain nations or regions. The collective mind of a whole community appears to be the seat of this creative instinct, and individuals in different places and successive times are the organs of certain progressions and improvements in the art, which, when viewed together, are found to have a systematic connection that the separate agents neither knew nor intended.

It appears also, from the example of Gothic architecture, that every movement in art, whether it be such a movement as is the beginning of a new style, or such an one as is only a progression in that style, proceeds out of the art which was existing before. In the mental history of society, there is a perpetual continuity, and the relation to previous

conditions are stronger, in proportion as the matter belongs more to the instinctive and less to the abstract faculties. Art is a result of the affections working intellectually; and the progress of any art forms an unbroken trunk. New influences, new particulars, may come athwart the progression, and be worked up into and with that which was before; but some fibres of connection run through every transition.

It is further to be noted, that while the vital force of Gothic architecture continued, it had in it a constant principle or impulse of progression and evolution, so that each progress brought with it still a tendency to push forward into a further stage. The early Norman advanced into the late Norman; the first style of early English grew into a subsequent manner considerably different; and so there was an early and a late Decorated; and an early and a late Perpendicular. This unconscious progression in the type of an art; this successive reproduction of the style under a modified variety, and not repetition of an unaltered form, is one of the most important laws of Art. It furnishes a certain test of vitality in Art; and when there is no continuous progression, in better or worse taste, but merely stagnation or capricious and unconnected shootings in this or that direction, the life of Art is gone. It indicates, also, that Art is the growth of a living element,—the development of a natural germ of creative force. It suggests, too, that every gift of art-genius in a nation, necessarily works itself out to exhaustion: and it explains why artist-power always exists or is found in occasional inspirations or schools.

When the moral force of the Gothic principle was spent, architecture no longer threw itself into other and further stages of existence, but lingered upon itself, and grew luxuriant and corrupt. At length, Italian sentiments, ideas and forms came athwart it, which it had neither

character enough to resist, nor re-active energy enough to subdue and incorporate; and its long glorious career was at an end. You may trace, by monuments, almost the year and day of this demise. It was between the commencement and the completion of King's College Chapel, at Cambridge. It was between the erection of the chantries of Fox and of Gardiner in the choir of Westminster Cathedral. It was between the date of the erection of the façade and the towers of the Cathedral of Tours. When Gothic Art admitted an infusion of Italian principles, it grew depraved upon the instant; and when it lost its purity, it forfeited its inspiration. Then succeeded a long era of oppressive bad taste, from which we happily have been relieved for the last half century, by having no taste at all.

Since Gothic ceased to be an inspiration, sundry small attempts have been made to build in it,—chiefly in the poorest style,—the perpendicular; and two great attempts, Orleans Cathedral and the New Parliament Houses.

The Cathedral was begun by Henry IV. after the year 1600, and is a respectable but cold imitation of previous works without a spark of creative interest. If any one would see the difference between an architecture that is yet vital, and one that is merely mechanical; between a form created and a form combined; let him compare the Cathedral of Tours with that of Orleans, which is closely modelled from it. The styles of both are similar; and in both there prevails throughout a unity in style. But the unity of one is made up into a variety as exhaustless as it is delightful; that of the other is a wearying monotony. The architect of Tours makes no two of his window-heads alike; he diversifies them by differences of every sort that are consistent with their prescribed character; he groups them variously; he introduces galleries which, themselves, are full of fine diversities. But, chiefly, he gives freedom and

originality, and the glow and grace of an animated existence to his work by moulding it upon certain sentiments of spiritual grandeur and beauty, which charge the whole structure with significance and glory. Though dealing with fixed elements, he combines them into a rich, impassioned, eloquent result. In Orleans, there was no foregoing instinct of a feeling or a truth to be embodied or represented. It is a meaningless geometric figure, filled up with a tedious repetition of arches, minted in the same die.

Or, let any man, make the circuit of French or English cathedrals, and then place himself on Westminster Bridge, in front of one of the most boasted structures of modern times. I speak not of the vicious taste which has misapplied to a great political edifice, that extremely ornate style of perpendicular which is adapted only to chapels, chantries, or at most to a choir. Viewed as a composition, or creation of form, the new Parliament House, grandiose in dimensions and gorgeous in decorations, shows not one ray of invention, not one touch of original conception, not one suggestion of sentiment or one breathing of life. It resembles a cast-iron stove on a great scale, or a cast-iron railing in which a common-place form is repeated insipidly without modification. Chartres or Ely is a tree, growing freely and boldly, encountering obstacles, and surmounting or working them in with an energy that makes deviation a new and higher illustration of principle, exhibiting a thousand beauties of light and shade by its interlacing branches and its flowering foliage, glittering with dewy freshness, and full of the song of birds. The Senate House is the same tree, dead, and re-constructed by the rules of carpentry into a large, ornamented box. It is not unfitly called a monument of Gothic art; for it announces the death and sepulture of that whose merits it was raised to display.





THE  
PRINCIPLE OF BEAUTY IN  
WORKS OF ART.

[AN UNCORRECTED FRAGMENT.]

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THE philosophy of taste has become little else than a system of verbal confusion, because it has dealt in metaphysical conception upon a subject that is experimental and actual. "The Beautiful," as a mental essence is an empty and unprofitable notion. The attempt to explore the inherent nature and constitution of Beauty is idle. But we may reasonably investigate the law of the development or derivation of beautiful forms.

There are indefinite varieties and degrees of beauty in different objects; and the attempt to draw a line of definition which shall include all beauty on the one hand and exclude nothing that has beauty on the other, will cause the failure of all theorists who endeavor to impound the Beautiful in their hypotheses. But in some material arts, we meet with examples in a style which our sentiments, and the history of the world, concur in indicating as the practical perfection of beauty in the subject concerned. This highest beauty is the matter which in Art we seek for, and the only valuable inquiry is, what is the method through which it is pursued, and what are the rela-

tions under which it appears. When moulded into forms of such beauty, matter has power to make a direct address to our highest and finest sentiments: like the animated features of a person, it becomes representative of emotions; it telegraphs thoughts and feelings into our spirits, with an immediateness, decision and distinctness, greater than the rational powers of language can exhibit; it touches notes of sympathy which cannot reach, because they lie beyond the sweep of intellectual apprehension.

This high, perfect beauty has never been reached but in one way; by the imagination taking up some natural or useful form, and reproducing it according to the imagination's own elevating and improving conception. This power of beautifying forms in the process of reflecting them,—of transmuting them into elegance by conceiving them—is the inherent property of imagination, resulting from its rational constitution; it differs in different persons, and he who is most largely dowered with this brightly-moulding reactivity of spirit, is the greatest artist. Beauty, then, is an imaginative image of some real form. But the natural, or useful, in its highest sense, is the necessary base of the highest beauty; and the recognition of nature and utility, that is reality and meaning, must extend through every part of the work, and if there is any member, or detail of ornament, which the imagination cannot refer to nature or connect with some purpose or significance, the beauty is of a low, base kind, nearer to disgust than delight. When ornaments that have not a natural or rational connection with the work are added, a debased beauty is produced, gratifying only to false taste.

Why the high and true beautiful can be derived only from the real and practical, no reason need or can be given. The observation that it is so in the great examples of such beauty that the world has seen, is enough to war-

rant us in concluding that this is a general law. But, it is in accordance with the constitution of life. The actual as conceived by the intellect gives us science, and the actual as conceived by the imagination may give us beauty. As the justness of the inductive method is founded in the circumstance that the connections of things, which the reason makes in following its own notions, do not result in truth, but that we must follow the indications of nature to attain it, so it seems that the forms and combinations which the fancy contrives, never reach that beauty, and that adaptation to human feeling, which may be found by adhering to the suggestions of reality. No forms but those of nature and utility can have the rational unity and homogeneousness necessary to produce that instantaneous effect upon the spirit which is essential to the highest effect.

A representation of reality must therefore be the basis of every subject of art, and of every ornament connected with that subject. As for the elevation and modification which reality must undergo from the imagination in passing into the beautiful, the character of that change lies hidden within the veiled chambers of the intelligence itself, which no eye may inspect. Under the inspirations of feeling, the exalting and vivifying and illuminating powers of imagination are almost boundless. The reflection of an object in a pure, clear lake, reproduces it in all its truth, but refined, and recast into some degree of beauty. When an object has passed before the senses, and the memory would again present it to our attention, the form, thus revived, though the same, is another. But when Imagination new creates the image, under the influence of some emotion, such as reverence, love, or admiration, which urges it to brighten, and raise, and glorify the object, it comes forth, as it were, transfigured, spiritualized, made perfect. This is the beauty-bearing function of Imagina-

tion; and this explains why it must act under the instigation of the religious sentiment,—which includes the whole family of those sentiments which revere, admire and love—in order to realize the perfections of Art.

How was the beauty of Greek sculpture derived? The imagination, acting on a real object, the human object, and conceiving it with the pleasurable glow of a natural and cheerful worship, evolved those examples of excellence. Those who suppose that there is one absolute standard of beauty of form, existing in the spirit, and that this is approached or touched in some of the great models of Greece, are following the reveries of a vicious and exploded metaphysics. No account can be given of the proportions and prevailing curvatures of the Apollo, the Hercules or the Venus, than to refer them to the idiosyncrasy of the imaginative mating of the sculptor's mind, in which they were cast. There is nothing absolute in them as types of abstract perfection. These examples of beauty are very numerous; they vary greatly from one another; all have some specific merit; there is none of which it could be said, "Nothing can go beyond it."

But the object which these remarks have principally in view is to point out the law upon which depends the special excellence of Greek architecture and of Gothic architecture of the best times, over some other styles, especially the Roman and modern Italian. It is this; that all the ornaments are derived immediately out of the actual constitution and nature of the structure, and are, to the imagination, but reality modified into elegance without departing from its own truth.

Take, for illustration, the highest and most classic type of Grecian architecture, the Parthenon. In the first place, the basis of the entire form was a real and familiar object, the Cottage. As for the proportions, they can only be

referred, as in the case of sculpture, to the imaginations of the architects reproducing this form under the influence of certain sentiments of simple majesty, chaste elegance or luxuriant richness; and they were, therefore, as various as the resources of their imaginations, which were boundless in conception. The whole system of ornament depended upon displaying to the eye the actual construction of the building, and incorporating into permanent decorations those appropriate adjuncts which in the actual use of the fane were wont to be connected with it. All that is the decorative is directly founded upon the real; and retains that suggestion of nature and utility which gives it meaning and truth. The triglyphs, afterwards in the Ionic, the dentils, represented the termination of the rafters when the structure was of wood; the guttæ

[Here apparently a small part of the MS. is lost.]

The wide-spreading roof, upheld by long colonnades, was intended to give shelter to the worshippers as they thronged to the celebrations. In fact, the conception of the temple is not that of a close building surrounded by an appendage of columns; it is that of a roof sustained by a colonnade upon a platform and having in the centre a small enclosure for sacrifices. Such character and purpose are wholly falsified in applying this form to modern building service, where the walls form the real limits of the building, and the side colonnades are but a superfluous addition. In the Parthenon nothing was adventitious; every thing had relation to nature, use and meaning.

When you come to Roman architecture, the matter is different. The use of the arch brought in a new principle of construction and support; yet in apparent effect the Greek style was adhered to. Hence, all became imposture. The arch was concealed; false entablatures were fabricated; and as the true elements of the building could not be shown,



to form a basis of decoration, ornaments wholly foreign and fanciful were heaped on. The same remarks apply to the revived style which flourished in Italy after the downfall of Gothic in the sixteenth century.

The Gothic, as we have seen, worked itself out of the Romanesque; but finally it attained this characteristic of true beauty, that all its decorations grew directly out of its construction, by an evolution not only natural but almost necessary, and were therefore homogeneous with it.

As for the general relation between the mental conception of the building, and the illustration of that conception in the construction, it must be recollected that the essential, germinal principle of difference between the temple and the cathedral, is, that the former is built for exterior effect, the latter for interior. On occasions of worship, the multitude surrounded one edifice, but filled the other. The temple has, as regards architectural impression, really no interior at all; for the small *cella* or *naos* which hid the penetralia, entered not at all into the effect of the structure. From this difference in character and design, the whole diversity between the characters of Greek and Gothic forms and decorations may be derived. To the former, viewed from without, an aspect of elevated repose must belong; and all the decorations must be superficial. The elaboration of an impressive and inspiring interior led, necessarily, to soaring height, and a general upwardness of all the courses; to long-drawn vistas, side by side; to grand portals to give entrance, and a multitude of windows to give light; and to a general style of decoration, concave, receding and perspective.

The Cathedral, in its general form and arrangement, is not a fanciful contrivance; it is but an imaginative expansion and modification of the Basilica, which had been framed for utility and convenience. In regard to decora-

tion, taking it at the period of its perfection, everything is derived out of reality, and is representative of truth. I have already intimated that the maturity of the Early English era embodies the highest beauty; it will be found also to illustrate the greatest degree of this sort of actuality. That elegant clustering of the piers, for example, is not a fantastic scolloping of a circular form; it grows from a genuine combination of distinct shafts to which the architects were led by the desire to produce an effect of indefinite elevation in their interiors. The nave piers sustain the longitudinal and transverse arches and ribs both of the aisle and nave vaulting; but while the pier was a single cylinder, there was a complete break, and even opposition, between its plain roundness and the multitudinous arches that rose from it. To obviate this, each arch, above, was furnished with its own small column, from which it rose without interruption. Thus the pier became a group of attached pillars, each running up into an arch-moulding, so that the eye was carried up the shaft, which bent inward as it ascended, and instead of seeming terminated by the arch, appeared prolonged into it. These combined shafts then became the Early English pier, the capital of which is a mere band to retain the shafts ere they begin to diverge; a purpose more clearly intimated by their being other little bands or rings placed around the cluster at several points. And it is because all this appears clearly and truthfully in the Early English, and is obscured somewhat, when in the Decorated, the clusters run into one, and still more, when, in the Perpendicular, some of the faces become flat, that our taste seems justified on fixing in the period of Early English, the rational perfection of the beauty of Gothic. Again, the exquisite rib vaulting and groining of the ceilings, is a mere display of the actual principles upon which the building is held

up. And in regard to foliation and tracery, the matter to be noted as the chief characteristic of the best days of Gothic, is, that the ornamental elements are but the great constituent parts of the building on a smaller scale. They are arches and parts of arches; they run in combinations of lines described by the compass. They are not contrivances of fancy, or importations from other sources, they are derived from the organization of the building. This gives not only a homogeneity to every part, but a sobriety and genuineness that deserves to be called classic. When you pass from these geometrical decorations of true Gothic to a style of ornament like that in the windows of the Or San Michele at Florence, where roses and arabesques fill up the vacant surfaces, you are aware at once of the intervention of false taste. Gothic architecture, in its true condition, is a character of Art as genuine and pure, and as firmly founded in principle as Greek; and if it be less beautiful,—which I readily admit,—it is because the type, itself, the arched interior, is not capable of illustrating so high a grade of natural beauty as that of the columnar and entablatured exterior, though more expressive of moral and spiritual conceptions. Roman architecture, ancient or revived, is really a debased and promiscuous thing.

[The residue of the MS. which appears to have extended to some length, is, unhappily, not found among the Author's papers.]

## THE

# CATHEDRALS OF THE CONTINENT.

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To one who loves to view those works which serve as registers of man's nature and feelings in the past, no structures upon earth are more interesting than the Gothic cathedrals of Europe. Shrines of the piety of the years that are gone! Vast as the enthusiasm of those who reared them: soaring as their hopes! Solemn and beautiful, and eternal as the life they represent.

I shall endeavor to give some description of certain edifices of this kind in France, Germany and Italy.

## RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

The Cathedral of Rheims is one of the grandest and most memorable in France. The town lies in the lowest part of a wide hollow plain; and as you come towards it, this enormous structure, looming up fully two-thirds of its height above the general level of the houses, looks like a great cloud hanging above the city; something that belongs to the heavens rather than the earth.

Of the decorated splendor of the western front, where every course and moulding runs into richness, and which blooms and blushes with beauty, it is difficult to speak justly. Flowering and luxuriant as it is, the distribution of the parts is regular, and the unity complete. The

whole of the face below the towers is arranged in three grades or stories. The wide base is composed of, apparently, five arched portals, under crooked canopies or pediments, forming, together, a kind of frame, which rises pyramidically in the centre. The two at the ends, however, are only low buttresses faced with arches; the three inner ones being the veritable portals. These are extremely deep, and are narrower as they recede; their vertical mouldings are enriched with rows of statued saints, nearly of life-size, and the arches are strung round with range after range of somewhat smaller sculptures. The pediments over the doors, and also the faces of the false portals at either extremity, are loaded with reliefs. The arch-heads of all the portals, which are very lofty, contain circular windows of coloured glass, the central one having a wheel of great magnitude. The middle story consists of a broad pointed window, almost wholly filled with a huge wheel; and on either side of it two tall, light, airy open-work lancet windows. Above this, a range of sculptured figures standing closely together on little pedestals, within open shrines, and larger than life, runs like a scalloped band or crown along the top of the whole façade. The towers, which are of an elegant open work, like that at the sides of the great wheel-window below, are carried up one story above the front, and there terminate a little imperfectly. The pyramidal arrangement is attended to, throughout, with great delicacy and effectiveness. The sheath of the front narrows with each ascending story, and the upward line of the building recedes in the same way.

Of that style of illustrated or animated architecture, in which sculpture is worked up profusely, the front of Rheims must be allowed to form a very successful example. To me it is less agreeable, because less natural and consistent than the method, more common in England, and

to be found in the earlier buildings of France, which uses purely architectural forms of geometric characters. But since statuary was to be largely employed—according to the type then prevalent—its *assimilation* with the organic outlines of the compass and square, in the present case, certainly show great knowledge and a mastering genius. The composition of the whole façade exhibits a varied and luxurious invention, a nice sense of proportion, and a power to dispose multitudinous details into grand and orderly masses, by which simplicity is restored to a combination that otherwise might have become embarrassed. As your eye returns over the whole façade, or lingers upon the brilliant effects which its many combinations develop. You cannot but admire the creative vigor which could marshal and group the elements of sculpture and of architecture into union without mixture, and in a manner to co-operate without losing their distinctness. The lowest story or base, consisting of the portals, is exceedingly rich with sculpture, and is the heaviest part of the whole front. In the middle range, with its central wheel-window and the open lancet arches on either side of it, there is no sculpture, except half a dozen figures between, and at the outsides of these. Above this, the third story, in its line of kings, prophets and apostles, returns upon sculpture, yet in a manner lighter and simpler than that which prevails about the portals. Then rise on high the towers, in airy openness, altogether free from figures. Thus, the first and third stories correspond in being chiefly sculptural, but the higher one much less copiously so; the second, and the towers, in being purely architectural; the second, however, which allies the first and third, has enough of sculpture to keep up the sense of consistency and connection between them. Thus a series of sculptural and architectural courses, interposed in an ascending and dimin-



ishing range, carries you from the gates of the church, around which earthly life clings, into the pinnacles above the church, which no mortal form may scale, and which may be visited only by the viewless angels from the air. The clear geometric spaces of the towers and of those parts of the second story which fall under the towers—wholly free from statuary—intervene with agreeable effect, to ventilate, as it were, the holy crowd that clusters about the front of the sanctuary, and to interrupt that oppressiveness which such a dense multitude even of saintly and apostolic humanity might have caused. In the second range, and in the towers, you have chiefly openness of effect; in the third range, made up of niched figures, you have closeness: in the base, where the tall deep doors are separated by walls made up of sculpture, you have openness and closeness finely alternating. This is like a succession of lights and shades in a picture. I touch but a few points of the interest and beauty of this noble front. Like all other cathedrals that were built while Gothic architecture was yet a living and plastic essence, it must be studied, in its combination and unity, as a creation of inspired art; the forms and figures which it deals in, being but the elements; whose significance is derived from the moulding shapes in which they are disposed. Thus dealt with, architecture becomes a symbolic medium of spiritual meaning, of imaginative suggestion, not less ideal and prophetic than music, painting or song. In the rich and grand impressions which this remarkable front evolves, one may see, as in an opera of Mozart, an ever-gushing sensuousness of melodies, controlled, regulated and toned down by a yet mightier and more commanding power of harmony.

On entering the left-hand door of the front, you are struck by the uncommon height, length and width of the aisle that expands before you, and are awed by the glimpse

which you get of the nave with its richly colored clerestory and bluish triforium. As you advance under the nave, the vastness of the fabric, modulated into simplicity, dignity and strength, comes upon you like the deep, slow, thunder-tones of a mighty organ. It gave me the impression of being the largest cathedral I had ever seen. The altitude both of the nave and the aisles is unusually great; and they are separated from one another by circular columns, each of which has four smaller ones attached to it. The capitals are low, and the arches that spring from them are stilted; elongated I mean, and running vertically a good way before the bend begins. The piers nearest the front door, and the piers of the cross, are more numerous clustered, and run continuously to the top. The nave-aisles have no chapels, but between their windows are clustered columns, which have in their centres, the ring peculiar to early English; and the clustered piers at the cross, which go up to the vault, have three such rings in different parts of their height. The capitals of the several columns are of rich leaf and grape-bunch mouldings, and are of a yellow color, probably painted; yet resembling the fresh tones of the Caen quarries, of which some of the English cathedrals are built. Two of the mouldings of each arch are of the same color. The ribs of the roof, in like manner, are yellow, and the vault is blue, starred over with gold fleur-de-lys.

The architecture of the building is, for the most part, uniform throughout. The triforium is a gallery of single pointed arches, resting on single detached circular columns of good size; and having the inner wall, behind, of a blue or other dark color. The clerestory consists of a range of large arches going up to the vaulting of the roof; and each containing a circle enclosing a seifoil, in the head, and under it two pointed arches. This arrangement runs round

the whole church. The side-windows of the nave-aisles are similar; but they are short, and high, not coming to the ground. A range of three or four steps, forming seats, extends along those aisle walls; and above them, covering the lower part of the windows, are ancient tapestries.

The transepts are short, but broad, and with aisles. At the end of the north one is the organ, with a fine rose window over it. The end of the south transept is especially beautiful. Above the door, are, first, three thin lancet windows of a thoroughly early English character; the two circular little columns between them standing out clear. Over these are three round headed arches cut out in the wall, with their two dividing columns also clear, and containing in their tops, three round windows filled with seifoils. Above the whole, a wheel-window with painted glass.

The choir is round at the end, and its circling aisle is surrounded with open chapels of much elegance, which indicate a more advanced stage of art. Many of the columns of the choir are simply round. The chancel, or ecclesiastical choir as in Westminster Abbey, comes far down into the body of the church, embracing three arches of the nave. It is raised several steps, and surrounded by a lofty open iron railing. The high altar is directly between the piers of the cross at the entrance of the choir of the cathedral. At the upper end of the choir is another altar.

The clerestory windows, throughout the building, and the rose windows, are filled with stained glass, which for splendor and beauty, I prefer even to Chartres. In each of the two arches into which the clerestory windows of the nave are divided, are two saintly figures on a colored ground, producing a fine impression. Two of those windows, about the centre of the nave, are filled with a mosaic glass of various colors, scarlet, blue green, the most gorgeous, I think, that I have ever beheld; and apparently of

## RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

the greatest antiquity. The windows of the ground floor are not colored, except those in the chapel at the extreme end of the choir, which seem to have modern glass. As you stand near the entrance of the nave, and look along the massive vista which is ended by the three splendid windows of the clerestory at the end of the choir, and by the windows of the chapel below them, the effect is excellent. But the most striking feature of the interior, is the view towards the great front window of the cathedral. Place yourself under the cross and look towards the western wall, and the spectacle is one of unsurpassed magnificence and glory. The nave there terminates in one stately arched window formed of many windows. The top of the great arch is occupied by a vast wheel filled with glass of scarlet and green, which in brilliancy and purity is, without exception, the most powerful I am acquainted with. The intervals of the arch, above and below the wheel, contain smaller wheels, all of which are glittering with similar colors. The triforium which runs along under the large wheel, is open through and glazed; and blazes with forms of saints glowing in robes that are radiant with a lustre caught from the inmost heaven. The tall arch-head of the centre door, also, has its rose; and is wholly filled with glass of a blue and fawn color. Around the three doors, and filling the intervals that they do not occupy, are ranges of marble sculptures, set in recesses, and having an effect very original and agreeable. The incomparable richness of the varied influences that united in that picture—the forms of arch and circle joined in a complication that never became confused—the hues in which the thick crystals, admitting no glare and dimming no ray, turned the stream of the setting sun into a glory of rainbows, blent in endless diversity of combination, whose harmonic tones spread through the air like a music audible to the soul

alone,—this made up a vision, fit rightly to inspire and attune the musing hopes of those who bowed beneath that canopy.

If one were called to determine this building's place, in the chronology of architecture, merely from the structure itself, upon what may be called internal evidence, one might confidently refer it to an early and rudimentary period of the style, on the other side of the channel, called early English. Some of the columns of the choir are circular, as in the Romanesque or Norman; then, in the nave, the circular columns with smaller columns attached, indicate a transition toward the clustered and ringed piers which are seen in other parts, and which are altogether of the early English character. But I have found in the interior of Rheims no example of a trefoil arch; which is one of the most fixed characteristics of early English. On the outside, the pointed arches of the nave and choir along the sides of the building, have around their outer moulding, little rose-like ornaments, closely resembling the double toothed ornament, and producing a similar effect. But within, the *impression* is not like Salisbury. It is French altogether. In the columns of the naïve-aisles, and the manner in which they are carried up above the first capitals, you may see a strong resemblance to Chartres; this being apparently a more advanced stage of the same style. It has a solidity and polished plainness, not free from melancholy, which makes it fit to have been through many ages the scene of the coronation of the descendants of Clovis.

From documents, it appears, I believe, that this Cathedral was begun about 1211, and at least the choir finished in 1241. The façade certainly belongs to the beginning of the 15th century, and must be nearly contemporary with that of Strasburg.

## BOURGES.

Of all the cathedrals I have seen, I know of nothing of such imaginative, spiritual, ethereal beauty, as the interior of Bourges. In regularity and simplicity, it exceeds perhaps even Salisbury; yet in every line of its fabric, the vivifying touch of creative genius is visible. The elements are the finest and most delicate that were ever combined for so great an effect as this; but it is the inspired ideality of impression with which these forms are played upon; the poetic significance and suggestiveness of the composition, that constitutes the mental charm of this half-heavenly erection. Beneath his hand who fashioned this structure,—arches, vaults, columns, surfaces,—were as the finest notes of an organ under the fingers of a master, who, forming in his mind some airy conception of the beautiful and exalting, steeped it in sounds, that crystalize around it, until some one of Art's deathless existences is formed for the glory and gladness of the world. Matter, under the contagious fires of such an artist's handling, becomes animated and coöperative: his touch seems to shoot electric energies of intelligence into mechanical substances; to infuse instincts of forms by which they voluntarily marshal themselves into the array of beauty.

The chief peculiarity of Bourges consists in the absence of transepts, and in there being double aisles, so that the eye ranges along five unbroken vistas of arches, stretching away into the dimness of airy distance; and as the columns throughout are very lofty, slender and open, an indefinite variety of perspective combinations are offered to the observer in different parts of the building. As you enter the portal of the west front, next to the centre, the view which you catch of the long and lofty perspective of the



highest side aisle, reaching as it seems to the clouds, and extending so far that persons at the opposite end can scarcely be distinguished, is like the stroke of a romancer's wand upon your senses, nor are you at all disenchanted, as advancing further, the whole of the simple, yet rich effect is shed in beauty upon your spirit. The nave, sustained by light and shapely clustered pillars, and displaying a magnificent loftiness,\* extends uninterruptedly into the apsidal choir; and is flanked on both sides with aisles that rise to the height of 65 feet, next to which, are lower aisles, and out of these open chapels with richly painted flamboyant windows. The height of the first range of side aisles is so great, that the effect produced is not that of double aisles, but of a winged nave, or a nave descending by gradences into its side aisles; and the impression thus produced is wonderfully original, expressive and rich. The clerestory and triforium windows of the nave, the former filled with colored glass, consist of series of slender and delicate arches, simply pointed or trefold, grouped in clusters of three in the clerestory and six in the triforium. The first and highest side aisles have similar clerestory and triforium windows, except that the former are grouped in pairs and the latter in sets of four. At the end of the nave is a fine west window, extending nearly across it, composed of two great arches with a wheel in a diamond in the head between them, the whole richly colored; and beneath is the organ over the chief door, which is low. The choir is surrounded by a light iron railing, and is raised above the nave by three low steps; at the upper end rises another step, and beyond it another, on which platform stands the high altar. The columns that surround the choir with open arches are slenderer than in the nave, and shooting up to an extraordinary elevation, the effect which they

\* 117 feet, or 33 feet more than Salisbury.

produce surpasses anything that I am acquainted with. In the eastern apoe, and the eastern part of the cathedral generally, the lowest windows of the outer aisles, and the clerestory windows of both the inner aisles and the nave, are filled with ancient stained glass, blue and crimson, of extraordinary splendor, and when the morning sun streams upon, the illumination is magnificent.

Although the style of the interior is uniform from end to end, the building discloses in every direction as you pass to different points of view, an innumerable variety of perspective arrangements and graduated effects. Looking across the cathedral, you see five succeeding rows of elegant little arches mounting with delicate variations, one above another till they seem to scale the heavens. First are the arches of the low outmost aisles, athwart which also you catch sight of the highly colored and decorated flamboyant windows of the chapels; next above come the triforium and clerestory archlets of the first or inner aisles; and then mounting still upward, the scalloped lines of the clerestory and triforium of the nave. The ground vaultings of the double aisles, when you are looking *directly* across, produce still additional rows of arches. It might seem that in this significant construction the sacred artist meant to typify the church of God under that vision, in the Patriarch's sleep, of steps stretched to heaven, whereon seraphs ascended and descended, and the angel of God himself struggled with humanity, when its grosser qualities were laid in slumber by the solemn influences of the scene and hour. The simple arrangement of having the choir discriminated from the nave merely by a low triple step, and the great altar placed at the summit of a triple platform, united full ecclesiastical suggestions with unimpaired architectural effect. The glassy choir might have seemed to him fit to be the luminous canopy of the angels, who beneath the moon of

Bethlehem sang the jubilee of Peace on earth and good will towards men. To me, the music-like sweetness of the structure, seemed to embody a translation into visible forms, of the delicate caroling of some celestial band. The chords of those exquisite lines of small arches that swept in successive ranges along the building, flowed out into effects like Beethoven's harmonies. They were like successive waves in the Summer-ocean of Beauty, which rolled along one after another till in the distance they were dissolved into light.

The particular in which it seems to me that the founder of Bourges Cathedral exhibits a deep, and accurate and fearless genius, is in wholly discarding the system of transepts. The cross-form is, in my judgment, inappropriate in Gothic architecture. Its proper employment is in connection with the dome, as in the Byzantine and Italian structures, and its most true condition, is that of the equilateral cross, as in the matchless type of Santa Maria Degli Angeli, and in the face of St. Peter's as determined by Michael Angelo: for then the whole comes into one definite view. But the characteristic effect of Gothic consists in developing long continuous vistas of arched avenues; and the transept only breaks and defeats this impression. Transepts never enter into the general effect of a Gothic cathedral. They are distinct and detached limbs, contributing to the feeling of variety and size, but nothing more. It was the inherent permanence of a traditionary type in Art, particularly connected with religious symbolism, which caused it to be continued in the Gothic structures. Yet many artists have felt the evil and labored to defeat it. In the Cathedral of Sienna, for example, the vaulting of the nave and aisles, including the triforium gallery, which there is a vast apartment, is carried right along through the transepts which are thus reduced to truncated arms

cut off and dangling uselessly at the sides. This produces not only a strange multiplicity, but an awkward confusion. At Lucca, another device is tried. The arched walls which form the sides of the nave are carried on across the transepts, making a couple of open shields athwart them. The objections to this, is that the upper arched spaces in this wall, have absolutely no meaning. They unite or separate the airy extent of the transepts from those of the cross: but they can neither be regarded as in the nature of windows nor of doors. They lack that sense of purpose, utility or meaning, which is indispensable as an ingredient in the beautiful. They betray themselves for an architectural *shift*, or device intended to produce a particular effect. They gave me the impression of a ruin. The builder of Bourges has solved the difficulty, in the method that is correct in principle, and decisive in effect. Adopting the bold, and admirable suggestion of discarding the transepts altogether, he has made the most exquisite and only faultless Gothic interior in Europe.

One circumstance which gives to these great cathedrals peculiar interest as symbolic creations of Art, is the *impersonal* character which belongs to them. The builders or designers of Strasburg, of Friburg and of Milan are known: but with these and perhaps one or two other exceptions, the cathedrals of the middle ages come down to us as emanations of the æsthetic energy of society at large; as symbolical and typical embodiments of the ecclesiastical inspiration, in an age whose power was eminently constructive. This merging of the individual in the universal, in the history of the buildings, is especially appropriate in works meant to symbolize religion. In scarcely any instance—Cologne is almost the only exception—have any plans, designs or sketches for these works come down to us. They seem to have inspirations or instincts of creations;

effluences of the action of imaginations combined into mental unity, by the action of one feeling, animated by one faith. Yet what a race of artists thus cheat the toll of Fame! Here were persons, who possessed a variety and power of composition that might set them on a level with Michael Angelo or Rubens; conceptions of beauty scarcely less exquisite than Rafael's; a feeling as sensitive as Fra Bartolommeo's; a spiritual sensibility and thoughtfulness as profound as Leonardo's! Yet they survive to us, only in their works; known not nor whispered among men, honored not on their rolls of renown, is the name of him whose genius hung in the dim air the storied arches of this cathedral nave of Bourges; in which, rising gallery above gallery, in light and varied range, and seeming to bridge the interval between earth and heaven, stand in the highest clerestory in glittering robes, against the light, Prophets, and Saints, and Martyrs, and Apostles, beckoning us upward to their glittering home. Yet that this is throughout the conception and plan of one man—on whom all a poet's soul, and a builder's science largely had been poured—no one will doubt who views the harmony and order of these complex details—who considers how the artful combination of regular elements works out not only a grand and combined impression, but fills up the progress of the work with innumerable passages of elegance, running athwart and throughout the majesty of the composition, till the result is as entire and single as a shapely tree, and the parts as varied and free as the leaves and branches that contribute to form it.

The exterior front of Bourges is unworthy to indicate to the world the rare elegance of the fairy beauties within. The five portals, enriched all around the arches with graceful sculptured figures, separated in rows by mouldings of rich leaf-cordage (?) are unsurpassed. The principle tower,

—a noble one,—bears, like one of those of Rouen Cathedral, the humiliating name of the *butter-tower*, having been built with money derived from the sale of indulgences to eat dainties in Lent. A humiliating title it may be called, as it shows that this glorious structure was the offspring, not of men's piety, but of their infirmities, and that while it is a monument to God's glory it is a memorial of his creatures weakness, and even of the corruption of his best gift, the Church.

### ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

Rouen possesses two specimens of these interesting structures. The Cathedral, and the Church of St. Ouen. The impressive effect of the façade of the cathedral, arises chiefly from its extraordinary breadth; which, with the two towers that stand, in fact, at the sides of the building, in a line with the front wall of the nave, is greater, I think, than any other in Europe. The north tower, which is capped with a dumpy spire, is in an early style, probably of the twelfth century, with some tall-pointed arches closed up. The other, called the butter-tower, is in a rich decorated manner, crowned with an octagonal, which has probably served as a model for the more modern one of Orleans. The architecture of the interior has many peculiarities with which it is needless to fatigue the reader. The effect is antique yet brilliant, and imposing. One of the most memorable circumstances connected with this cathedral was its being the burial place of many sovereigns, warriors and statesmen, much connected with the history of England.

### CHURCH OF ST. OUEN.

But the Church of St. Ouen is by far the most beautiful of the monuments of this town; and is one of the most original and delicate creations in medieval constructive



art. Viewed either from within or without, it seems like a vast cross-shaped lantern. The outer walls of the nave aisles, which are without chapels, are composed of a range of broad decorated windows, pretty high from the ground, and separated only by rather slender clusters of columns. The triforium is absorbed into the broad clerestory windows. It consists of a double gallery, glazed on the outside, and separated from the clerestory by a slight horizontal course with two or three ranges of little arches under it, so that the whole space above the lower aisle-arches has the effect of being one range of vast windows divided in the middle by a transom, and having the lower part arched as the upper. This arrangement, above and below, prevails through the whole church nave, transepts and choir. Everywhere the walls seem to have run to windows. Except the low wall which runs around under the aisle windows, like a parapet or bulwark; the entire structure below the roof is of glass, divided and supported by slender piers, buttresses and clustered shafts. The great number of tall shapely banded pillars, and the great height and length of the church, in comparison with its width, produces a striking result. You feel as if you stood in some avenue in a forest of tall trees, sacred to purity and peace, and stillness. As the glass for the most part is richly colored, the impression, when the sun is bright, is the most enchanting and bewildering that can be conceived. How strongly we must admire the creative fancy, the forbearing taste, of those who, in erecting a building of such consequence, could remain true to the simplicity of a plan so slight in its design, but so certain in its effect! A clear and deep moral conception must have been the guiding and sustaining genius of this work; and it is instantly revealed in it: St. Ouen must have been the suggestion of some gentle spirit whose wide human sympathies viewed religion only as the loveliest

emanation of that beneficent Nature, whose all-circling compassion woos to restoration all whom it has made. The material and complicated grandeur of other cathedrals fits them to be symbols of that artificial and metaphysical church catholic upon earth, whose system, wonderful and venerable as it may be, is essentially of human elaboration and structure. Its mighty and enduring vastness substitutes to your mind an earthly conception of the infinite. The more it works out in scientific and æsthetic operations and details, illustrations of the divine, the more thoroughly is man's character stamped upon it. But St. Ouen embodies that elder, wider, and wiser view which contemplates Revelation only as the fullness and assurance of a grace previously developed in Natural Religion. It gladdens the spirit of the worshipper with the mild brightness of the heaven of Nature. It shuts not out, but rather gathers in, the glory of the open universe. It is a house of garnered Light, whose rich, soft, iris-lustre is only a revelation to us of a glory before inherent in the common day, though invisible; as redemption was in humanity. These lovely tones that here pervade the air, are but the Church's interpretation to us of a refining beauty in life; but which, without that revealing interpretation, never could have been unsphered to us. It renders to us only natural light; but in the glory of its elemental fineness. Touched by the appeal of its simple and natural sanctity, the hand of revolution, which destroyed so many monuments in this region, spared its graces; and though plundered by those savages of spiritual life, the religious Jacobins of the sixteenth century, the Huguenots, its frame remains uninjured. . It was begun in 1318, but not finished till 1500.

The front, unfinished for many centuries has lately been completed according to the original design, with two fine

spired towers, lightly and elegantly arched and decorated. It is of great beauty and in good taste.

### CATHEDRAL OF AMIENS.

It was about half an hour after ten o'clock on Sunday morning when I entered Amiens Cathedral. The bishop and his gilded canonry were engaged in celebrating high mass. As the chapels that surround the apsidal choir are almost formed of large windows, of which the effect is, to shed a flood of roseate and orange light through the whole eastern end of the cathedral, it seemed as if, like the promised miracle of the temple of old, the Spirit of God was present in effulgence, and the glory of the Lord overshadowed the altar of his worship.

The interior of the cathedral is extremely beautiful, and in a taste which no criticism can reprove. The style is quite uniform, and recalls Salisbury at once: but it belongs clearly to a rather more advanced stage. I should call it Early English, just flowering and half flowered into Decorated. The triforium windows of the nave and transepts,—the gallery round the west front within,—and the lancet-headed windows or open arches around the apse of the choir—are decidedly Early English: but the other large windows, the triforium of the choir, and the rest of the style, generally, would, in England, rather be referred to Decorated. The central columns which sustain the vault at the cross are remarkably light and graceful. The aisles of both the nave and choir, on both sides, are surrounded with chapels. The triforium of the choir and east sides of the transepts is a clear-story; having double windows, the outer glazed. The plain design of the builders has been to accumulate light in the eastern part of the cathedral. There are fine wheel-windows in the ends

of each transept of the nave. The vault of the nave rises to the magnificent height of 132 feet; which is nearly 50 more than Westminster. There is an opening in the vault to which you may ascend, and look down from it upon the people below, who appear like pigmies. But a better view of the building is from the high gallery that runs along the interior west wall. In the north transept, I found a Latin inscription to Gresset; recording that his bones, having long rested elsewhere, were, in 1811, moved thither and interred with great pomp. The west front is in a rich style of Decorated Gothic. The mouldings of the three portals are deep; the upright columns being enriched with saints or bishops, and the arches adorned with strings of sculptured figures, and the door-heads having ranges of bas-reliefs; the centre representing the Last Judgment. All this is quite like Rheims. Over the doors is a range of gallery windows, in a style like Early English: and above this a splendid rose window. The proportions of the front are agreeable; and the manner in which each successive story or stage recedes behind the other, and grows lighter as it goes higher, is commendable. The view from the towers is good. The valleys of the higher and lower Somme, beautifully wooded, lie beneath your eye. In one of the turrets you are shown a small chamber, whence Henry IV. observed the retreat of the Spanish army; and in the centre of it a round stone table, where he afterwards breakfasted with a joyous appetite. The flèche or spire is extremely thin and arrowy: quite contemptible indeed.

The age of this building agrees pretty well with the character I have assigned it as a mixture of Early English and Early Decorated. It was begun in 1220 and completely finished in 1288. Salisbury was begun in the same year, 1220, but pushed forward so rapidly, that a large part

was finished in five years, and the whole was completed in 1258. Thus, begun in the same year, the completion of Amiens extends over thirty years later than the conclusion of Salisbury. Tintern and Netley belong to the year 1240, and Westminster Abbey, the chapel of the nine altars at Durham and the choir of Ely, 1240-50. So that Amiens was building, after the best Early English monuments in England were completed.

The interior of Amiens certainly commands one's mental admiration. There is nothing that a severe taste can condemn; indeed every thing that it must admire. The altitude, particularly, is glorious. Yet altogether it fails to excite much enthusiasm. It wants character and expression. Its monotonous regularity and uniformity make more an illustration of rules of architecture, than an embodiment of the Spirit of Art. I find not in it those daring outbreaks of creative power; those unconscious workings out of deep sentiments; those bold and varied compositions; those individual characteristics, in which the conventional outlines of the science become subordinate to absorbing influences of special genius; which I do see in Tours, and Rheims, and Bourges. We pronounce it faultless and near to perfection; yet we do not find it so delightful as some others.

### CATHEDRAL OF TOURS.

This Cathedral is the exquisitely fragrant full-blown flower of Gothic Art in France. The interior is in a style of which it would be difficult to convey any notion to a person familiar only with those combinations which are found in England: for here are columns which might have been transported from Salisbury, or the nine altars at Durham, and there are arches and panels that are kindred to

St. George's at Windsor, or the Seventh Henry's chapel at Westminster. I know not any nave which, viewed from the choir, presents so impressive and elegant a *coup d'œil*. From the front door to the transepts, it consists of eight arches on either side, delicately clustered in an Early English manner; the capitals of the side aisles being of rich grape-leaf mouldings, but the pilasters fronting on the nave running up to the roof, which is neatly vaulted with finely cut bosses (?) in the centres. The piers of the nave nearest the door of entrance, advance somewhat into the nave, forming a kind of tower, and rise continuously in very delicate clustered lines to the roof. The nave piers at the opposite end, also, forming the Corpus of the cross, project to the same extent, and come into line with those nearest the door, and rise to the vault with elegant mouldings, like them in every respect. As you stand in the choir, the combination of these two sets of pillars rising above eighty feet, uninterrupted by side-aisle capitals, and limiting the nave between two shapely and very lofty and magnificent portals, forms a composition of irresistible grandeur and beauty. Each of the arches that connect the nave with its side-aisles, is on the nave side, set in a plain panel, with the horizontal line of which it is connected by a small square, set lozenge-wise, on the top of the arch. Above this, you see an illustration of that tendency of French Gothic to run into windows, wherever it is practicable to do so, in the triforium and clerestory expanding and coalescing into great sheets of glass. The triforium consists of pairs of variously-headed flamboyant arches, each set in a panel, and forming a continuous gallery, having corresponding ones on its outer side, some of which are glazed, others walled up wholly or in part. Immediately over the triforium, and separated from it only by a slight horizontal moulding, are the double clerestory



windows, of great size, going to the roof, and forming continuous sides of glass around the upper part of the whole cathedral. In fact, the clerestory and triforium constitute a series of great windows, separated in the midst by transoms, double arched below. The view which, from the choir, you get of the interior west front, set in the frame of the snow-white portal-like arches I have described, is excellent. Over the low door are two square panels, side by side, their angles rounded off, and filled with flamboyant patterns of stained glass, and over these a stilted arch flamboyant, glazed and colored. Above this, is the same arrangement as the clerestory and triforium galleries of the sides of the nave, but here unequivocally producing the effect of one vast window, divided by a transom, having a double range of arches below it, both filled with colored glass, and having a little gallery along the base: the top of the upper part having a grand wheel-head. There are lofty side-aisles to the nave, and on each side of them, capacious chapels of the same height, connected with one another, and giving the effect of double aisles. Many of the high and large windows of these chapels are filled with very brilliant painted glass with figures; probably not of much antiquity, but producing as showy effect when seen from the nave.

The same arrangement of clerestory and triforium which I have noted in the nave, continues around the transepts, except that the arches of each are in triplets; there being two such in each transept side. This fine and free variety of detail in connection with an uniform general plan, produces a fresh and agreeable effect. The end of the north transept has an enormous wheel-window filling its whole width; and under it, a gallery of quatrefoils with a double range of six arches below, the outside range glazed, and the whole thing filled with colored glass. The end of the

south transept is chiefly occupied by a great organ; but above it, glitters the top of a splendid window running quite across, and with a sort of diamond-wheel in the top, finely colored.

The choir, which is apsidal, is wider than the nave, and its aisles also widen upon those of the nave, and form fine spaces surrounded by chapels. The lower arches immediately surrounding the choir are tall, narrow, and lance-like; set in panels with the spandrils decorated with flowers in bas relief. Over these, the arrangement of triforium and clerestory windows is like that in the nave, only that the triforium windows are sometimes triple or quadruple, and always have a little gallery of quatrefoils or of low arches running along the base. The rich yet simple and elegant impression of these three ranges of arches in the choir, is extremely good. The upper double circuit of windows is filled with very ancient, gorgeously-colored glass, so that the whole air is resplendent with crimson and blue. The windows of the outer chapels, at the end of the apse, are also filled in a similar manner. It would be difficult to conceive a more striking and captivating effect of colored glass. The glass windows, which form the upper sides of the nave, are plain; and as you enter the west door you see no colors, except at the end of the choir, through which streams a gloriously-varied purple lustre. The colored windows there, are disposed so as to produce at the top, in the very tall and broad clerestory, a continuous wide sheet of violet light broken into a mass of fragments by the little figures that fill it, and which are distributed throughout in flamboyant patterns of flowing richness. In the middle or triforium range, is a narrower and more interrupted entrance of light; and in the lowest range, there is a still thinner extent of lustre, from the end chapel seen through the choir arches. The

three ranges together thus form a fan-shaped illumination, expanding as it ascends, till it seems to open into the broad diffused glory of the courts of heaven. The kindled splendor of the skies seems to form the canopy of the sanctuary, into which the narrow rays from the altar, streaming upward, radiate and are absorbed.

An example of the wonderful freedom and care with which these ancient builders dealt with the forms that were before them, may be seen in the marked effect occasioned by the choir and its aisles being so much wider than the nave with its aisles. The nave seems like a long avenue leading into the church, which might seem to begin with the transepts and choir. Such an arrangement, however, would have caused the nave to appear too narrow, were it not for the great height and width of the side-aisles, which come to the relief of the true nave and the adjacent chapels, which produce a great expansion, and restore to the body of the church that pre-eminence of grandeur which it ought to possess over the choir.

The lofty and wide façade of this cathedral, up to the point where the towers begin to rise above the roof, comes upon the imagination of the spectator like a suffusing shower of unexhausted richness and beauty. Flamboyance, in all its gorgeous luxury, "here reigns and revels here." The canopies, which hang like veils of lace over the little tribunes surrounding the deep-set doors, have lately been restored with skill, but the statues beneath are not. But, while up to that point all is glorious, all beyond it is bad. The towers are sadly goitred, being too wide for the bases, and are in an impure style. The term between the erection of the façade and of those towers, would fix pretty distinctly the date of the corruption and death of the Gothic.

## STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL.

The front of Strasbourg Cathedral is one of those productions in which the work of man rises so high in the sphere of sublimity and great perfection, as to seem fit to take its place among the silent and eternal monuments of nature. A vast interior may produce the impression of a profound and mystic grandeur; but that is chiefly because it is viewed apart from standards of comparison, and thus the mind's solemn feelings flow forth and distend the space into an ideal immensity corresponding with an emotion of reverence that grows within the spirit. But look upon the front of Strasbourg Cathedral from some point when you may view at the same time the noble mountain ranges of the Vosges and the Black Forest, divided by the broad waters of the grandest river of Europe; view it when the sun in heaven stands in splendor beside its sky-piercing spire, and sends down upon it a gushing tribute of enkindling lustre, or when the ancient stars come forth upon the sky to gladden themselves with its beauty, and the newborn moon walks over the whole circle of the heavens to view the entireness of the wondrous pile; then, even then, in the presence of such objects, which are the joy of creation, the representatives of the energy of The Infinite—Strasbourg Cathedral seems, and ever shall seem, “a glorious work”\* of power, of beauty, and of grandeur.

The extraordinary height to which the vast breadth of this façade rises, shooting thence still upward in the fountain-like jet of its spire, furnishes some explanation of this effect. As you come upon the place where it stands, it

\* Anno Domini 1277, in die beati Urbani hoc gloriosum opus inchoavit magister Erwinus de Steinbach.—*Inscription formerly existing on the arch of the north portal.*

seems to rear itself aloft like the wall of the world coming athwart you, as if it would stop all progress and all view. It is enough to say, that it is the highest human structure upon the face of earth. The Great Pyramid of Egypt has always been deemed a considerable elevation; but Strasbourg surpasses it by twenty-four feet. St. Peter's, at Rome, buries its head among the clouds of wonder and amazement; but this spire, from the pavement, is forty feet loftier than the top of the cross of St. Peter's. The solid façade, before the solitary tower begins, is 230 feet, which is — feet — than the spire of Trinity Church in New York. This is not the real height of the vault of the nave, but is occasioned by the wall of a tower and the space between them being carried up solidly about half the height of the real front below, thus producing a sort of screen running back the depth of the towers. The composition and plan or ordonnance of this façade, differs entirely from that of Rheims, with which a careless eye sometimes compares it. The façade, or broad front of Rheims, is its own "be-all and end-all;" and is intended to be complete and sufficient without towers or spires. Its controlling lines are horizontal, and distribute the whole into three galleries of several ranges. The lines and divisions of Strasbourg front are vertical. The whole façade has reference to the towers, and seems to be derived from them, or to be the commencement of them. From the pavement upward, the front is to be conceived as consisting of a pair of towers corresponding in arrangement, and between these a central space filled up in a different manner, all distributed in three horizontal courses. Thus looked at, the façade possesses entire distinctness and harmony: every part is tributary to one grand and characteristic effect. The decoration is generally geometrical. There is sculpture about the doors, and on the head of the

first story of the façade are four noticeable figures on horseback: Clovis, Dagobert, Rudolph of Hapsburgh, and Louis XIV. When I stood in the presence of this beautiful erection, the French monarch seemed fully justified in stealing Strasbourg from the emperor.

The peculiar interest of Strasbourg consists in the absolute unity between the towers and the façade; the tower being a constituent element in the façade, and the façade determining and modifying the character of the tower and spire. What I may call the *dignity* of the spire is admirable. Most of the spires of cathedrals of great height are either thin and contemptible, or they are over-heavy with lace-like ornaments. Strasbourg is airy but firm, broad and easy, and viewed from a distance, perhaps the tapering part of the spire appears too short; but looked at from the platz below—when the tower would necessarily appear foreshortened—the proportion seems to be perfect. It seems like a pointed crown of light let down from heaven upon the airy tower. The union of the spire and tower, the touchstone of cathedral genius, is here as rare and perfect as at Friburg, yet wholly different. The difficulty is solved at Friburg by the resources of consummate science. It is solved there to the mental satisfaction and by mere architectural skill. Here at Strasbourg it is avoided, through the poetic powers of the imagination in the development of the spire out of the tower. [MS. here illegible.] Material form seems to be so impregnated with vital force and its instincts, as to develop a growth of forms harmonized by the affinities of natural evolution. The octagonal spire itself begins in the same octagonal form at the very roots of the tower; and the tower is formed merely by four tourelles or tall slender turrets, attending the included octagon like buttresses for a certain distance, and constituting the quadrangular tower, which will be found to include



an octagon all the way to its base. Their cessation follows the continuance of the spire, which then acquires a step-like pointed form, from the vertical lines stopping one after another, beginning from the outer and coming inwards. Thus the spire seems to rise out of the tower like a flower out of the stalk which bears it aloft. A little calix or rind forms the connecting member, and the spiritual germ unfolds itself in light, and loveliness, and fragrance. Thus all notable transition from tower to spire, from square to octagon, from cylindrical to pointed, is avoided. This furnishes an example of original and various invention of those great composers in stone—those artists in mechanical forms—who exhibited all the glories of creative art in the 13th, 14th and 15th centuries.

There are three fine portals separated from one another, one under each tower and in the centre. Their heads are pointed with rich pediments over them, and a good deal of sculpture. In the next, or middle portion of the façade, there is in the centre an immense and resplendent marigold window; and on either side of it, under the towers one large open pointed window. Above, in the third and highest range, in the centre, two pointed and pedimented windows; and on either side a pair of three lancet windows. In the same plane with the outer line of the four buttresses which run up, defining the two towers, are bars of stone running up vertically and forming a kind of net work, which gives a delightful chiaro-scuro effect to the façade. It produces that effect of depth which charms so in Leonardo's or Correggio's pictures, and throws an ideality over the mass which is peculiar. It creates artificially a kind of aerial perspective, which softens and shadows the masses of stone. The plain, stern outline of the façade and tower, as marked by the buttresses and columned angles, keep up the simplicity and grandeur of feature re-

quired for true effect in so great a building, while the veil of delicate lines hung across the intervening spaces, and shedding fineness and finish on the retreating breadths of the front, seem like a rich atmospheric medium through which the structure is viewed, and by whose influence it is beautified.

The proportions of the whole front appear to be unexceptionable; formed especially for grandeur and majesty. Whether you regard the distribution and regularity of the principal parts, or the elegance, consistency, variety, architectural purity and propriety of the details and decorations, the display is among the finest in the world.

The façades of the south and north transepts are also worthy of attention. The former consists, at the base, of a double Romanesque door, deep and loaded with sculptures. In the range above are a pair of double pointed windows, and between them, images of the Virgin and child, set in a shrine of the rarest delicacy and richness; and over it an astronomical clock. In the third and highest range, are two rose windows filled with circular lights of colored glass. Before the north transept, and in advance of its façade, is a porch exceedingly rich with sculptures and flamboyant arch mouldings; the whole obviously built on, long after the regular front of the transept. In the centre of this porch is a representation, in sculpture, of the Entombment, and around the columns at the sides are numerous figures of saints. Over this porch, in the façade of the transept, are two rose windows, scalloped in a Romanesque style; above a gallery of Romanesque screen work, and, in the pediment, a rose again. Over the upper rose is a semi-circular capping or outer moulding with the billet ornament of the English Norman. Around the nave on the outside runs a wall with decorated windows. On the south

side this is roofed over, and used as a workshop for masons, on the other, it is not roofed.

The interior nave of Strasbourg is striking, not for airy altitude or vistaed length, but for breadth and fullness, and for a certain creamy richness of color. It has massiveness of outline combined with an elegance of outward finish, solidity of proportions, and purity of architecture. The material is a stone of light and dark brown intermixed, which has an effect, which if you wanted a terrifying illustration, might be compared to a snake, but if you wanted a true one, to the color of castile soap; a little recalling, the black and white zebra style, as Hope calls it, of the Cathedral of Siena.

As I entered the door of the north transept, the nave was filled with a thousand worshippers, who were kneeling towards one of the side chapels, while female voices were chanting the Ave Maria. The windows being all richly colored, a sacred dimness filled the nave. Anon, the great organ began slowly to peal through the minster. The congregation rose and crossed themselves, and withdrew through the various doors, and I was left in solitude to pursue my architectural researches.

From the west door to the cross, are eight elegantly clustered columns; the first from the door, which support the tower, being of an enormous mass, but superficially clustered so as to assume an air of grace and lightness. These columns have leaf capitals at the height of the aisles on three sides; but in front, on the nave, they run up to the centre of the clerestory windows before they form capitals for the roof, which consists of a plain groining of stone ribs like the columns, on a white ground. The triforium, between each pair of piers, consists of two sets of double decorated arches set in rectangular panels, and open through, and filled with colored glass. The clerestory

windows are broad, filling the whole space between the pilasters, and reach to the roof. Against one of the columns of the nave is a very rich carved pulpit, of the end of the 15th century.

In the side aisles, opposite to the first arch from the west door, there is a tall window on each side with a grand wheel in the top, filled with deeply colored glass. Then follow very broad double windows with decorated heads. The great breadth of these windows, in proportion to the height, forms one of the most marked features of this cathedral. Under them, and round the whole base of the side aisle walls, runs an open screen work of Early English trefoil arches or columns. After this, towards the transepts, the side aisles expand into two chapels on each side, which are entered, each of those on one side under two lancet arches, and each of those on the other under three such arches entirely Early English in character. The outside of the clustered columns of these arches are adorned with sculptured images in very rich, light tabernacles. The head of the west window of the north chapel is quite in the perpendicular style.

The columns at the cross, at the head of the nave, are of immense solidity, consisting of short clustered Romanesque columns mounted on an octagonal base, eleven or twelve feet high; the effect being entirely consistent with that of the nave columns. The arches of the cross are pointed. The intersection of the cross is separated from the transepts by a tall round column, having a single leaf capital in a Roman style. In the centre of the north transept is a similar round column supporting the groining of the transept. In the centre of the south transept is a column, consisting of a slender circular column, with four small attached columns at equal distances, and between them three ranges of angels and saints of considerable

height, each in a shrine. In this transept is the celebrated toy-clock. The choir is very short. The choir and transepts, within and without, are in a Romanesque style, and are obviously much older than the nave. The building has been so often destroyed by fire and rebuilt, that it is difficult to determine from documents the age [MS. is here illegible.] They have been ascribed to the age of Charlemagne; but an eye familiar with the chronology of architecture in France and Germany, would have no difficulty in referring them to the 12th century.

The present nave was begun by Erwin de Steinback, and finished by the same architect in 1275.\* In 1298 a great fire consumed all the combustible part of the structure, and after it the windows were re-constructed with greater elegance. The massive outline indicates the middle of the 13th century; the windows and other ornaments the 14th and 15th.

#### FRIBURG CATHEDRAL.

If any one wishes to see, in an architectural form, an earthly image of Perfection,—to behold a material structure that is radiant with the beauties of exhaustless grace, and yet pervaded by severeness of purity,—to study a model of scientific skill which, to the most learned, might teach some new resource of invention,—let him give hours and days of delighted survey to the tower of the Cathedral of Friburg in the Breisgau. It is one of those rare felicities of creation which glowing Art,—in the controlled vigour of its maturity,—inspired by genius, furnished with knowledge, and aided by a thousand favoring accidents,—at times lances forth from the spiritual life of Beauty into the visible immortality of Fame. A brilliancy of tone is im-

\* Notice sur la Cathedrale. Strasbourg, 1850, p. 9.

parted to the composition by the clean simplicity of arrangement which predominates throughout all the delicate richness of the finish; and the integrity of the pervading outline is maintained so distinctly and entirely through the whole work, that the inherent majesty of the form seems to keep in subordination all that is adventitious in the decoration: and thus a certain moral charm is added to the constructive graces of the vision, to make it a true exemplar in the best and highest taste. As the composing parts of such a work separate and arrange themselves under our scrutiny, and element after element marshals itself into the combined impression as with a fresh contingent of effect, we say to ourselves, in doubt, "Could the builder, indeed, have meant all that we behold? Does his production set before us a soul-conceived type of divineness, or does our kindling imagination illuminate and deck his work with a significance and suggestion to which his mind, it may be, was a stranger?" A question asked perhaps in a trifling vein, but capable of being answered in a profound one. In truth, æsthetic sense is so much a social consciousness, a spiritual communion, that the vital medium of Art is reproduced only in the reaction between the creator's work and the admirer's soul. The production itself is but the dim hieroglyphic mark which the glance of intelligent sympathy brightens into luminous and significant power. The glory, the divinity of art exists only for and in those minds which are capable of being provoked by it into emotions which are almost creative in their energy of conception: oftentimes it is a revelation to some instinct of the author's mind, who, for the residue of his life, may alone comprehend what only he has created. The true beauty of the Apollo, or the San Sisto Madonna, inheres not in the canvass or marble; it lives only within that tumultuous splendor of the observer's imagination which, impreg-



nated by the work into a sensibility receptive of creation, finds realized in its recesses of thought a glory of form, which the production itself only calls up.

The Cathedral is well placed, in a considerable *Platz*, and is approached in front by a street, though somewhat obliquely. The lower part of the tower forms a porch in front of the nave; and its low, wide portal is defined by deep, receding ranges of slender shafts quite plain. The sides of the interior of the porch are surrounded by double seats, probably for catechumens, and above them, against the walls, is a screen of trefoil arches under canopies, and over them small saintly figures, under open pinnacles. The vault of the porch has formerly been painted with figures, which are now nearly obliterated. In the centre, there is a circular opening, which corresponds with similar ones in the upper stories, so as to enable one to look down almost from the summit of the tower. The door which leads into the Cathedral is strung round with sculpture like Strasbourg and Rheims. The interior, which is of grey stone, with light clustered piers, has a good effect. The nave-aisles are extremely wide, and contain six broad decorated windows, with rich colored glass, partly modern, partly ancient, the latter of exquisite beauty; below these, against the wall, runs a screen or gallery of open decorated work, a foot and a half high, and, beneath it, an open screen-work of trefoiled arches. The nave, which is divided from its aisles by six arches, is very lofty and narrow, without triforium, and with a clerestory formed at a great height by the side arches of the vault. On the front of each nave-pier, is a saintly figure as large as life, under a rich canopy; and as you look along this fine vista to the distant choir, which is long and apsidal, and full of light, you are reminded of Amiens. The choir is raised a few steps above the nave, and contains large colored clerestory

windows, which are transomed, but with decorated heads; and the lower windows of the chapels that surround the choir aisles also contain much bright and luxurious color. The choir has an elaborately sculptured monument to Marshal De Root, distinguished under Maria Theresa; and tombs with effigies of the Dukes of Zähringen. Under one of the kneeling figures is this inscription: "Conradus D. Z. Fr. Bertoldi III. coepit hanc ædem cum turre A. D. MCXXIII. Finit fere cum vita IV NON. Jan. MCLII." But this was, probably, put there long after his death, and the dates must certainly be inaccurate. The transepts, which are short and chiefly Romanesque, are likely to be of that period; but the nave and great tower must be a century later.

The tower at Friburg forms the entire front of the Cathedral; an arrangement existing also at Ulm. It consists of three parts, which, though strongly distinguished in form and character, yet melt into one another with an organic continuity in transition, which must ever be the admiration of the beholder. The lower part, to the top of the roof, is square and solid, with heavy flank buttresses at the angles and front ones on either side of the door, which are divided by set-offs into half-a-dozen stages. Above this rises a very tall, open and airy octagonal lantern, with long, slender pointed windows, each divided into three compartments by two thin, bar-like mullions, with transoms over trefoil heads, and the tops filled with lace-like flowing tracery. In front of the alternate faces, and corresponding with the angles of the square base of the tower, stand buttress-like pyramids of the richest and lightest pinnacles, rising one out of another. They consist of a solid triangular base, with rectangular faces, upon which rise, in the tapering form just mentioned, two or three stones of little saint-enshrining tabernacles, termi-

nated by crown-like finials. This lantern passes into a lofty octagonal spire, the triangular faces of which contain, in height, six or seven ranges of foliated ornaments like roses, wrought in open stone-work, each range different from the others. On the outside, along the ribs of the spire, are exquisitely moulded crockets terminated in human heads. At the very summit, expands a cross-shaped flower, which crowns the fane like a star let down from heaven.

The *callida junctura*, by which the open lantern of the centre is jointed into the solid tower of the base, and the octagonal shape of the former harmonized with the square form of the lower part by means of the four buttress-like pinnacles that stand beside it throughout its whole elevation, and thus make its mass at once octagonal and rectangular, is worthy to receive unbounded approbation. In the solid base of those buttresses, the key-note of the lower tower runs on into the composition of the lantern; and, again, in the small statue-holding shrines which appear about the top of the solid tower, and about the head and sides of the entrance portals, you have an anticipation or souvenir of the delightful style of the central lantern.

Not less elegant is the vanishing away of the lantern tower of the centre, into the spire of the highest part. The ribs of the faces of both are in continuous lines, and the vertical piers of the tower run up some distance till they terminate in pinnacles. The top of the lantern, as already remarked, ends in a fringe of decorated arches, which are richly canopied: and thus the spire rises out of a coronet of pinnacles, and arches, and canopies, like a loyal nature soaring aloft from amidst a throng of humbler ministers that gird and glorify it. They seem to attend it on its way with banners of rejoicing; and when it

shoots upward, far beyond their following, they send their exulting sympathies straining after it.

The whole of this steeple, and, indeed, the whole exterior of the edifice, is built uniformly of stone of a reddish color, the effect of which is agreeable. The entire height of the spire is  $380\frac{1}{2}$  feet, which, though  $93\frac{1}{2}$  feet less than Strasbourg, is a hundred more than Trinity Church in New York.

In viewing again and again this best inspired of earth's efforts to beautify matter into a fit tabernacle for the indwelling of Heaven's presence, you are, above all things, impressed with the exquisite proportion of the ascending parts of the tower; a proportion that is founded upon some mental considerations, and neither settled nor regulated by merely mechanical relations: the central and highest members being elongated, beyond a mere linear proportion, according to the degree in which they are lighter and more pierced. It is not, therefore, a proportion depending merely upon form; and if the lantern and spire were solid, like the base, it is probable that they would appear too high for it. But the mind, taking in an accompanying reference to the airy lightness of these upper members, recognizes the propriety of their greater altitude, and the imagination draws a peculiar pleasure from a construction that seems to comply with it even to a deviation from the rigidity of material rules. Next to the profound and subtle proportion of the parts, should be noted the finely discriminated and emphasized *expression* of each different member: the broad, solid, pyramidal base, all firmness and strength; the light, bright, joyous, self-sustaining fabric of the central part: the delicate lines of the "star-pointing" spire, its edges, fretted like a cloud in the wind, its sides seeming to be crumbled by the consuming air, and the whole just mouldering, as it were, into the

vaporous medium that envelopes it. But the highest and most characteristic beauty of Friburg consists in the connection or identity of the tower with the body of the church, as parts of a combining whole. The lower part of the tower does not seem planted apart from the nave; it is but its front: and the entire church is the true base of the spire. The same ordonnance of composition prevails throughout the whole exterior of the Cathedral; the body of which is surrounded by an army of flying buttresses, pinnaced and statued, and tabernacled like the lantern; and has, at the angles, between the transepts and choir, two tall turrets, Romanesque for some distance, but decorated like the lantern, as to the upper parts, and terminated with small spires resembling the great one. The side-view is striking: statues and spout-monsters of every sort, with richly crocketed pinnacles, crowd the view. With the exception of the round arched galleries at the end of the transepts within, and something in the same manner on the outside of the south transept, the style of the Cathedral is pure; and the exterior of the tower and nave display, not only great richness, but a perfect propriety and correspondence. Viewing the whole mass of the building and spire in combination, and noting the numerous flame-shaped turrets that start up at every point, the Cathedral seems like a vast censer of naphtha, streaming towards the skies, one great leading jet being surrounded by smaller spurts of upward stretching fire. These, circled by the wild and frowning hills of the Black Forest, which are piled around it, in variety of confusion, stands this unmatched type of the Beauty of Holiness; fit symbol of the Grace of the whole earth. Lingered around this lovely pile, through the mild hours of the earlier autumn,—climbing often among the pinnacles of its spire,—to me, it ever appeared a mythic representation of the Catholic Faith. Its wide, wall-

ed, crowd-containing body seemed like that visible constitution of the church, which, founded on the plain of Truth, reared by the spiritual energies of the past, and buttressed, without, by a thousand feelings, and interests, and thoughts, is a refuge from the storms of Nature, an altar of ever-burning worship. Above, and, as it was evolved out of the structure beneath, like an air-flower out of the material stalk which nurtured it, hangs the finely-shafted frame of light, like the mysterious temple of spiritual consciousness which religion opens out, for each heart, above the thronged tabernacle of visible communion, the home of beautiful peace, a tower of high and calm perception, a lantern, full of the illumination of the upper sphere: yet not limitless, not the true heaven, but even there, where it seems most delightful to the sight, closing upon the view and narrowing away till it becomes nothing but a pointing line to the star that hangs above to indicate a dwelling that awaits us within the invisible, not made with hands, whose glories mortal eye may not see, nor living heart conceive.

The tower of Friburg may safely be pronounced the finest in Europe. In point of height it is the fourth. Strasbourg being 474 feet; St. Stephen's, at Vienna, 469 feet; Antwerp, 404 feet; Friburg, 380½. Of the other famed spires, that of the Town Hall at Brussels is 364 feet high; that of Malines is 348 feet; of Chartres, 304 feet. Antwerp, which has neither grace nor proportion, and in which both the courses and their decorations are crowded together oppressively, has no pretension to be compared with it. As little has St. Stephens; in reference to which it may be observed, that while the outline of Friburg, from the outer base to the apex, constitutes, like it, almost a regular pyramid, that general form is in the case of Friburg, interrupted and varied with a freedom and diversity as



delightful as the monotony of St. Stephen's is stupid and commonplace. Admirable as Strasbourg is, the spire is rather one pinnacle of a mighty façade, than the tower of a cathedral; and in completeness, unity, proportion and a sweet and harmonious variety, it must yield to the smaller minster on the other bank of the Rhine. Next to Friburg, Chartres is perhaps the most elegant on the continent, yet it lacks the dignity, fullness and noble self-assertion of the German. In most spires, the builder seems to have been anxious to hurry over and confuse the connection of the spire and the base tower, and then to bring his spire to its point as rapidly as possible. In Friburg the deliberateness with which these difficult parts are handled, and instead of being abbreviated or concealed, are expanded and exposed, accomplishes the finest solution of the problem. The secret of the beautiful effect of this tower, in comparison with others, consists, first, in the great height of the open lantern which mediates and interprets between the solid tower below and the tapering spire above, and next in the lofty and slender lightness of the final spire. In Friburg, I cannot perceive that any fault is present, or that any beauty could be added without endangering the simplicity and clearness of the outlines. I tore myself away with the reluctance of a lover from this captivating form of beauty; and I shall always retain a conviction that there is one perfect thing in the world,—the tower and spire of Friburg Cathedral.

#### RATISBON, OR REGENSBURGH CATHEDRAL.

The Cathedral of Ratisbon, or Regensburgh, as it is called by the Germans from the riven Regen, which there comes into the Danube, is a work of the first class, and one of the best in Germany. King Ludwig, whose energy and

liberality, guided by a correct judgment, led him to create much that was new and improve all that was old, in every part of his dominions, had induced the canons to clear out all the rubbish of altars and monuments with which the bad taste of the seventeenth century had choked so many of the northern continental churches; and a room or two in the cloisters is filled with the mass of trumpery thus purged out. The interior is now clear; and as the stone is of a soft rich grey, and the columns neatly clustered, and the proportion in all respects excellent, the effect is impressive and agreeable. The choir is apsidal, with three faces, which are filled above and below with rich windows. The building exhibits the whole history of the progress from an early form corresponding with Early English down to the late style of Decorated, in which the paneling characteristic of the English Perpendicular already appears. The side windows consist of double lancet arches trefoiled, and enclosed in a larger arch, with a trefoiled circle in the head; entirely like Early English. The windows outside have the angular canopy richly crocketed, which characterizes the Decorated. The aisles, which do not go up as far as the choir, are circularly apsid; and as high up as to the second story they are built out as wide as the transepts. The great breadth thus obtained, produces a fine effect. The choir windows, as well as some others, have fine ancient colored glass. The side and west windows contain modern stained glass; some from Munich, the gift of King Ludwig; some from Nuremberg. The western front is wide, consisting of two unfinished towers with bold square buttresses at either angle, and a central space in the same plane between them. In the south transept is a well under a rich and elegant canopy, with figures of Christ and the Samaritan woman on the columns. It is declared by the common people to be the identical well at which

the scene occurred; an opinion to which, as a Churchman, I am prevented from agreeing to, since it is well known that the scene really occurred at a well in the centre of the cloisters of the Lateran at Rome. A magnificent object in the centre of the nave, is a monument to the Cardinal Bishop, Prince Philip William of Bavaria, consisting of a lofty rectangular base, upon which, before a high crucifix, kneels, in his costume of Cardinal, the venerable figure of the high born saint.

The Esel tower, called so because constructed for the ascent of the asses employed to carry materials to the summit, leads to the roof, whence the view is excellent. There is some elaborate and beautiful old sculpture along the top of the parapet, that surrounds this covering. The windows and other ornaments of the two towers do not correspond; and notwithstanding the size, the whole has a feeble air. A triangular projecting porch forms the central entrance, and though much adorned, has a mean appearance. The cloisters, which are Romanesque of the eleventh or twelfth centuries, and have the pavement filled with richly cut slabs, covering Bishops and other dignitaries, are curious.

### CATHEDRAL OF MAGDEBURG.

The Cathedral of Magdeburg is a noble relic of religious art, and it were worth the traveller's while to turn aside to visit it, were it only to cool and freshen his spirit in the atmosphere of silent and solemn grandeur in which its ancient aisles still garner the influences of a distant age, to which heaven, with its high cleansing calmness, was nearer than it is to ours. Within, this cathedral has much of the look of an English late Norman church, an effect partly due to its style, which is a transition from Roman-

esque to Early Gothic, partly to its great size, and to its being cleared of altars and other marks of Romish worship, and having the aspect of a merely historical monument of something passed away. It is now used by the Protestant-Lutherans, and when I entered, an ordination was taking place. Let not the anti-Puseyite unduly be alarmed, if I report that two candles were burning on an unquestionable altar, on which also rested an unmistakable crucifix. These supposed badges of Romanism are usual in the Protestant Church of Prussia. The choir is apsidal, and as you enter it, through a screen, with double doors, quite in the English Perpendicular style, with a railing on the top, you find it separated from its surrounding aisle by open lancet arches, unequivocally Early English in effect. Between these and the triforium are some square openings, with sprawling trefoil arches over them, resting on ornamented little pillars in the wall, and at the sides of them are small standing figures of saints cut in the wall. These, as well as some very small figures seated in niches, in the wall around the choir-aisles, seem to be remnants of an older church which stood here, and which have been built up into this one. Of the triforium windows, some are lancet, and others round-headed, but long and ringed in the centre like the Early English shafts. The large clerestory windows above, are filled with modern painted glass. Around the choir runs an apsidal aisle with chapels outside of it. The nave has massive piers, consisting of squares with circles clustered about them like many specimens of late Norman in England. It has no triforium, but very long clerestory windows. The windows of the side aisles are long, narrow and numerous; and their heads, as well as those of the clerestory, contain three circles. At the ends of the transepts are large decorated windows. Many interesting old monuments surround the

walls. The cloisters are quite perfect, forming a complete square. The side which is opposite and parallel to the cathedral, appears to be of great antiquity. It consists of triple small arches under one containing arch; the westernmost dividing column of each triplet being curiously carved throughout, and each differently from another; the remaining column being plain. It calls to mind the cloisters of the Lateran at Rome. The Facade [MS. lost.]

### BAMBERG CATHEDRAL.

It was with feelings kindred to those that Johnson, with such pathetic eloquence, has expressed, in connection with the ruins of Iona, that in a dull afternoon of October, I clambered up the paved steep on which stands the ancient conventual and cathedral church of Bamberg. Once it was a very sanctuary and citadel of the church: venerable at home for the company of spiritual persons who there found refuge for study and prayer: famed and feared abroad for the armies which its mitred chief commanded in those battlesome gusts of mediæval life which caused the lamp of piety and learning oftentimes to flicker, and sometimes for a season to be extinguished. All now has passed away. The city is an undistinguished member of the kingdom of Bavaria. Its religious glories live only in the innumerable monuments and sepulchral slabs that crowd its church and cloisters. Its library has been scattered, and many a portly volume from its shelves have I purchased in America, in years when I little expected that, in person, I should moralize in the veritable scene of the "Monasterium Bambergense."

The cathedral, which has lately been restored and put in complete order, is perhaps the most elegant and interesting specimen of the latest Romanesque or earliest

Gothic, in the north of Europe. It stands on a sloping platz opposite to the Schloss or palace, from one of the loftiest windows of which the weak and worthless Berthier, who had married a princess of the House, fell to the pavement beneath, in a fit of remorse, ennui, or vertigo,—which of the three no one valued him enough to inquire. The east front has, at the angles, lofty Romanesque towers, with several ranges of small round-headed windows, and terminated by slender spires. These towers have, in front, rich doors like English Norman; and that in the southern one is ornamented with zigzag, but as the stone is fresh, one cannot be sure that the design also may not be recent. The east end between the towers projects in a rich five-sided apse, which has, high up, a range of round-headed windows, and in a higher story, directly under the cornice, a row of small round-headed open arches in triplets. Under the large windows are *horizontal* mouldings, exhibiting a resemblance to the ornaments of the English Norman arches; a circular billet, a double-tooth, which is to be seen also upon the exterior of Magdeburg, and a wedge or sharp chevron. The west end of the church, which is in a late style, has also two steepled square towers; but at the four corners of each story or course are small open lanterns, formed by groups of four columns, producing a rich and brilliant effect.

The interior presents a long nave, with apsidal choirs at either end, and a transept. Towards the east end, the nave rises by steps; and beneath, is a cryptal church lighted by windows from without, and from the nave and aisles of the cathedral. The elevated east apse has, below its large windows, a gallery of small arches on pillars variously ornamented, some being twisted, others knotted in the centre, a caprice to be found elsewhere in Romanesque churches, such as the cathedral of Modena. The groining



of the western apse is extremely elegant; and its ceiling is painted in antique figures of a Greek type in reddish colors; as also a trifoled gallery in the lower part of that apse is similarly painted; the remains of ancient frescoes.

This cathedral is a mausoleum of departed piety and renown. A hundred monuments in brass and marble cover the walls. A brow that once ached under the load of the tiara, and hands that have wielded the sceptre of Cæsar, moulder together beneath this pavement. Pope Clement the Second, who had been Bishop of Bamberg, rests within the western choir: and in the nave is the highly wrought tomb of the Emperor Henry the Second and Cunegund his wife: the cathedral, like the church which it represents, being capacious enough to hold calmly within its enclosure, the rival glories of Pope and Emperor. Against a pillar, near the eastern choir, is a monument of King Stephen of Hungary, consisting of an equestrian statue under a canopy. Among the dead here honored, is the name of Hohenlohe, an ancestor of the miraculous prince. But nothing within these historic walls appeared to me so full of pathetic interest, as an inscription against the north side of the church, under a bronze full-length figure on a tall stone pedestal, and under a stone canopy. It is in Latin, and records that the "Venerable line of Bishops, Princes and Dukes of Herbipolis, illustrious through a thousand and sixty years, ended by the death of George Charles, Bishop of Bamberg and Wurtzberg, Prince and Duke of East France," (Franconia). He died in 1808.

"Venerabilis series  
Episcoporum, Principum, Ducum  
Herbipolensium  
Per mille et sexaginta annos gloriosa  
Desinit obitu  
Georgii Caroli  
Episc. Bamberg. et Wirseburg. S. K. I. Principis  
Et Franciæ Orientalis Ducis."

The chapel of the Holy Nail, a long apartment on the south, has its walls lined with bronze monuments of canons, many of them well executed.

## CATHEDRAL OF ULM.

The Cathedral of Ulm is one of the most noticeable of these great structures in Germany. Its dimensions within are of extraordinary magnitude. The nave piers are flat on the sides, but round-clustered towards the nave and aisles. The arches between them are of elegant lancet shapes. The very broad aisles are divided, each by a row of cylindrical columns, and are elaborately groined. There are no triforium windows. The choir is apsidal, and contains fine old painted glass. The stalls are most elaborately and beautifully carved. Along the desks, where the passages to the seats behind intervene, there are busts of figures as large as life, in ordinary costume, carved in dark-brown wood, and looking so life-like that I took them at first for real persons. A very rich tabernacle, to hold the sacrament in Catholic times, of great height, and similar to the one in St. Laurence's Church, Nuremberg, stands on the left of the choir. The cathedral is now in the hands of Protestants, who form the great majority of the inhabitants; and I found a malignant perversely praying at the opposite end of the building, with a crowd of standing listeners before him. There is a box for the receipt of contributions to finish the Dom, as at Cologne; but I refused to lavish a single kreutzer on a fanaticism which would be incapable of making proper use of the temple when it might be completed.

Outside, the aisles and buttresses are of brick, but the sides of the upper part of the nave, and some other parts of the outside, are of stone. The tower, which stands

single at the west end of the church, is all of stone, and though but half-finished, it almost threatens the supremacy of Strasbourg and Friburg. It was intended to have been carried up 491 feet, but the actual height is only 317 feet. In front, it projects, by means of buttresses, so as to form a very elegant porch. The outer doors are triple, tall lancet arches, the columns of which are light, and have along them little sculptured figures in tabernacles. The inner doors consist of a double-pointed arch, with sculptures above. Thence the tower ascends with a finely tapering inclination. In each of the second and third stories, it has two windows; those in the upper, very tall and slender. Over them is an elegant gridiron work of thin circular bars or columns, in the Strasbourg style, producing an excellent effect. They terminate at the top in delicate and rich finials. So far as this tower goes, it is unexceptionable, and, had it been completed, it might have been the most magnificent in Europe. But, unhappily, like most of man's upward efforts, it stops far too short of Heaven.

#### ST. STEPHEN'S AT VIENNA.

St. Stephen's, at Vienna, deserves to be ranked among the great cathedrals of Gothic Germany. It stands in the centre of a considerable platz in the heart of the city. It is of great height. The roof stretches up with extraordinary elevation, with ranges of little windows, and is tiled in various colors, and in various figures of zigzag. In one place is a huge Austrian eagle. The lofty, isosceles-triangle character of the roof; the numerous pediments that run along the tops of the walls; and, above all, the peculiar shape and character of the tower, which begins to taper, spire-fashion, from the ground, and is covered with

ranges of crocketed pediments, or angular substitutes for arches, gives the whole structure a tented look, not inappropriate to a building so much connected with the history of the wars of the Christian defenders of Europe and the Turkish Moslem. The west end is of an antique, romanesque character, probably of the eleventh or twelfth century; the rest is rich and luxurious. The tower, which is 465 feet high, is the second in Europe, being, in fact, only nine feet less than Strasbourg.

The prospect from it is admirable, and is the only point from which you can obtain a satisfactory view of the city. The arrangement of that capital is peculiar. It has not the vertebrated construction of a great street or two, running lengthwise through it, but a star-fish organization, or spider's-web arrangement, consisting of circling streets, pierced by numerous avenues radiating from the centre. On this account, on the plain, there are scarcely any fine continuous views. But when you ascend the tower of St. Stephen's, which stands in the centre of the inner town, the whole lies clearly and effectively beneath you. Around the base of the cathedral is clustered the city proper, surrounded by a circular wall. Outside of this extends the broad, circling, grassy, and shaded glacis; and outside of these the suburbs, like a belt, surrounds the planetary citadel. The line of the glacis which faces towards the glacis (?) is occupied by large and fine public buildings, which, when thus seen in connection, offer an imposing appearance. The whole surrounding landscape of hill and plain is singularly impressive. On one side, at the distance of a mile or two, is a tumbled pile of hills, through which the Danube cleaves its resistless way; and on another, the endless plain of the Marchfield, stretching away into the expanses of Hungary, and exhibiting the battle-fields of Wagram and Espern and Essling, and the Isle of Lobau,

in full view, almost at your feet. With "a thousand heavy times that had befallen" in the wars of Turk and Christian, is that town, which was the reconnoitering point for the commander of the city during the sieges of Vienna, connected; and with scarcely less exciting scenes in recent times of revolution and civil war. It was on the 30th of October, 1848, that the gallant but unfortunate Messenhauser, after the capitulation of the revolted city to the imperial troops had already been negotiated, ascended this tower to descry the fortunes of the battle which was taking place between the beleaguering Austrians and the Hungarians, who had marched to the relief of the city, and which, even in the last moment, gave new hopes of safety and independence. The thickness of the fog rendered it impossible to see the contending lines; and the vicissitudes of a contest on which his own life depended could be inferred only from the direction and distances of the firing, which sometimes approached, sometimes receded, sometimes broke out in one quarter, and sometimes in another. From time to time, as any change, favorable or otherwise, appeared to take place, he despatched bulletins to the people below, who crowded the cathedral and the platz around it, half mad with eagerness, hope, and terror. After high expectations had several times been raised, a final bulletin told them that all was lost. Messenhauser was soon after tried and shot.

The interior of St. Stephen's is one of the most impressive, sombre-sublime things that I have ever seen: very dark,—of a pure but extremely rich Gothic,—the columns elegantly clustered or channeled, and loaded with sculptures of saints under canopies of delicate fret-work, looking as if carved out of ebony. The altars are against the columns of the nave. The choir is without light, except from two tall, slender windows at the end of it, which are

filled with antique glass, and shed a golden lustre upon the high altar. There is a mysterious blackness of darkness in the interior of this cathedral by no means comfortable. Yet the services are exhibited here with great effect. Vienna, being the most licentious capital in Europe, is also, not unnaturally, the most devout. I shall not quickly forget the touching beauty of a vesper service; here so different from such scenes in Italy, where there are an army of priests but generally no congregation at all. The whole floor of the cathedral, as I entered one afternoon, was covered by a kneeling throng; and, when the organ struck up, the entire body of worshippers—soldiers, peasants, ladies, children, servants, princes—joined in the chant with an effect irresistibly pathetic. In Germany, all sing as well as smoke; and the Catholic service, when the entire congregation take part in the singing, makes a depth and breadth of harmony which has an unearthly grandeur.

## MILAN CATHEDRAL.\*

The pointed architecture of the Teutons took root in Italy, and produced copious fruit, more especially in Lombardy. But it is a light, thin, timid and exotic growth; always retaining the slight and slender forms of the earliest style of the Transalpine nations, and never swelling and advancing into the luxurious expansion and fervent vitality of Germany, France and England. In Naples, are specimens of a foreign Gothic imported into that region. But one specimen, perhaps the only one, of early German Gothic in Italy is to be seen in the triple Church of San Francisco at Assisi. It was built by a German artist, and the ribbed vaulting of the upper church, and its lancet windows, speak

\* Endorsed by Mr. Wallace "Very unfinished."



a pretty pure Teutonic dialect. Other things than its architecture render it one of the most interesting buildings in the world; for its ceiling is covered with frescoes by Cimabue, some of which are as fresh and bright as while they were yet damp from the hand of the great father of modern Art; and its middle crypt is a museum of the early Florentine and Perugian schools, being painted all over by Giotto, Cavallini, Taddeo Gaddi, L'Ingegno, Lo Spagna. In two other instances German architects have been employed in Italy; in the Certosa near Pavia, and the Cathedral of Milan. The interior of the former shows many particulars of pure Gothic, but joined with more that is not.

The Cathedral of Milan stands alone in the fields of Art. It is like nothing else in the world, before or since. It seems as if upon the confines of the Teutonic and Ausonian territory, the pure and fervid spirits of German Gothic and of the half classical Italian Gothic had coalesced, and their several excellences had become identified in the strange and almost supernatural loveliness of an offspring, which, though absolutely special and individual, and not one of a race of such, is yet consistent in its novel organization, and irresistible in its fascinating effect. It is not that mechanical minglement of two styles which forms a debased Art; the combination of the elements is a vital assimilation of the two germs, which produces a variety upon both species, more elegant than either. There was just that degree of specific nearness in the two, which allows of a productive union; for the Italian Gothic is a cross between true Gothic and classical, and thus German Gothic when crossed with this mixture is still joined with something homogeneous. We have seen many instances of Gothic constructions controlled by classic ideas and decorations, and the effect has been fatal: but here is a partially classical construction swayed and moulded by Gothic spirit and conception, and

the result is admirable. The exterior of the building has not the outlines of a cathedral, but rather the massive and spreading repose of a Greek temple; yet the dress of decorations in which it is arrayed is Transalpine and still not inappropriate. Within, the vaulting seems not to be true Gothic: the piers, the relation of the nave to its aisles, with the incidents of triforium and clerestory, are quite remote from the cathedral structures of the north, yet the pervading tone,—the resulting impression, is Gothic of the most refined and spiritual sort. It is a monster, perhaps, according to the botany of architecture, but it is like the peerless and perfect rose, which passes out of the family of order, only to become the queen over all orders: and we may grant pardon to a deviation which works out an affluence of charms that bewilders the mind in admiration and makes faint the sense with delight. This cathedral is not the child of law and calculation, but of nature and love; and its glowing beauties catch a higher, warmer color, from those instincts of feeling which gushed into forbidden union for its creation. I leave to architects to chronicle its departure from this or from that type of the schools: as an enthusiast worshipper of the beautiful, I care not for the rank or genealogy of my idol. Wherever beauty blooms, there glow the feelings of my heart's devotion.

There is a wild grace in the delicate and luxurious elegances of Milan, which inflames the admiration into an ecstasy of pleasure. I shall not speedily forget the revelation of joy born of beauty, that opened in an instant upon me, as on the morning after my arrival in Milan, I walked forth from the Inn of Gran' Bretagna along one of the streets, without plan or purpose, and presently found myself upon the piazza of the gorgeous duomo. The façade is bad, on account of the Roman doors and windows which have been let into it. But stand off towards the south

side, and view it diagonally, so as to bring the side and roof well into combination, and you will confess that a more singular and more enchanting vision never rose beneath your eye. It was a clear morning in the early November, the air was bracingly cool, with something of Alpine purity, the turquoise-blue of the unclouded vault of heaven, was then, to my unaccustomed eye, a ravishment of unreality. Beneath this glowing canopy, and from out the violet atmosphere that filled the whole space between earth and sky, rose the snowy masses of the cathedral, whose crowd of pinnacles seemed to tremble and tingle with diamond-like light. Thought and feeling seemed to melt together in the thrill of the senses' enjoyment, and for an instant I knew not whether to regard that blue heaven as a pictured dream of passioning Art, or that silvery pile as a crystallization of the glorious crown of Nature, who lavishing her grace on Italy, as she had her grandeur upon Switzerland, might seem here to have formed a glacier of loveliness—a Mont-Blanc of beauty. A white-robed, glittering band of seraphs seemed to have just lighted upon the summit of each turret and buttress and finial, and to stand there with pearl-pale spears pointed up to Heaven. Listen! Listen! For as the sun-rays glance among the myriad figures, and all seems life and interchange—imagination, which oftentimes confuses which sense it is that brings its strong report, will not believe but that the crystal-vested troop are chanting forth some chimes of airy music, or some according strains of triumph in the tones of their delight. A flight of most delicately colored pigeons light at times upon the pavement; at times covers every “coin of vantage” on the cathedral. Sacred and mystic birds! They are of the family of those pearly feathered tribes of St. Marc, which are said to have come, like much of that temple and its religion, from the mysterious East. A pair

of these birds were brought to Milan a few years ago, and there is now a numerous flock.

A striking peculiarity of the duomo of Milan, is that it is built entirely of statuary-marble. Some portions of the stone, especially above the roof, have a roseate or reddish hue which, wrought into statuettes and bas-reliefs, form a delightful effect. The darkening of this stone by age has produced an appropriate and agreeable effect: for the tower part seems to have shared the stains of earth to which it is rooted, while the higher portions bloom in the arum-like whiteness of their virgin quarry. The roof is nearly flat, and very neatly paved with marble; and numerous turrets and pinnacles, set with statues or statuettes, rise around and upon it. The number of the figures now peopling the exterior is said to be above 3,000; and the design when completed will include 6,000. Many of these figures are by sculptors of the first reputation; three or four by Canova. They bear and, indeed, require examination by a glass. That higher, open temple which is thus built and populated upon the top of the duomo, vaulted by the heavens, and lighted by the sun and stars, is a world of curious and delightful intricacy. The religious finish of every façette, and figure, and bas-relief, even in places where the eye cannot approach them except by extraordinary aids; the inscriptive dedications beneath the little shrines, so removed that human gaze cannot decipher them, produces a singular and profound feeling. It seems as if they might be shrines which were wrought for the glory of heaven and the solace of God's nightly angels. The view which the summit commands, with the whole line of the russet-tinted snow-peaks of the Alps along the north, and the ocean-plain of Lombardy in the south, with the great roads that radiate from the city, so foreshortened that they seem as if rising directly upward, is one of rare and memorable

interest. Walk at twilight or evening upon the plain that surrounds the walls of the city; and you will see the countless pinnacles of this temple shooting up through the grey air like some light play of the borealis; and you will fear that it will have vanished in the moon-beams before you can reach it.

When you enter this cathedral, if the splendid expanse before you be not sublime, it is only because it is so beautiful that wonder is absorbed in exquisiteness of enjoyment. The dimensions are imposing. The height of the nave is 153 feet, it extends between a series of nine arches through a magnificent distance to the transept. There are double aisles on each side of it, also of great width; and the slenderness of the piers throws the whole into one general effect. The piers rise to a prodigious height, and seem to bend gracefully at the top like the expanding cup of a lily. They seem too slight to support, with so slender arches, the lofty roof, but look! clustered round the top of each pier is again a band of angels, who seem to have taken the building under their especial care, and who give assurance that the elevated vault will safely be sustained.

#### ST. PETER'S, ROME.

From whatever part of the surrounding country you look at Rome, the object that chiefly strikes the eye and the mind is St. Peter's. In visible, as in moral impression, it forms, in modern times, the great representative-feature of the Historic City. As you come in from Civita Vecchia, along the sternest and dreariest road upon earth, through the blasted reign of Tarquin, crumbled over with ruins of such antiquity that, in comparison with them, the oldest remains of Rome seem to be of a modern date,—suddenly, from a rise in the road, you get sight of the

dome, lifting up its whole mass above the crest of Monte Mario. So distinct is it, that it looks within a stone's throw; yet the distance is fifteen miles. As you whirl impatiently along, with accelerating pace, the huge object becomes larger and larger, till, in your excited and confounded imagination, it seems expanding into a vastness that only astonishment and wonder can embrace; and when, at last, you pass the barrier of the hills, and enter the *Porta Cavalleggeri*, and the glittering vision of immensity is dashed, in its entirety, upon your spirit, you shrink, almost, with a sense of your insignificance, and feel as if St. Peter's were Rome, and Rome were the world. Thus far, not a tower or temple or palace, save this, has met your eye, and none was needed. The whole idea of Roman majesty and Roman force,—in arms, in laws, in faith—classic, mediæval, and modern—all that swells upon the memory and the soul, when the name of ROME is sounded,—is flashed before the sentiments in that great, dazzling structure. As your eye labors upward from its mountain-founded base to its sun-silvered pinnacles, or follows the endless sweep of its colonnade,—all the notional little differences of sects and country melt into nothing; and your kindled sympathies snatch this universal temple from all partial appropriation, and claim it as MAN'S great monument of tribute to the All-Sovereign,—as the natural and everlasting shrine of the Religion of Humanity. It asks no inscription of its character or purpose; it needs no solemn dedication from Pontiff borne on high by mitred train; it wears eternally, in its own greatness, its own inherent stamp of spiritual significance and divine awe;—holy through its vastness and its beauty;—self-consecrated to acts of worship and thoughts of reverence, by the creative inspiration which it embodies and represents. Its glory was conceived within that element which is the



supra-mortal in man, and it will ever reproduce kindred emotion in him that approaches it. It is a spectacle to set on flame religious sensibility, where it exists, and waken or create it in hearts where it slumbered or was wanting.

If you travel from Naples, and enter the city on the southern side, the first view you have of Rome is from the hill of Albano, some fourteen or sixteen miles off; a sight to be much-remembered of him upon whose eyes, for the first time, it opens. St. Peter's is at the most remote edge of the capital, and your view of it is athwart all that rears itself aloft of the yet-living power of princes, and all that remains of the grandeur of a line of emperors—the coliseum being the nearest object to you. Yet, at all this disadvantage, St. Peter's seems to be the *urbs Roma*, and all the rest only irregular suburbs cowering around its base. Stand at mid-day, and look from the Alban lake or mountain towards the pale masses of the seven-hilled metropolis, which the golden richness of the languid atmosphere melts into an airy and mystic spectre of departing power. St. Peter's, with its beak-like cupola rising out of the yellowish masses that flank it, assumes to the musing fancy the mythic semblance of an eagle—Rome's once-tutelary and ever-symbolizing bird—lonely, drooping, and forlorn, yet ominous; crouching on the height whence of old it flew with a shriek over the world; quenching in dim listlessness those orbs from which once flashed fires that were the light, the lode-star, and the terror of the nations; folding feebly around itself wings which, when stretched abroad in pride of flight, darkened, to half the earth, the sun in heaven.

From no position, however, does St. Peter's appear in such strange, solemn, mysterious impressiveness, as from the hill-slopes of Tivoli. From that point of view, the

Campagna lies gloomily beneath you, covered with the dark purple of the low mist which always rests upon it, and bounded in the distance by the golden waters of the Mediterranean. Not a battlement,—not a turret,—not a spire of Rome can be made out,—save one. From the centre of the sombre plain below you, the whole Dome of St. Peter's looms up against the bright horizon,—black, wierd, portentous. The Campagna looks like an ocean of dusky waters, and St. Peter's like a huge ship riding alone upon its wastes.

What a world within Life's open world is the interior of St. Peter's!—a world of softness, brightness, and richness!—fusing the sentiments in a refined rapture of tranquillity,—gratifying the imagination with splendors more various, expansive, and exhaustless than the natural universe from which we pass,—typical of that sphere of spiritual consciousness, which, before the inward-working energies of Faith, arches itself out within man's mortal being. When you push aside the heavy curtain that veils the sanctuary from the [MS. wanting] without, what a shower of high and solemn pleasure is thrown upon your spirit! A glory of beauty fills all the Tabernacle. The majesty of a Perfection, that seems fragrant of delightfulness, fills it like a Presence. Grandeur, strength, solidity,—suggestive of the fixed Infinite,—float unsphered within those vaulted spaces, like clouds of lustre. The immensity of the size,—the unlimitable richness of the treasure that has been lavished upon its decoration by the enthusiastic prodigality of the Catholic world through successive centuries,—dwarfs Man and the Present, and leaves the soul open to sentiments of God and Eternity. The eye, as it glances along column and archway, meets nothing but variegated marbles and gold. Among the ornaments of the obscure parts of the walls and piers, are a multitude

of pictures, vast in magnitude, transcendent in merit,—the master-pieces of the world,—the communion of St. Jerome,—the Burial of St. Petronilla,—the Transfiguration of the Saviour,—not of perishable canvass and oils, but wrought in mosaic, and fit to endure till Time itself shall perish.

It is the sanctuary of Space and Silence. No throng can crowd these aisles; no sound of voices or of organs can displace the venerable quiet that broods here. The Pope, who fills the world with all his pompous retinue, fills not St. Peter's; and the roar of his quired singers, mingling with the sonorous chant of a host of priests and bishops, struggles for an instant against this ocean of stillness, and then is absorbed into it like a faint echo. The mightiest ceremonies of human worship,—celebrated by the earth's chief Pontiff, sweeping along in the magnificence of the most imposing array that the existing world can exhibit,—seem dwindled into insignificance within this structure. They do not explain to our feelings the uses of the building. As you stand within the gorgeous, celestial dwelling—framed not for man's abode—the holy silence, the mysterious fragrance, the light of ever-burning lamps, suggest to you that it is the home of invisible spirits,—an outer-court of Heaven,—visited, perchance, in the deeper hours of a night that is never dark within its walls, by the all-sacred AWE itself.

When you enter St. Peter's, RELIGION, as a local reality and a separate life, seems revealed to you. Far up the wide nave, the enormous baldachino of jetty bronze, with twisted columns and tint-like canopy, and a hundred brazen lamps, whose unextinguished flame keeps the watch of Light around the entrance to the crypt where lie the martyred remains of the Apostle, the rock of the church, give an oriental aspect to the central altar, which seems to

typify the origin of the Faith which reared this Fane. Holiest of the holy is that altar. No step less sacred than a Pope's may ascend to minister before it: only on days the most august in the calendar, may even the hand which is consecrated by the Ring of the Fisherman be stretched forth to touch the vessels which rest on it. At every hour, over some part of the floor, worshippers may be seen kneeling, wrapt each in solitary penitence or adoration. The persons mystically habited, who journey noiselessly across the marble, bow and cross themselves, as they pass before this or that spot, betoken the recognition of something mysterious, that is unseen, invisible. By day illuminated by rays only from above, by night always luminous within—filled by an atmosphere of its own, which changes not with the changing cold and heat of the seasons without,—exhaling always a faint, delightful perfume,—it is the realm of piety—the clime of devotion—a spiritual globe in the midst of the material universe.

As a creation of Art,—that is to say, as a work symbolic of spiritual conceptions or emotions,—St. Peter's stands in a class by itself. It belongs to a different generic order of Art from the old Teutonic cathedrals of Germany, France and England; and is as perfectly an æsthetic embodiment of the modern or Italian Catholic religion, as they were types of that elder, wilder and more spiritual faith that held in solution with it those vital elements that afterwards passed off in the form of Protestantism. The Gothic artist, rearing a vast structure, sought to make it appear 'yet loftier and more extended than it was. He meant that the imagination should lose itself in the effort to compass and measure its endless vistas;—should falter and droop on the wing in its endeavor to soar to the summit of its dizzying concave. To this end, the height and length of the Cathedral, especially in France and England, where, and not in

Germany, this architecture developed itself most intelligently, were great in proportion to the width. The pillars are usually lofty in comparison with their thickness, and stand at small intervals from one another. A slight joint-like capital connects them with the pointed arches, which, continuing the same mouldings, and exhibiting almost the same *ordonnance*, appear not to be a different member, but rather a prolongation of the upright shafts, which have an appearance of converging at the top, from the great height to which they are extended. Thus nothing intercepts, but all things aid, the illusion which carries the eye upward along the clustered pillar till it loses itself into the gently-bending arch. In like manner, if a stranger, entering one of the western doors, sought the cloven tongue of fire which, in the sanctuary, ever hangs like an aureole around the summit of the sacred candlestick upon the altar—a memory and a sign of that flame which, in worship, comes down from heaven to kindle the hearts of the faithful—it was to be seen trembling at the dim extremity of a forest-like vista of arching shafts, which a thousand cross-lights bewildered the eye in its attempt to traverse. The finite melting itself into the infinite,—the material shading away into the ideal,—were the effects which the religious builders of France and England contemplated. A different faith possessed their souls who framed St. Peter's,—Roman as distinct from Catholic,—and a variant inspiration, by consequence, informed their imaginations. When I stood for the first time within St. Peter's—newly from the great cathedrals of the Gothic race, to which also Milan, built by German architects, belongs—it was with a feeling of that sort of surprise which flickers upon the edge of disappointment. No such *trancing* emotion as that which Ely, and Winchester, and Amiens, and Strasbourg had dashed over me, was I con-

scious of. Nay, the moment I began to analyze the methods that were employed in the work, it appeared obvious that the artists had made use of every mechanical means that could cause the building to look smaller than it otherwise might. I must either suppose that the joint masterpiece in architecture of Michael Angelo, Rafael and Bramante was a combination of errors—a series of violations of the plainest laws of effect in art—or, I must reverse my conception of the idea, purpose and sentiment of this new style of creation, and study to derive its design and laws from the work itself. My intellectual reverence for Michael Angelo quickly determined which of these views to adopt. The true æsthetic notion of St. Peter's, I take to be this :

The artist sets out with a structure, really and actually, of stupendous dimensions. For example, the height of the roof of the nave arch from the floor is the same with the height of the choir of Cologne, or the choir and transepts of Beauvais,—those Titanic fragments of a mightier age which itself broke down under the impracticable task it had assumed ;—and that is twice the height of the Abbey at Westminster. Yet at Rome's St. Peter's, this vast altitude is only the base, the pedestal, whence the real elevation of the building soars on high. According to the true apprehension of these Byzantine temples—for such, in origin, are all these dome-crowned crosses—it is the great central canopy which constitutes the body of the structure ; and that, here, standing upon the nave, choir and transepts as upon a supporting platform, swells thence aloft to more than twice their height. Of the airy space comprehended within the building, an impression may be derived from the circumstance before referred to, that the atmosphere has a fixed, mean temperature of its own, not sensibly changed by variations in the outer air—so that it always



feels, and is, comparatively, warm in winter and cool in summer; a phenomenon not observable, in a decided degree, in any other structure in the world, but to be found in some certain natural cavities of great extent—such as the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. A magnitude, positively and veritably immense, being thus assumed, the artist's design is to deal with it in such a way as to bring it as near as possible to the common apprehension and sympathies of the spectator: not, literally speaking, to make it look as small as possible,—an expression which would be faulty, in as much as it would treat the eye and not the imagination as the medium addressed by a production of Art,—but yet, at least, to make its unminshable greatness familiar and conciliating to his affections. Note what at once presents itself to your attention as you pause in the centre of the nave, and look round you to observe and feel. The size of objects that are at a distance above the eye is clearly increased in far more than may be called the just proportion of their remoteness; so that the capitals of pilasters above an hundred feet off have a distinctness that makes them seem but a little way off from us. Where the vault of the nave springs from the side piers, the upward lines are broken by a heavy, terminating cornice, and by a broad, transverse architrave; and further to baffle and expel all possibility of continuity with the marbled and fluted pilasters, the ceiling is composed of small, richly-gilded panels. The width of the nave and aisles is also exceedingly great; so as to bring down the height. But, without going into detailed illustration, it is enough to note, generally, that the following principles are acted upon throughout the whole interior:—The lines, whether straight or curve, are everywhere broken as much as possible; a high and fine degree of finish—embracing particularly a great diversity of rich and warm coloring—is exhi-

bited throughout every part,—over the distant surfaces of the airy cupolas and the retiring nooks of wall and ceiling. Remote things,—such as statues, inscriptions, mosaic figures,—are made to seem strangely near at hand, in consequence of the exaggerated dimensions in which they are executed. There is, therefore, nothing overwhelming in the first effect of the interior of St. Peter's. You are not overpowered, bowed down, abased in terror or in tears, as you are upon going into almost the meanest of the English Cathedrals. When you gaze upward through the grey wastes of Beauvais Cathedral, which has about the same height, you draw back appalled—you shudder with the fear of a mental *anéantissement*. But, the stupendous, the monstrous, the prodigious,—which were effects inherent in the dimensions of St. Peter's—have been completely absorbed, or dissipated, by the multitudinous resources of Art and Diligence which the genius of the builders has diffused over the work.

This, then, is the characteristic impression of the interior of St. Peter's,—to approximate the vast,—to familiarize the great. And from this springs the moral enjoyment which it produces; an emotion at once stimulating and soothing,—at the same time inspiring and satisfying. You seem to taste, as it were, of super-human elements; to have a mortal fruition of the Unbounded, the Ever-during, the August: and the intellectual sensation is exquisitely sweet. The moral and the spiritual seem to become exquisitely sensuous in the strong beauties of this shrine of the world's hope and comfort. To the fancy of the soul, the mighty structure seems like a vast mystic organ, distilling to our hearts out of the common air of life, the music of inward and indestructible Peace; for, often as I paced those marble floors, lost in every delicious emotion that gratified intellect and taste could supply, the glories—in-

exhaustible, inexpressible and irresistible—of that tabernacle, always translated themselves to my spirit in strains of ideal harmonies,—touching, attendering, exalting. Assimilating from it those heavenly impressions into our sad and sorrowing natures, we become insensibly chastened, and thereby pardoned. Surely the very Angel of Consolation makes those vaulted roofs his ever-chosen dwelling-place. Thou, who, disappointed in others, or, more, fatally, disappointed by thyself, mayest have sought restoration from Nature, from Thought or from Endeavor, go, tread those long-drawn aisles, day after day, and hour with hour;—mingle thy tears with the dust that pilgrim-feet bring thither from the earth's remotest borders, and thou shalt hear from the Great Loveliness in-dwelling there, whispers of a reconciliation with thyself and of contentment in thy hopes.

And, thus, St. Peter's stands a perpetual type and symbol of the ultra-Montane, (?) or Italian Catholic System. Of all art, the guiding instinct ever is some religious conception. Art is one of the means by which man strives to realize or represent to himself, in Beauty, his spiritual apprehensions; in order that he may pour in upon his senses, through the avenue which commands the finest sensibilities of the material frame, the rich ecstasies of spiritual consciousness. The just interpretation—the true critical canon—of every system of Art will be found in the prevailing religious emotions or practices of the people among whom it springs. It is the character of the Romish system, to materialize the mysteries of spirituality: to make faith, in all things sensible: to give visibility and palpableness to the whole body of religion: to affect the soul through the senses by first charging physical things with the representative sanctity of an indwelling divineness: to realize on earth and in mortal forms, the kingdom of God

in its absolute completeness, even to the permanent presence of the Head of the church, and the judicial inquisition and sovereign remission of sins. And thus does St. Peter's, grappling the Indefinite in its Glory, bring it down, through symbolic media, to our most familiar recognition and appropriation. Thus do its broad and heavy arches, expanding our thoughts to a certain extent, but restricting them from beyond that extent,—crusted over with splendors that make the sense almost smart with pleasure—seek to embody all the magnificence and all the beauties that imagination could accumulate in a further and future world—and seem to say, “Here rest, here feed on Adoration as a Joy: here is the excellence of existence, the fullness of Perfection.” The Protestant System, and that older, freer faith of the unsevered Church of Christ, sent man aloft to heaven, by teaching him to feel the nothingness of himself and earth; and so did the Gothic cathedrals, that, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, were the unconscious workings, through an æsthetic avenue, of that spiritualism of the English, French and German nations, which a little later detached itself altogether in the theory of Protestantism, annihilate the worshipper upon the threshold of the temple, and leave him in humble astonishment and awe, at the sublimity of the court of the worship of the Lord. The modern Italian system, which is the residue of the Catholic faith after the rational elements had been drawn off in Protestantism, brings down heaven to man, and fills the persons, places, implements and services of the church with the full inspiration and virtue of divinity. A northern cathedral gratifies by what it suggests and leads to; St. Peter's suggests even more by the inexpressible moral gratification which it infuses. Like the rites of the church, while it pours a flood of half-

bewildered joy through the spirit, yet composes, calms and satisfies. This fabric, which the uniting genius of Rafael and Michael Angelo gave to the church that lavished its patronage upon them, unfolds almost a new means of grace; and embodies well-nigh a new sign of faith. St. Peter's is the Sacrament of Art.

## VISIT TO NETLEY ABBEY.

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ISLE OF WIGHT—THE SOLENT—NETLEY ABBEY.

*Netley Abbey, June 6, 1850.*

I reached Ryde on a fine day about noon, and took a sailing wherry, mounting two small masts and a jib, for Netley Abbey. The water-view of Ryde, looking like a nosegay made of green trees and white cottages, and thence along the Solent coast of the Isle of Wight, to where, in the distance, the yellowish towers of Osborne House glitter above the forests, and glimpses of the gray, round masses of Norris Castle, like some stern, steel-clad warrior, are betrayed through the trees upon a point of high land beyond—forms a scene not less interesting for its exquisite elegance, than as significant of English character and life and taste. Near the long pier stands the stately Club-House of the Victoria Yacht Club; next it, a low cottage built and occupied by the late Duke of Bucks; and further on, girt by trees, the residence of the late Earl Spencer. Then, bowered among profusest expanses of foliage, the lovely church and rectory of Binstead—a few thatched cottages nestled in a “boundless contiguity of shade”—the trees being just not too crowded to prevent the form of each from being seen. Immediately beyond, are the ruins of the old Cistercian monastery of Quarr—the recumbent ground presenting to the river a clear, bright sward, not less enchanting than the woods of Bin-



stead; the gray, lance-like arches of the wasted Abbey overtopping the woods that strive to hide the wrong. The view upon the opposite side of the Solent, towards Portsmouth, though of a very different character, is also fine. In the distance, on the end of Portsdown Hill, Nelson's monument is distinctly seen. As I was wafted gently along the calm waters, I saw upon the muddy edge of the wave, the tide being low, a bending, venerable figure, which might have served for the type of Wordsworth's Leech-Gatherer. He was engaged, as I learned, in fishing for shrimps. He used a hand-net, with which he scraped along the weeds on the margins of the little inlets that indented the shore. Another mode of taking these favorite little dainties, is by a kind of cage, which is baited with small crabs, and let down into the water, to attract the fish into it. Great quantities of shrimps are obtained along the coast.

Moving onward, a few tiltings of the boat over the glassy wave brought us opposite to the domain of Osborne House. On the edge of these grounds stands a lovely cottage with a lawn in front, circled by a ring of oaks coming down to the water. The spot is called the King's Cave, and is identified by tradition as the covert where King Charles was caught among the trees, when he had made an escape from Carisbrook Castle. It would appear from this legend, which I think is not taken notice of in the histories, that the oak, which a little later became a Royal tree, was at that time in the Parliamentary interest, and was as unfavorable to the hopes of the father as it afterwards became propitious to the fortunes of the son. The cottage was built by Lady Holmes, but the site has recently been purchased by the Queen and annexed to Osborne, and now forms the eastern boundary of her manor. The lesson of Frederic and the windmill, it seems, was repeated in the

case of the adjoining estate, which her Majesty is said to have been extremely anxious to buy, but which the proprietor still stoutly refuses to sell to her. The view of Osborne House from the water is good. It stands at the top of the ascending ground, about three-quarters of a mile from the shore, is built of cream-colored stone, and consists of a large square building, connected with a tower on either side, by means of galleries, having two rows of ample arched windows. Adjoining the west tower is a wing; and it is intended to construct one on the other side to correspond with it. The grounds have little elegance. An irregular park, with a few straggling trees, bounded on either side by thickly-forested hills, descends to the beach, where a pier is built for the Queen to land. The little steamer *Fairy* brings her down, and in fine weather anchors off this shore, and the Queen lands in a small boat. If the wind is high, the steamer comes to at Trinity Wharf, East Cowes. There are three private steamers in the service of royalty—the *Fairy*, a richly decorated and elegant little craft, which she uses at the Isle of Wight—a larger one, equally exquisite, though plainer and more business-like, which she employs on more distant excursions—and another, called the milk-boat, which brings supplies and despatches, and is almost constantly shooting between the Medina river and the Portsmouth dock. The flag now streaming from the turrets of Osborne, proclaims that her Majesty is beneath its roof.

Next beyond Osborne, is a place of infinite interest and beauty—Norris Castle, built by the late Lord Henry Seymour, and now owned by Mr. Bell, who has expended forty thousand pounds in improving it. A sea-wall embankment sustains a lawn of clean, bright velvet turf, diversified by clumps of neat shrubbery, and rising gently to a considerable height. The castle, which stands within

three hundred yards of the water, presents a grand and noble appearance. It is in that stern yet elegant style, called in England, not incorrectly, the Norman Gothic, and is of great extent and magnificence. It has several light square towers, and one enormous round keep tower, which immediately summons up visions of the days of the donjon, the moat, the barbican, the portecullis, and all those conventionalisms of the middle ages which we read of so profusely in Scott and James. The towers, and almost the whole structure, are mantled by thick, dark ivy. Lord Henry, of whose patrician toils and lonely thoughts it was long the haunt, appears to have been one of those characters not very uncommon among the younger sons of the highest nobility—an eccentric but kindly recluse, whose birth and honors, recorded with great simplicity upon a tasteful slab in the village church of Whippingham, I had read a day or two before, but whose true epitaph was to be found in the comment of the weather-stained tar beside me, who observed, with a wistful shake of the head, that “he was very good to the poor.” He lived here to a great age—one of that wise class of men called bachelors—spending his whole income upon his estate, and always employing seventy or eighty men at work. He wrought habitually among his laborers, as one of themselves, and was not to be distinguished by dress, wearing a blue jacket, duck trowsers, and a glazed hat. As you come opposite the Medina river, a stream which divides the Isle of Wight into two nearly equal parts, the view of East and West Cowes, on opposite sides of the stream, is extremely neat; the former presenting, at the point, a circular lawn of shining verdure, varied by a profusion of clustered trees; the other circling and crowning a lofty hill, its houses relieved by quantities of elms, while at its base frowns the grim, burly, old storm-whitened fortress of Cowes Castle.

The channel, or *sound*, as we should term it, which separates the Isle of Wight from England, is called the Solent Sea. Nearly opposite to Cowes, there extends into the land an estuary or bay, called Southampton Water, at the head of which is the town of that name. Stretching across in that direction, my little craft glided pleasantly along, under a breeze just moderate enough to suffer the eye to linger as long as it loved upon the many picturesque sites that succeeded one another in all directions. Westward of Southampton Water, bowered in the outskirts of New Forest, famed as the scene of the death of Rufus, stood Eaglehurst Castle—a romantic assemblage of low towers, surmounted by one slender tower shooting far into the air. It is now the residence of the Lord Cavern. Rounding the point, we pass under Calshot Castle, standing on a flat blank hook of sand that reached out into Southampton Water, surrounded by a fortification bristling with cannon. This is the principal stronghold of the men engaged in the preventive service, but was originally built by Henry VIII., to defend the coast from pirates; and its vast swollen rotundity suggests the notion that the cincture of the royal stomach must have served as the model of its proportions. Nearly opposite, on the Hants coast, is a beautiful place, called Hornby Castle, the seat of an East Indian Governor of that name.

The shores of Southampton Water, as you sail upward, present, on either side, a brilliant variety of light green fields and dark rich forests; with small churches, cottages and stately dwelling-houses interspersed through the scene. Sometimes you pass in front of a wheat field clothing a slope in yellow vesture; sometimes you view a smoothly-shaven lawn, extending to the water's edge, with a few round-topped trees shedding their quiet shade upon the bright herbage; sometimes your fancy is caught and be-

wildered by masses of sombre forest. On the left, one catches a gleam of Cadland, the noble home of Mr. Drummond, hardly to be discerned for the prodigality of foliage that envelopes it. On the right, as you advance, is a large stone dwelling, of fine castellated aspect, the property and residence of Sir Arthur Paget. A short distance further brings us to Netley Castle, a substantial, towered structure, rising out of the water; the castle, built by Henry VIII., and the tower added of late years by Mr. Chamberlayne, the proprietor of the whole of Netley. The popular belief is, that a subterranean passage, which is seen leading from the Abbey, connects it, or once connected it, with the castle; but this, I believe, is but an old woman's tale. As I had reached my destination, we called a man from the shore, who came off in a small boat, and landed me at the castle, while the honest tar who had brought me from Ryde proceeded to Southampton with my luggage.

I have rarely witnessed a scene of more tranquil and touching loveliness than that which extended around me as I advanced, through a short walk, to the Abbey. Ascending a gentle elevation, I passed through a lane skirted by trim hedges and shaded with small trees, glittering with that freshness, delicacy and elegance, which are peculiarly characteristic of the English landscape. The day was mild, and unusually clear. A cloudless sky expanded its soft and pearl-like hues overhead; and the voices of nightingales and thrushes resounded among the branches. A turn in the road presently brought me upon the magnificent remains of this famous Abbey. The lofty, roofless walls, with numerous ash-trees of great size growing within and around them, and the empty window arches, lined with ivy, or sprouting with shrubs, aided by a religious stillness which seemed to be deepened rather than disturbed by the occasional discordant scream of birds high in the



air, snatched me away from the present, startling the fancy like a weird memento of by-gone ages, which had long out-lived its time, and projected the life of the thirteenth century into the nineteenth. A flight of jet-black rooks and daws, cawing an ominous requiem, hovered above the fallen form of greatness, and seemed to announce to the passer-by the unburied remains of violated sanctity.

A pretty complete picture of ecclesiastical life, six centuries ago, would be furnished by filling up and reclothing, in imagination, the skeleton which the dismantled apartments of Netley present. The building was founded about the year 1240, and, being erected at the time when the early English was at its perfection—being refined from its first plainness, and not yet dilated into the luxuriousness of Decorated—it is a good specimen of the richest and best type of that style, in its purity. It was a monastery of the White Monks or Cistercians, a reformed scion of the Clugniac order, whose own degeneracy, ere long, roused the unsparing hand of a more fierce reformer. It is honorable to the religious character of the founders, that the principal and largest, and by far the most splendid portion of the monastery, was the chapel. I entered the Abbey by the west door of the chapel, over which is a large window, there being also windows at the side of it, terminating the side aisles. Advancing a little way up what was once the nave, I obtained an interior view of the spacious ruin, which was wonderfully grand, and impressive, and beautiful. The form is the usual one of a cross, and the walls are perfect, except the north transept, which has been demolished. The length of the church is about two hundred feet, and the width sixty feet. The length of the cross, when perfect, was a hundred and twenty feet. The walls, long-wise, comprise eight sets of beautiful triple lancet windows, enclosed in one larger lancet arch. On the south



side of the nave the windows are open only at the top, being shortened on account of the cloisters which were ranged along the outside. The great east window is still perfect, and of the utmost beauty; the arch-mouldings being surprisingly rich and delicate, and deep. No part of the roof remains, except over the side aisle of the south transept, where the bosses are of great delicacy and finish. A few ornaments over the arches of the end of the south transept, and a leaf moulding or two and the end of some of the corbels, and the slight, shapely terminations of the arches of the ceiling, which still extend a foot or two above their spring, all denote that the ceiling was once vaulted and fretted in a style of airy and sumptuous tracery work. At the corner made by the choir and south transept, a neat spiral staircase in the wall leads to the roof of the side aisles, around which there is a safe walk over a great part of the church. The prospect, as you look southward from the balcony at the top of the staircase, is a flash of tenderer beauty upon a scene already charming, like a snowy smile upon a countenance which before had seemed too exquisite for reality. Bordered by grassy slopes, besprinkled with villas and trees and castles, and bounded in the distance by the shores of the Isle of Wight, spread the blue expanses of Southampton Water, upon whose calmness a few drooping sails, floating with the tide, impress a more earnest quiet. The very spirits of peace, and purity, and happiness, seemed to rest upon the landscape, and to breathe their consecration over it. Such a scene, looked out upon in by-gone days, might have stirred to a deeper religion hearts that were fresh from the fervors of the sanctuary. With this spectacle before one, there would be no great hesitation in assenting to the etymology which the learned assign to the name of Netley—which they tell you is corrupted from Letley, an English abbreviation of

*Lætus Locus*, or Pleasant Place; *Abbatium de Læto Loco* being the Latin name given to the place in Dugdale, and other ancient chroniclers.

Passing through a door in the east aisle of the south transept, you enter a small-roofed apartment, which was probably the sacristy, where the sacred vessels and furniture of the church were kept. Thence, in a line with the transept, extend the domestic apartments of the monastery. The first is the Chapter House, where the official business of the abbey was transacted. It is about thirty-six feet square, and the roof remains entire. Three very elegantly-moulded arched doorways, adjoining to one another, opened upon the cloister-court, or fountain-court, as it was called; but two of them are now blocked up, and only one is open for passage. On the opposite side are three beautiful triple windows, corresponding with the doors. The brackets, from which a-groined arch formerly sprang, remain in the corners. Next is an arched passage-way, giving admission from the east court, and beyond it, in the same line, is a kind of ante-room to the refectory, which we may suppose to have served as a drawing-room for the monks. Then comes the refectory, a grand apartment, a hundred and forty-five feet in length by twenty-five, formerly with groined arches, now roofless and open to the sky. In the very centre, shoots up an enormous ash, at least two feet in diameter, and apparently not less than two centuries old. Its enormous gnarled roots seem to clutch the earth as with the fierce talon of a thing of prey. Next is a corner-room, supposed to have been a pantry, and adjoining it, on the east, is the large kitchen, forty-eight feet by eighteen, and once vaulted. The chimney, particularly, attracted my attention. It is entirely in the style of the rest of the building, but massive, and appropriate to its place and purpose. It projects far, and in the corner which

it makes with the wall, is a stone shelf, also thoroughly in keeping. To trace, in the several apartments of the monastery, the gradations and adaptation in the characteristics of the style of architecture, from the exquisite poetry of the chapel, almost spiritual in its delicacy, and boundlessly lavish in its elaboration, through the intermediate rooms, till you come to the solid and plain kitchen-chimney and kitchen-shelf, affords an illustration not only of the fine and true taste of the builders of these houses, but of the resources and ductility of the art they dealt with. All is beautiful, and all of the same character of architecture, but varying in degree of elegance according to the uses of the place. This stone-shelf, for example, is not only as thoroughly Gothic, but it is as distinctively Early English Gothic, as the gorgeous wheel in the top of the great east window of the choir; yet the one is as suitable for the repose of dredging-boxes and skewers, as the other is worthy to receive the first golden rays of the festal morning. The whole structure is one homogeneous creation of Art—an Art so complete that nothing could soar above its powers of expression, and nothing could fall below the range of its appropriate forms. You may trace the same air running through the whole composition, though it one while blossoms into melodies, and at another roughens almost into discord—traversing with natural grace the entire gamut of human sympathies, from the high sacred to the low sensible.

Going back to the Chapter House, and stepping out through the door which remains unclosed, you come into what is called the fountain-court. It is a quadrangle, formed by the south side of the nave aisle as its north boundary, the south transept and range of domestic apartments as its east side, and lofty walls on the south and west. It is, no doubt, the cloisters; and the west and

north walls formerly supported ranges of rooms for the monks, as is yet indicated by numerous corbels along them, whence the arched roofs of those apartments sprang. It was to accommodate these dormitories that the side-windows of the south aisle of the nave are open only at the top. At the south side of this court is the principal doorway to the abbey.

I threaded my way back into the church, and reposed myself at the foot of one of the large trees that stand within it. Three centuries of decay rest undisturbed upon the shrine of ancient Faith. The floor is covered with the rubbish of arches and columns, and overgrown with a profusion of flowers. Bushes, almost trees in size, grow upon the top of the wall over the east window. An immense mass of black ivy, from the outside, fills up the side-windows of the choir, and pushes far into the chapel, with the ominous, menacing aspect of a dark, ruthless foe pressing on resistlessly to overwhelm his devoted victim. The lofty and thinly-foliaged ash-trees, that overtop the chapel and cover it in, serve as a sort of embowered roof, and cast that shaded light through the interior which its ancient character as well as its modern condition render appropriate. It needed but little aid from fancy to feel that nature, with religious instinct, had been busied in concealing and repairing the ravages of man; had pleased herself, through successive years, to arch anew the fallen ceiling, and reconstruct the long perspective of the aisles. I sat musing for some time in this interesting ruin, which is now an august and lovely cathedral of natural sentiment as it once was of holy truth. Every few minutes a great cawing of rooks or jackdaws would break out, or a sudden flight of those dusky birds would darken the checkered earth. Ruin seemed to have invested itself in its most enchanting traits, as if to reconcile us to its devastation of so much elegance;

and I knew not whether most to mourn the structure which once was so peerless, or to love the destruction which had made it yet more captivating in overthrow. It was a spot to supply the artist with studies of the picturesque ; to inspire the poet with suggestions of sentiment ; to instruct and reprove the moralist with lessons of human passion and earthly vicissitude. Like a ruined maid, with her thin locks dishevelled around her wan yet winning beauties, sitting in the patience of her long despair, the pensive graces of the spot seemed almost to touch the sources of personal sympathy. I have viewed Tintern, and Melrose, and Roslin, and Holyrood ; but I remember nothing that approaches the pathetic loveliness of Netley. I brought away with me a few ivy leaves from the east window, and a flower or two from the floor of the chapel, as remembrances of the meditative hour which I passed beneath the shadow of this twice sacred fane ; and I bade adieu to beautiful Netley with emotions of melancholy and delight. A walk of a couple of miles along the water brought me to Southampton.

## NOTES OF A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

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### CHAPTER I.

AUGUST 27, 1850. At Bâle, I met again the fervent Rhine; small in size, but shooting past with a copious mass of whirling waters, as green as malachite. The town, once famed in letters, is now uninteresting. We loitered away an hour or two at the museum, examining numerous sketches and portraits by Holbein, and turning over some volumes of autograph correspondence between Martin Luther, Zuinglius and Melancthon. The cathedral is a quaint, romanesque affair, of the twelfth century, chiefly memorable for the tomb of that wittiest of the good and gentlest of the learned, Erasmus.

On the following day, I set out for a tour through Switzerland. We left Basle at six o'clock, for Bienne, through the Münster Thal, or Val Moustier, a defile formed by the connecting valleys of the Birs and the Suze, which, running in opposite directions, cleave the Jura through the midst, and give entrance to the heart of Switzerland. The morning was fine, but the mists yet lingered in the ravines, and, as the sun lighted them up, they resembled solid bridges of silver, connecting the adjacent hills. As your eye glanced along these vapour-filled valleys, and caught sight of a fleecy cloud beyond, it seemed as if a celestial ocean lay before you, stretching away in eternity. The Birs is a bright, green stream, rapid and dimpling; and the



route follows its course from its mouth, at Basle, to its source, in some fountains in a cleft of the Pierre Pertuis mountain, which is the summit that divides the rivulets that flow towards the Rhine from those that fall into the lake of Bienne. It takes its name from an arched rock that crosses the road, resembling the Natural Bridge of Virginia, though much smaller than that magnificent and beautiful object. It formerly marked a boundary between two of Cæsar's Gallic acquaintance, and upon one side of it, is a defaced inscription in which the name Augustus may yet be read. Beyond the Pierre Pertuis, the road follows the Suze from near its source till it empties into the lake Bienne. These streams, several times, cut their course directly through the mountain, which skirts the way on either side by enormous walls of rock, along which shrubbery grows in successive ranges. The scenery, throughout, is upon a stupendous scale. The finest portion is on the Bienne side of the rock. The Suze, there, breaks through the vast barrier, and forms a cascade, of which the roar comes to the ear from a great distance below. It seems as if the Jura, when the traveler is about to leave him, were determined to give one last full display of his terrors, and accumulate and range his mightiest shapes in lines to over-awe and appal. You move along between cleft rocks, so high that the trees that grow on the top-edges can scarcely be distinguished. Looking back, you perceive yourself to be in a colosseum of nature; an enormous amphitheatrical valley, upon whose walls the sky seems to be resting. You turn the angle of the left slope of the Jura, and begin to descend into the plain, and the whole panorama of Switzerland bursts upon you in one splendid spectacle. Below, at the right, lies the deep-blue lake of Bienne, and, further on, glitter the waters of Neuchâtel. In front, are the plain and valley of the Aar, comprehending

the space from Thun and Berne to Soleure and Bienne; and beyond it, the entire line of the Bernese Alps. To the left, in the distance, are seen the hills of Lucerne, and Zug, and Zehwytz.

Perhaps no intellectual emotion of our maturer life comes upon us with so much novelty, and strength, and delight, as that shock of surprise and pleasure which we receive from the sight of the snowy pinnacles of the Alps, shooting up into the blue heaven, and standing together in silent mysterious vastness. It provokes not to expression, but sinks upon the stilled heart, with a strange, exquisite feeling, essentially spiritual in its solemnity and depth. Our native and familiar earth is seen expanding into the sublimity of the heavens, and we feel as if our destiny were exalted along with it. The wonder and sensibility of childhood return upon us. Niagara,—the ocean,—cathedrals,—all these, when seen for the first time, touch chords of immortality within our being. But none of them in quickness and fineness and depth of force can be equaled to the aspect of the Alps. Material and moral qualities combine to render it the most awing and ennobling that can pass before living eyes. There is a calming, elevating, consoling influence in the quietness of power, the repose of surpassing magnificence, in which these mighty eminences rest, living out their great lives in silent and motionless serenity; and our turbulent and troubled souls are reformed and chastened by the spectacle.

The lake of Bienne is a small but beautiful water. In the middle of it, rises to a considerable height, the little island of Pierre, which was for some time the residence of Rousseau. On the north, Jura cools his feet in its wave; and, towards the south, the Oberland shows its sky-piercing peaks. The town of Bienne is a wretched village, with few inhabitants, and those ill-looking and un-

cleanly. We were glad to resume our journey to Berne. From the top of a hill, a mile or two on the road, the view of the Jura range became perfect. It stretched away, obliquely, towards Soleure, and was enveloped in the indistinct, refracted lustre of the evening sun. Its masses of land, rising one after another, in forms of massive greatness, conveyed an image of tranquil and inherent majesty. The more distant summits, that were shaded from the declining sun, were delightfully soft and rich. The effect of the Oberland, on the opposite quarter, grew, every moment, finer.

The scenery of Switzerland cannot fairly be compared with that of the Rhine, or of any other part of the world. It is essentially different. The near view of hill scenery is another thing from the distant view of great mountains. The sources of interest in the two cases, are distinct, and the nature of the beauty dissimilar. In a close view, as along the Rhine, excellence consists in the particular shape of a peak,—in the grouping of several together,—in the character of the surface, whether smooth or irregular, whether bare or covered with vegetation,—upon the relation of one part with another, and upon a thousand minute circumstances that enter into the formation of a good picture. But, for a great distant view, there is needed, chiefly, vast height and immense range; and the effects depend upon bold outlines, and simple and massive contrasts of light and shade. Undoubtedly, the latter is a higher grade of impression than the other. It alone brings out that which distinguishes mountain scenery in its greatest display from all other objects upon the earth. Great mountains are like great men; the true picturesque point of view is a remote one. Now, it is only the greatest that have any character or interest when so seen. For this, Switzerland is incom-

parable. I consider the distant and general views of the Alps as superior to any views in their midst.

Berne is the least refined and least respectable city that I saw in Europe. I found but one gentleman in it, and had the pleasure of giving him some cakes.\* The town is worth visiting, chiefly on account of the comprehensive view which it affords of the Oberland. To obtain a prospect which is somewhat noted, I walked up the Enghe hill; but found a better one from the Uranie, behind the Bear's Graben, and one still finer from the top of the Minster. From that position you enjoy a vision such as no other place in Switzerland gives with equal advantage. It is midway between the two chains that enclose the land of the Helvetii upon the north and the south. The long line of the Jura is seen in unequaled grandeur along one horizon; and the greatest of the high Alps tower upward on the other.

The following day I spent at Thun; and, on the next, came to Interlaken, an agreeable place, colonized by English. These two days were blanks in the enjoyment of the country, for the clouds were heavy and low. I determined to wait at the gate of the Oberland for that bright weather, without which Switzerland were but a glorious picture covered with a veil. Soon it came, in all the magnificence of cloudless blue. During the 30th and 31st of August, the tops of the mountains had been invisible; but when I awoke, at Interlaken, on the 1st of September, and sprang to the window to catch the omens of the day, the summits of the Jungfrau, with its sharp peak of the Silver Horn, the broader mass of the Grosshorn, were gleaming in snowy brilliance on the depths of the blue sky; so sharply

\* The Public Authorities of Berne keep a huge living bear in one of the fashionable resorts.—*Editor*.

defined, that they seemed to be within arm's-reach; so ethereal that they might be thought infinite in remoteness: like Heaven itself, at once the most distant from us, and the nearest. Not a vapor fed the hungry clearness of the air around those far pinnacles of ice and granite. The Jungfrau rises at the opposite end of the Lauterbrunnen valley, and is seen through an opening in the nearer hills. The glorious spectacle smote me with a paroxysm of impatient delight.

I set off in a chaise at eight, with a guide, and drove to Lauterbrunnen, a distance of seven miles, to begin thence the ascent of the Wengern Alp on foot. On the right is passed, near Interlaken, the ruined castle of Unspunnen, which popular feeling, fond of giving particular locality to the fictions of genius, has identified with Manfred's Castle. The road runs at the edge of the Lütischine, which foams along as white as the snows from which it takes its rise. A few miles further up, where the Black Lütischine, coming down on the left, from Grindenwald, and the white Lütischine, from Lauterbrunnen, unite, the prospect is magnificent. At the head of the scene is Wengen-Berg; on the right, the Eisenfluch; and on the left a vast mountain mass, shattered in the middle into a number of needle-shaped peaks. Through the valley of the Black Lütischine, there burst upon the sight the grand mass of the snowy Wetterhorn,—glittering in the sanctity of its stainless white—crescent-shaped on the top, as if it might serve for the resting place of the young moon when she descended to woo the embraces of Endymion. Pursuing the Lauterbrunnen valley, you pass along through rocky walls of great height, till the glaciers of the Bright-horn, a part of the Jungfrau, come into sight. Further on, you see all the crests of the Jungfrau. The aspect of these silvery ridges

against the dark side of the Hunnenflue, on the left, is inconceivably splendid.

Near the head of the valley hangs the airy waterfall of Staubbach; apparently creeping downwards from its lofty rock, a thousand feet on high; seeming to throw itself timidly into the abyss, and to win slowly against the mass of air. This retarded appearance in the fall is caused by its being broken into mist soon after it leaves the shelf over which it is precipitated. The distant view of the cataract, from the road, when you see it plunging in the face of the snowy piles of the Jungfrau, is, perhaps, the most imposing that there is. When you are near, you see a series of shoots of water, successively dilated into mist. The fall, in its centre, is purely vapor; but, the rock advancing somewhat towards the base, it collects again into water as it strikes it, and forms a stream at the bottom. Approaching closely, you are covered with spray, but see a strong, well-defined brilliant rainbow. This singular cataract seemed to represent the destiny of a Christian soul that casts itself into eternity. For a time it is absorbed in the ethereal immensity of the medium it would traverse, but afterwards regains its identity under a glorious bow of promise, and flows on for ever in the mingled stream of ceaseless life.

The whole of that mountain is dripping with waterfalls. One of them I observed shoots over exactly like a rocket. The valley of the Lauterbrunnen, seen from the road on the right, affords a beautiful scene of Alpine pastoral life. It is occupied by a large village of cottages, placed at considerable and irregular distances over the broad ascending glade. These cottages generally have no gardens near them, and you observe no paths. They rise directly out of the green sward. At first, you see but one or two; but letting



the eye wander on, it detects cottage after cottage, until at length, a large village is made out.

Here I dismissed the carriage, took an alpenstock—a six-foot pole shod with an iron point,—and attended by the guide, began the ascent of the Wengern Alp. The glittering glacier of the Bright-horn at the upper end of the valley overhangs you throughout a third part of the ascent. When you are half-way up, and wind round the mountain so as to get directly above the ravine from which you have ascended, the noise of the torrents of the Lauterbrunnen, inaudible when you were below, comes to you in a mingled roar, like a deep chorus of waters. Here a man was blowing upon a long, crooked Alpine horn, and the mountainous response was most singular and beautiful. When the tune on the horn was ended, the Alps made, not an echo, but a reproduction of it, in an improved and heightened character. They took it up, and chanted the air again with infinite sweetness, and a dancing grace that was delightful. They seemed to constitute a natural instrument of music, to which the horn was but the awakening breath, and which transmitted the original impulse, varied into the richest melody. When this repeated tune was done, there came a soft, long gush of sound, as if the vocal mountains breathed, after the protracted air they had executed. Further up, and almost at the top of the Wengern, were herds of kine, and sheep, with their keepers. The bleating and lowing of the cattle, the tinkling of their bells, and the piping of the boys, amid the stillness of all but natural sounds, formed a fine specimen of the picturesque in *sound*.

Soon you come into the immediate presence of the high Alps, and they continue before you, the rest of the way. The walk along the inner side of the Alp, with these grand piles directly opposite, is one of unrivalable magnificence.

You are separated from them by a single valley or chasm, of no great width, though of fearful and dizzying profundity. The air in that valley beneath, was as blue and deep as the heaven which it seemed to mirror in its almost opaque medium. Some time before arriving at the actual summit or ridge I stopped, and sat down for above an hour directly in front of the Jungfrau. It is the nearest view that you can obtain of the most interesting, and august, and splendid peak in Switzerland; for Mont Blanc, while it exceeds it in apparent mass, and in actual height, in every quality of effect must yield to it. The day was perfect; of the brightest clearness, but with a few white clouds rolling and whirling, and dashing about with swiftness before the westerly wind, to diversify the scene; sometimes enveloping the summits and hiding them from view; then drawing off and letting them flash out in unshrouded effulgence. The contrast between the pearly white of the foaming clouds, the metallic radiance of the icy mountains, and the profound blue of the sky, was indescribably fine. Immediately before and above me, was the broad dazzling summit of Jungfrau; a little nearer, the Silverhorn; which is a projection upon its breast, in shape like a bent wave, or half-curved leaf of pure snow, as lustrous as silver. On either side of them were a throng of Alps. The avalanches were falling at brief intervals. The sight is nothing, but the sound is magical. You see, perhaps, a few fragments of ice slide over the surface of the mountain; and after it has all fallen, you begin to hear a plunging sound, echoing along like softened tones of thunder. It is as deep as thunder, but not so sharp and harsh. The vision from the summit of the Fauldhorn, in vastness and brilliance, and diversity, suffers nothing to be brought into comparison with it; but for moral impression the Jungfrau, as seen from the Wengern Alp, stands alone in its transcendent

majesty. It is the apparent nearness, yet sense of untraversable remoteness, of that august form, that shines so distinct, and still so distant, that belongs to earth, and yet is visited and companioned by the clouds. You seem to be in the inner court of the mundane heaven of Alpine glory; to have approached within the veil of the recess of that sublimity which sends its light over the land for hundreds of miles. In the beauty of that scene, grandeur is exalted into holiness.

Upon the crest of the mountain, there is a *châlet*, and here the valley of Grindenwald opens; and you begin to descend. The prospect is impressive, but stern and savage. Poor Lord Byron's blasted forest of pines, in which he found so sad a likeness to his own domestic desolation, stands there to this hour, exactly as he has described it in his *Journal* and in *Manfred*. On your right, the great Alps form a precipitous wall, bristling with terrors. Directly over your head *Eagher* pierces the clouds like a vast dagger of rock, sheathed in snow. Then comes the smaller *Eagher*, and further on, the *Wetterhorn*. Beyond the valley of Grindenwald, afar, the great *Shriedeck* and the *Schwarzwald* rear their heads. Here a fellow was stationed with a small cannon, which I gave him three batz to let off. There was an almost indefinite prolongation of the roar. It seemed to be telegraphed along the side of the mountains, softened and made richer as it advanced,—till it had traversed the whole line of Alps; and then, when nearly extinct, shot across the valley, and spent itself like a rocket that has burst into a shower of light. The valley of Grindenwald is extremely beautiful. It may be called the seat of an Alpine summer city; the *châlets* being very numerous, and sprinkled about among the green turf. Here are two glaciers; the lower one formed between the *Eagher* and *Mittenberg*, and the upper between the *Mittenberg* and

Wetterhorn. The Black Lütschine flows from them. The smaller one has an arched aperture at its base, from which a stream issues. The under side of it is a deep green.

It was half past five when I reached Grindenwald, having been six hours and a half on foot. I arrived without any fatigue, but excessively heated by the run down the mountain. As the sun went down, the snowy peak of the Eagher was bathed in a deep rosy or purple light, long after the valley had grown dark.

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## CHAPTER II.

The following morning being entirely clear, I determined to ascend the Fauldhorn; and took the upper and greater glacier by the way. The mass which forms the top of the glacier, and lies among the highest Alps, looks like ordinary snow freshly fallen. The middle part has an efflorescent appearance, and the lower portions have a crystalline, or half organic, character, and are split into sharp clefts or peaks, divided by crevices of a deep green. In advance of the ice, lay an enormous cube-shaped rock of flint, which a glacier had brought down fifteen years ago. Its side was ground, and worn in furrows. The bottom of the glacier, which rests upon the earth, is constantly melting, so that the icy mass is hollow within. There is a side-opening into the vault, which we entered. A smaller rib of ice within, supports you, and enables you to advance some distance, and see the water gushing from the inner regions of the glacier. The ice, when you are under or in the glacier, is semi-transparent, and of a bluish green. Near the entrance, it looks purple.

From this point, I struck across the ravine, and began

the ascent of the Fauldhorn; not taking the ordinary road, which would have obliged us to go back to Grindenwald, but traversing the fields and going up the steep side of the mountain. In fact, it was an almost perpendicular climb; but the rich fine sod afforded a more agreeable footing than the road, and we saved in length what we lost in ease of ascent. The lower part of the mountain is covered with a delightful mossy turf, entirely like that of an English park; which, excepting in these Alpine valleys, I have seen in no part of the world. The higher glades were one glowing sheet of flowers,—crimson and blue. Among them were familiar pinks, blue-bells, and a species of forget-me-not.

The flora changes twice, almost entirely, as you ascend: so that there are three several zones, all richly but differently flowered. It was not far from the top that my attention was caught by a small star-shaped flower, of a deep metallic blue shading upon green, that flashed through the grass with a moist, lustrous softness, like the sensitive eye of a maiden. I soon recognized it as the smaller gentian; dear to the poet's heart and verse. There are three varieties of the gentian, commonly met with in the Oberland.

About the base, while you are yet in the valley of Grindenwald, the grand objects of view, are the Eagher, the Mittenberg, with the Walcherhorn's great wall of ice behind the interval, and the Wetterhorn, with the Schrieckhorn behind the interval between it and the Mittenberg. They seem to be directly over your head. Between the three foremost, were two stupendous basins of snow, from which the glaciers descend. As you mount higher, the splendid peak of the Finster-Aarhorn rises into sight. Then, the Spenglehorn is seen peering up across the lower range of the Eagher: then, the Silver-Horn. By degrees,



Jungfrau, Monch and the Blumlis Alp, come into line; and the whole array of the Bernese Alps is before you.

The day was magnificent. Not a cloud was visible; and, directly before me, these snowy summits blazed in the glory of the noon-tide. As I crossed the several vales that diversify the mountain, different views presented themselves; sometimes of one part of the chain, sometimes of another, sometimes of all together. Though brilliantly clear, a rich atmosphere of purplish blue invested the rocky sides of the mountains, while the tops gleamed in celestial brightness. Very high up, we came upon a deep-blue lake, formed from melted snow and rain. We fell in the common road about half-way up; but, leaving it again, struck to the right, and clomb up the steep eastern side of the mountain; part of the course being along an almost vertical wall of loose rock; traversing also a huge hollow filled with hard snow, and seeing several others like it. I gained the summit about three o'clock, fully half an hour before parties who had set out from Grundenwald on horse-back, that same space of time before us.

For extent and variety, and for the greatness of the objects that compose it, I must think that the view from the top of the Fauldhorn, is unequaled in Europe. It is like looking down upon all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory thereof. The height is more than 8000 feet above the sea: and the loftiest points in Berne are only between thirteen and fourteen hundred.\* The situation is exactly in the centre, between the range of high Alps on the south and east, and the lower mountains that lie between them and the Jura on the north and west: and the whole multitude of peaks of and within those great chains on two sides, and between the seas of Zurich and Geneva at the

\* MS. thousand; an apparent error.



other ends, are around and beneath you. For a clear and commanding view of the high Alps, nothing can exceed it. When you see the summits of this great chain, from a low point, you imagine them to be so many different mountains; but from this position, you see that it is one great broad wall of snow-covered rock, rising occasionally into pinnacles, which might seem to be watch-towers along the stupendous barrier that nature has set between the North and South of Europe.

Beginning at the south-eastern corner of the panorama, and looking across the Shriedeck, the Schwartzhorn and the Bach Alp, whose dark masses shoot up near the base of the Fauldhorn, you see a cluster of sharp peaks, supporting a vast plateau of pure deep snow. These are the Engelhorn family and Willhorn, sustaining the glaciers of Rosenlauri and Schwartzwald. Following the great chain in a southwesterly direction, we have the Wetterhorn with its double peak; and next to it, the half-reclining and shelving mass of the Schrieckhorn, or Peak of Terror. These are filled with snow, and between them lies the upper glacier of Grindenwald, propped up in front by Mettenberg. Then flashes aloft the soaring and glittering spear of the Finster-Aarhorn, the highest and one of the most magnificent of the chain, being four hundred feet above the Jungfrau. This peak, with the Walcherhorn, the Viescherhorn and the Eagher, form a stupendous amphitheatrical elevation of snow, holding within them these vast masses which contribute to the lower glacier of Grindenwald. The round mass of the Monch follows, and beyond it, immortal Jungfrau. The actual apex of this splendid rock is a short point, but the general mass of the peak resembles a broad, thin, rounded blade. On its breast rise three snowy prominences; the farthest and highest of which is distinguished as the Silverhorn. Lord

Byron calls it the Dent d'Argent. Perhaps he mistook the guide's name of Corne d'Argent. In shape, however, it is quite like an eye-tooth. It looks like a solid form of pure ice, and glitters with enchanting splendor. Further on, are Breithorn, a grand hatchet-shaped ridge, and Groshorn. Near them, a little out of line, is Schengelhorn. Then, as the first of a new ridge parallel to the first, the Blumlig Alp, a series of wedge-like peaks. These gorgeous summits and the whole line from which they rise, are covered with snow. Viewed in conjunction, they resemble enormous waves of some mighty ocean of old time, which had been driven up by the tempests of chaos into the highest crests, and just as they were about to break, were frozen into ever during fixedness.

Looking towards the west, you see an innumerable throng of Alps, not snow crowned, though magnificent; the mountains of the Simen Thal and the Saanen Thal, and the mountains of Friburg; and nearer, the pyramidal mass of the Niesen, and the rough summit of Stokhorn, both of them just beyond Lake Thun. All along the north, and forming the nearer barrier of the scene,—for the eye could reach far beyond them,—runs the long line of the Jura; and in the same direction, close at hand, were the rocky ridges of Harder and Brienzergrat. To the east, the ragged crest of Pilatus loomed grandly up; the Righi was plainly seen; and the mountains of the Canton of Uri stood banded together like an army with spears. Lake Lucerne was clearly visible, almost in its entirety; Zug more dimly. Lake Brienze lay at the foot of the Fauld-horn, divided by one of its ridges into two parts; and further on, was Lake Thun, both of a deep dark blue.

Such were the material and earthly elements of this unrivaled scene. Viewed in picturesque combination, with the indescribable advantages of atmospheric relief, and

aided by the contributing glories of a luminous and sensitive sky, the entire effect was beyond all power of describing. Three hours before sunset, there were scarcely any clouds about the higher and nearer parts of the prospect; but the air of the valleys to the north, and east, and west had become of a bluish green color, and partially opaque, so as to look like very translucent water. As you gazed toward the north-west, whither the sun was travelling, the vast expanse beneath your feet had the appearance of an ocean, in which mountains were floating. On the edge of the horizon, above a stratum of blue air, some cumulous white clouds were lying, and the mirage-like impression of the air brought the mountains into such resemblance and unison with these unsubstantial, distant shapes, that the gazer would have declared that peaks still more stupendous than Jungfrau and Eagher were disclosed to sight upon the north, the west and the north-east. The splendor of this whole spectacle—where the sun was streaming all the magic of his deluding beams to cast upon the land an enchantment greater than its own—was such as to overwhelm the soul with admiration and astonishment. Earth seemed no longer to be earth; and the spectator felt as if the multitudinous unrevealed magnificences of heaven itself were poured forth around him in a flood.

As the sun declined, a mass of white fleecy clouds, rising from the earth, gathered over the valleys of Brienze, Interlaken, Thun and others that lay more remote, the Lake of Thun, itself, meanwhile, blazing like a sheet of gold. The atmospheric changes, at this time, were rapid and wonderful. An extremely thin fragment of pearly cloud which had got behind our position, suddenly flashed into pure prismatic colors. Gradually, the thickening clouds formed into a solid silvery vault over all the valleys, completely opaque; through which the heads and ridges of the

mountains, such as Neisen, and Stokhorn, and Harder and Pilatus pierced in dark masses. This floor of clouds was above two thousand feet below us. We were eight thousand one hundred and forty feet above the sea; Stokhorn and Pilatus are about six thousand five hundred feet above the same level, or one thousand six hundred feet beneath our station; and the clouds were from five hundred to one thousand feet below their tops. Overhead, the hues of the cloudless sky now became transcendently bright. Directly above us, the tone was a deep, purple blue; half-way towards the sun, of a very light turquoise blue. Then came a stratum of the most vivid grass green, and beyond it, along the horizon, the richest lake color. As the sun neared his goal, and was looked at across the pavement of clouds beneath, it seemed like a car of fire driven over a causeway of beaten silver. The glowing effulgence grew each moment more intense till the orb touched the horizon; and a darker shade mingled itself into every color, as he gradually sunk below it.

All this changeful history belongs to the region that lay between the Fauldhorn and the setting sun, and is confined to the lower mountains. Upon the mighty line of the high Alps, which soared aloft, behind us, there passed no variation. Amid all the airy revolutions that were taking place in the world below, they stood in their own clear, unaltered grandeur, in every particular almost, just as they had seemed at noonday. Their life was apart from that of the crowd of peaks that started out of the valleys, and a different destiny belonged to them. Not a cloud approached even their feet. The only matter to be observed was, that the air of their ravines which had been bluish at mid-day, now purpled with a warmer splendour; and when the sun to us had disappeared, the summits of Jungfrau and Eagher were tinged for a moment with a rich carmine glow. When he was entirely set, the still

deepening rose color with which the sky behind them was tinged, threw their white masses into a stronger relief. Perhaps, the most striking circumstance in all the wonderful display, and one that added a graver tone of sublimity to the matchless brilliance of the scene, was the very slight effect which so considerable an occurrence, as the setting of the sun, had upon these great objects, while the inferior realm had been in a tumult of agitation. It seemed as if they had an atmosphere, an illumination of their own, so positive and settled, that the changes of light between mid-day and evening made no impression upon them. •

I never expect again to behold a spectacle so grand as that sunset *above* the clouds, in the midst of the highest Alps.

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### CHAPTER III.

On the following morning I was on the spot at a quarter before five o'clock, to see the sun rise. The morning star yet glittered like a diamond over the peak of Finster-Aarhorn, and the crescent moon was lingering above the snowy piles. The sky was cloudless; and the principal thing to be noted was the roseate blush with which the High Alps responded to his first rays, before any other peaks had become conscious of his coming. Schrieckhorn first caught the messenger ray of the morning; but, in an instant after, Jungfrau was aglow, and the radiance streamed along the whole of the lofty range. The actual rising of the sun is not visible from the top of Fauldhorn, at least at that particular season. It is hidden by the Scheideck and Schwartzhorn, which intervene, and we saw the sun only as it came over their shoulders.

At nine o'clock I began to descend; taking leave with

profound regret of these snow-capped summits, with which for nearly two days I had been in intimate companionship. There is something inexpressibly interesting in such society. In their age, and in their duration without change,—in the complete inability of human power to act upon them in any way whatever,—they carry with them such suggestions of sublimity, and they are in themselves, of such peculiar and surpassing beauty, that one conceives almost a passionate affection for their exalted presence.

My path lay along the side of the Fauldhorn and across the Greater Scheideck towards Myringen. When we were opposite the Wellhorn, and with the glacier of Schwartzback before us, the majestic solitude of the scene was interrupted by an eagle of the largest size, who came wheeling round the Finster-Aarhorn, and turned the Schrieckhorn and soared up the valley; then returned and gyrated about the head of the Bach Alp for a long time, disclosing occasionally the white plumage on the back of his wings. He seemed to be drinking the morning sun-light. Further along the valley, we arrived at the lofty needle rock called Engelhorn; resembling a succession of fountains shot into the sky, and congealed into rocks ere they fell. Between them and Wellhorn is the glacier of Rosenlaui. In going up to it, for it lies a little out of the route, the path crosses a torrent which lies above two hundred feet below, between rocks about five feet apart. Here also are a couple of picturesque waterfalls. The glacier is not so broad as those of Grindenwald, but deeper or higher. There are three apertures by which it may be entered. The outside is of granulated snow, but the inner surface is pure solid crystal of ice.

Pursuing the valley, I soon reached the Falls of Reichenback; the upper one of which is one of the most singular



and graceful I have seen. I passed the night at the Reichenback inn, near Myringen.

On the following morning I set out for the glacier of the Rhone, through the valley of the Aar, and across the Grimsel and Furca pass. This day's march brought to view some of the wildest and sternest scenery that I have met with in Switzerland. As you leave Myringen and come up the lower part of the ravine, which is called the valley of Hasli, the view at once becomes grand. On your right, the Cataract of Riechenback roars down the lofty side of the mountain. On the right front, the huge pyramidal masses of Plattenburg rear themselves. Further along, upon the left, is the snowy Hasliberg; and between them, like a watch-tower at the head of the way, the lofty white peaks of Susterhorn cleave the sky. In a short time you enter upon the valley of Imhof or the Upper Hasli, a circular basin of land, said to have been once the bed of a lake, now the seat of picturesque cottages and fruitful fields. As you stand in this silent and solemn valley, the prospect is magnificent. Like a wall on one hand the rocky side of Engelberg rises almost vertically. Two other mountains stand at the valley's mouth like vast and lofty turrets. Numerous snowy peaks shoot up through the intervals between the nearer piles. At a distance, athwart the valley of the Grimsel, lies the high broad crest of Nagales-Gratli, as rough and jagged along the summit, as the edge of a wave which the storm raiseth and blows into fragments. It holds within its arms a mass of snow.

Striking again into a narrow gorge, the road goes over the heel of the Plattenberg, and the scenery becomes sublime. Aar, foaming itself as white as snow, roars far beneath. The valley is bounded by a succession of mountain peaks, down whose sides rivulets flow or cataracts tumble, and between which piles of snow are lying. The

rapidity with which the successive scenes of varied grandeur open upon the traveller, fills him with wonder. Sometimes we were in a thick, dark forest of young pines; sometimes on a broad smiling glade; one while piles of rocks were scattered around us, and at another time we were threading a deep, close defile. Presently we came to the base of the wide Nagales-Gratli, famed in the memorable campaign of 1799, when the genius of Massena stayed for years the destiny of Europe, by repelling that formidable power which afterwards intervened with conclusive weight. When the Austrians were in possession of the Grimsel, the French came up the valley to this point from Myringen; a part of their force then ascended to the higher ridges of this mountain, and went along it to Grimsel, while the rest advanced through the ravine. The discomfiture of the Austrians was complete. Crossing the Aar, I reached a finely shaded glade containing a fountain, beside which I sat down and gazed with astonishment upon the savage cliffs, which, on the opposite side, rise almost to the clouds.

In perfection and magnificence of visible beauty, the external and front views of the Great Alps, such as I had enjoyed on the three previous days, are unrivaled; but for the mental impression of crowded power, and awe amounting almost to horror, this prospect within the midst of these appalling masses of wild and fearful desolation is supreme. Like some monster of fable, splendor may illuminate the front, but terror freezes at the heart of these solitudes. Upon this region, the vivifying and ordering syllables of creation seem never to have passed; a realm of chaos reserved to the primeval empire of the Formless and the Void; where there is brilliance without warmth, summer without foliage, and days but no duties. Through every opening the front of Death seems to start up under

the aspect of livid rock, mantled in glassy ice. The sun rolls his purple tides of life through the air that surrounds these summits, but his beams wake no seed-time and ripen no harvest. The moon and the stars rise and move and decline along the horizon, century after century; but the sweet vicissitudes of seasons and of time move not the sympathies of these pale, stern peaks, over which broods one eternal winter to the senses, one visionary night of gloom to the soul.

Advancing further along the valley, upon the right, the Aarland mountains become visible in a vast hollow circuit; like half of a huge crater, whose sides and summits are filled with crevices between which the snow rests, and descends almost to the valley. Soon, through another opening in the nearer rocks, one of the Aarland glaciers is seen. The lower part has melted away, leaving nothing but a field of small black stones lying against the mountain. But at the top, immense piles of snow are propped up, from which a small stream flows down through the rubbish of rocks. A number of small, uprooted pines, which an avalanche had torn out, were lying about.

The cataract of the Aar now begins, consisting of long, tumbling, foaming rapids, forming an occasional shoot of ten or twelve feet, over which rainbows played, some of them extremely bright. The ravine, for a considerable distance, forms a valley of rainbows. Presently appears the Falls of Handek. Just over the ledge from which the water springs, a rock lies athwart the stream that passes under it, so that, as you look from below, it appears as if an immense fountain there welled forth from the centre of the vertical cliff. Mounting to the top, you see one of the most wild and singular falls in Switzerland. Upon one side the Aar, descending in a copious yellowish mass, precipitates itself into the deep, narrow gorge of rock, that

opens out to the depth of 200 feet. At the same time, from an adjoining ledge, the Erlanbach, which flows down from an immense field of snow on the top of a mountain at the side of the valley, flings itself over in a flood of silvery drops; and the torrents mingle half-way down, while the spray rushes forth with irrepressible fury. Above the mists that contended in this dungeon of furious waters, an iris was formed; not bow-shaped, and having none of the serenity of the Arch of Hope, but whirling and flickering in a blaze of blue, green, and orange; sometimes forming a solid pillar of lurid fire, and anon breaking and flashing, as the spray rose and fell. It seemed like a flame from hell-mouth bursting forth from the deep crevice, and checked but not extinguished by the two streams poured in to quench it.

Above the Handek, the scenery becomes even more savage than before, and not less picturesque. Numerous waterfalls stream down the rocky walls that bound the valley. One of the most beautiful is the Gemlerbach, which descends in snowy brilliance from a small lake, beyond the ledge of the lofty precipice, in the rear of which rise the splintered peaks of the Gemlerhorn. The Aar presents several fine cascades. A grand view occurs where the Giesbach flows into the valley over the surface of a round mountain, and there mingling with the Aar, the two torrents sweep over an immense globed mass of rock that rears itself athwart the path.

After some time, we arrived at the circular valley of the Ræterisboden, much washed by the stream, but giving shelter to one cottage. The French halted and formed here before attacking the Grimsel up the valley of the Aar. They utterly destroyed the enemy, who fled through the mountain passes. Arms and fragments of clothes are yet found at times among the rocks. The guide told me that

a drum had been picked up the year before. Masses of snow were lying within a foot of the path. At one point, the Aar flows under a snow-bridge, fifty feet below the traveller.

At length, the valley of the Aar-glacier opens on the sight, guarded by three lofty peaks that stand sentinel about the cradle of the torrent. One of these is the Finster-Aarhorn; another takes its name from Agassiz, who ascended it. Leaving now the rugged channel which the Aar has opened for itself amidst these frightful piles of granite, the road winds round to the left, and we reached the Hospice of Grimsell, a stone house of good appearance, looking towards the valley of the Aar-glacier, and nestled in the hollow of the rocky mountains that on three sides rise around it. Behind it is a deep blue lake, which empties itself into the Aar. As I was determined to see the glacier of the Rhone, before I closed my eyes that night, we continued our march without stopping, and ascended the rocky ridge that towers behind the Hospice. The summit of the Pass is 6600 feet above the sea, and is one of the dreariest and saddest solitudes I have ever traversed. We crossed some large beds of snow, which lie in the cup-shaped crest of the ridge. The surface was so much inclined as to make it difficult to keep one's footing. At the bottom of the declivity, lay the dim Lake of the Dead. A few masses of rock, in a line, constitute the boundary between Berne and Vallais. We followed the road called Meyenwald. A light cumulous cloud, which had been gradually rising from the lower parts of the scene, now completely enveloped us. The effect was chilly and damp, and at one time drops of rain fell. It was impossible to see the guide, though he was but a few feet in advance of me. The vapor, however, presently blew off, and gaining the opposite side of the ridge, which descends precipitately,



I beheld, at the distance of 1200 feet below me, the magnificent white mass of the glacier of the Rhone, a wonderful and beautiful spectacle. It is an enormous mass of snow, gracefully shaped like the sole of a pointed slipper; the heel part much higher than the front, the central portion breaking down towards the point by an inclination of half a right angle, and the fore part lined with innumerable cuts or clefts of a greenish hue. Behind the pile lay the ice-encumbered peaks of Gallenstock. The glacier far exceeds in beauty the Mer-de-glace; and for grandeur and interest, the glaciers of the valley between Grindenwald and Myringen make no comparison with it.

I seated myself on the lofty edge of the Meyenwald, and watched the play of the clouds in the immense chasm beneath us, as they rolled about in changeful glory. A light mass would come down from the valley of the Rhone-glacier, which would be met by another coming up; a third from the cleft which we had been crossing, would join battle athwart the others; and the rapid tumultuous flying hither and yon of these misty squadrons of the air was extremely curious. The whole scene of war was a little below our feet; and as the vapors were driven one way or the other, or opened and divided on the fortunes of the battle, the superb silvery ridges of the Plauenberg, filled with glittering snow, flashed up; and the mists overhead clearing away, the rich blue sky, filled with lofty, orange-colored clouds, smiled down upon us. The hues, the movements, the character of the skiey scenery were wholly different from what I have ever seen from lower points. By a steep winding-path, we descended to the inn near the end of the glacier. It is a humble tenement, inhabited only in summer, for the approaches to it are hopelessly blockaded with snow for seven months in the year. I arrived a little before seven o'clock, having left Myringen at nine, and



been above nine hours on foot. My dinner was served by one of the handsomest women that I have seen in Switzerland. Her dignified, mild features, set off by the peculiar gilded turban of the Vallais, which resembles a coronet, might have graced the proudest court in Europe. They did more. They diffused a charm through the rudest hut in Christendom. As I was retiring for the night, I opened the casement of my chamber, and found that the wall was washed by a milky rivulet, in which it was difficult to see a promise of the broad, mighty stream that sweeps past the towers of Lyons and Avignon. I fell asleep, with the murmurs of the infant Rhone in my ears, and visions of crowned Madonnas in my fancy.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

ON the following morning, at half an hour after eight, I set out for the Hospice of San Gothard, across the Furca Pass. Going along the left bank of the glacier, we enjoyed an excellent view of its formidable mass. It is not crevassed with wide splits, like those of Grindenwald, but its clean surface is marked by a great number of small cracks and lines. The upper, or central parts, where the snow seems to have rolled over in avalanches, is tumbled into conical piles. The view across its whiteness to the clear blue sky beyond, was beautiful. We had scarcely left it, when we came in sight of the Beren-gletscher, another large glacier on our right, propped up between two mountains, and not split or rifted, but lined on the top by innumerable cuts, like ice upon which a crowd of skaters have been traversing. Ascending to the summit of the Furca, a rude cross, near to a large stone, marks the boundary

between the Cantons of Vallais and Uri. From that position, a great view of the cluster of High Alps expanded behind us. Towering in the centre of the group, and highest of them all, was Finster-Aarhorn. On the right of it, Viescher-Aarhorn held on high a vast snow-filled cup of rock. Other sharper peaks of rock and ice glittered on either side. I had scarcely begun to exult in the splendors of the prospect, when a cloud enveloped us, and everything became invisible. This pass is about 8300 feet above the sea. Through a gloom of mist, we pursued our way across several beds of snow, from all of which streams were running. In these mountains, in fact, almost every little hollow or valley holds a bed of snow or ice, which melts variably at the bottom, not the surface. It may be taken for certain, that all the streams that descend from these elevations, come either from a glacier, or from a lake formed of snow.

By a quick descent, we now came into the valley of the Sidli Alp, at the bottom of which the Reuss roars along. This ravine affords an agreeable relief to the rock-wearied eye, as it is covered with mossy turf to the top. It opens into the valley of Urseren, the mountain ridges of which display not only grass, but low, creeping pine trees not uncommon in these regions. Upon one side, numerous rivulets flow down into the Reuss. Here stands the Capuchin Hospice of Realp, where is now also the Hotel of the Alps. A walk of four miles brought us to the Hospice at St. Gothard. On an eminence, in advance of the refuge, is a watch-tower, with a round window in it, to enable the inmates to look up the valley in winter, and descry forlorn travellers who may be lost in its wastes. Several fine snowy peaks stand in front of Hospenthal, separating it from the Grisons.

I got in about one o'clock, and after dining, took a car-

riage to Altdorf. For five days I had been traversing regions where no carriage road existed, and I had made the whole expedition on foot. The guide, I believe, was as much delighted as his employer, to add the charm of repose to the fine enjoyment of the unrivaled scenery. A drive of a few miles brought us to a spot where the sublimity of nature is met and mastered by the higher sublimity of the mind of man. A huge rock, coming athwart the valley, juts over the very edge of the torrent. The road pierces it by a tunnel, winds back along a gallery on its outer surface, and, by a couple of arches, not unfitly named the Devil's Bridge, spans the Reuss, just below its terrific cascade, and within the full sweep of its foaming spray. The streams leap down with three or four infuriated plunges, like a troop of white Arabian coursers springing down frantically into the chasm. A cloud was driving swiftly and irregularly up the valley, rendering a savage scene more wildly turbulent. The true Devil's Bridge is an older one, of a single arch, very narrow and without parapets, which still remains a little below the one which is now made use of.

The road that leads the traveller with ease and safety along this formidable defile is a magnificent structure, equally admirable for the arrangement of its route and for the perfection of its masonry. In some parts, it returns in a course directly parallel to its previous direction; and the descent is so judiciously distributed, that one is not conscious of any considerable deviation from a level path. Numerous stone bridges carry the road from side to side; some of them are very lofty, and all of them add to the picturesque effect. The upper part of the valley is stern and gloomy; lower down, it contains dells of Arcadian loveliness,—rough and irregular enough in surface, but covered with bright, short grass as delicate as the vesture

of an English lawn, and the stream is bordered with soft and beautiful shrubbery. But the torrent, itself, forms the pre-eminent charm. It is one ceaseless cataract, from Andermatt to Ansteg, falling, altogether, above 2000 feet. Every movement that is grand or beautiful in the course of rushing waters it seems to be the mission of this stream to illustrate. The wild, the pensive, the elegant—the fierce and the fantastic—the exquisite and the odd—may here be studied as in a museum of the picturesque. The afternoon was mild and clear. I drove very slowly along, watching the endless varieties of beauty till the imagination grew sated with excess of enjoyment. Several cataracts cling, like draperies, to the sides of the precipitous mountains, enriching a scene whose attractions needed not such added decoration. One of these, the Fellabach, was enchantingly beautiful: a slender stream, falling by several cascades; where it was in motion, as white and delicate as the newest lace, but of a purple blue where it lay in pools. It comes, doubtless, from a mountain lake. The Reuss itself is quite blue or green. It issues from the lake of Lucendro. The Maderannerbach, a considerable brook that flows into it, at Amsteg, is of a milky hue.

It is easy to determine by the color of an Alpine stream, whether it flows directly from a glacier or snow bed, or comes from or through a lake. The water that comes from masses of melting snow or ice is of a chalky hue, owing probably to the quantity of triturated rock that becomes mingled with it. When water, formed in that way, rests for a time in a pool, the discoloring particles that were in solution with it are precipitated, and the stream issues forth of transparent clearness, but with a pale green or violet-blue tone. If a glacier rivulet overflows and forms a pool at the side of its channel, the rivulet will be white and the pool blue. It is certain that some of these

lakes and lake-born rivers appear to be green and others blue; but this difference I suspect not to be fixed and local, but resulting either from differences of depth, or from the condition of light on the atmosphere. It appeared to me that wherever a lake is found with a very high mountain or mountains rising from its edge, the hue seems to be a purple blue. This may be owing to the greater depth of the water where mountains rise at its side, or it may be that the shadow of adjacent heights, or the exclusion of part of the mass of light that would otherwise fall upon the lake, makes the same water look purple, which surrounded by low banks would appear of a bright green. It was in descending the Danube, the waters of which are usually grey, that I was first struck with the blue color it assumed where a mountain rose beside the shore. The blue or purple effect is perhaps increased by looking down upon such bodies of water, from an elevation. One would ascribe the blue color to depth alone, if there were not many shallow *tarns* in the Alps which are blue. The Rhine takes its rise from a glacier, and is of a lime color till it enters Lake Constance. The waters of that lake, which is not skirted by mountains, are green, and the Rhine issues from it below Constance perfectly transparent, but as green as beryl. The Rhone enters the lake of Geneva of a chalky color, and leaves it of a clear violet; and the deviation from green, I imagine, may be ascribed to the lofty heights that rise upon the south. It appeared to me that the upper end of the lake of Geneva, where the mountains rise nearer to the water, and to a greater elevation, was of a deeper blue than in the immediate neighborhood of Geneva. Zug, which the Righi overshadows, ordinarily appears of a purpler blue than any other lake, and yet in certain aspects it seems green; Lucerne is also one of the bluest lakes. In short, the natural color of the clear and

settled water in these regions is one that appears blue or green according to the depth, or to the state of the light.

In approaching Altdorf we crossed the stream of Shack-en, in which, according to tradition, Tell was drowned in attempting to rescue a child that had been swept away by a freshet. We visited a small and curious chapel some distance from the road, which is said to be built upon the spot where Tell's house stood, very near the church. Its walls are covered with pictures representing the events of his life; his refusal to salute the cap of Gessler, the shooting of the apple on the head of his son, his leaping from the boat, the death of Gessler, &c. The chapel is stated to have been built in 1522; but the pictures, by their style, are certainly two centuries later. Some miles further back, the remains of Gessler's chateau on the summit of a mountain were pointed out; and below, on the opposite side, is an old stone tower, said to have been the prison used by him. It is called Zwing-Uri, or Uri-jail.

Altdorf is interesting on account of its association with the life of Tell. In a street of this village are two fountains. The pillar in the centre of one of them is surmounted by a figure of Tell, holding his boy under one arm, and pressing his bow to his bosom with the other. According to the popular belief, it marks the spot where Tell stood when he launched the fearful arrow. The other fountain is placed where Gessler's tree stood, and where the child was also stationed. It seems a long shot from one to the other; and the tradition, as to the precise localities of these incidents, if the history be genuine, at all, may well be distrusted. Near the second fountain, stands an ancient square tower, on the outside of which are painted the scenes of Tell's history.



## CHAPTER V.

The next day, I came from Altdorf to Fluelen, and there embarked in a steamer for Lucerne, upon the lake of the Four Cantons. It is scarcely possible to imagine any combinations of beautiful water and bold mountains, more striking, more effective, and more lovely than the scenes that meet the view in traversing this charming sea. A dozen different mountains, advance into the lake and check themselves suddenly in the depths of the glowing waters. Bare, steep, turret-like rocks hanging amid the clouds,—rich, lawn-like grass in the intervening glades, sparkling with cottages and gardens; and luxuriant copses of delicate shrubbery clustering down to the water, succeed and blend with each other in infinite and delightful alternation. As we approached Lucerne, Pilatus scowled upon the left, and the sunny bays of Alpnacht and Kussnacht stretched away upon the other side of the main water. This part of the lake, for beauty, variety, and charming brightness, is not less remarkable than the other end is for stern and towering sublimity. The deep green-blue water adds a brilliance to every prospect.

Several memorials of the romantic hero of Swiss independence are presented to view along the banks. Not far from Fluelen, you pass upon the right the Tellen Platte, or Tell's chapel,—land where Tell leaped ashore. It is a small structure with two arcades open in front, and painted with pictures of his exploits. Over it, far on high, the rock-mountain swells out like a round castle of old feudal days. On the opposite side, is Grutli or Rutli, a green platform where the three confederates, Werner of Schwytz, Arnold of Unterwalden, and Walter Furst of Uri, met in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and laid the

foundations of Swiss independence. On the same side, nearer to Lucerne, is the projecting steep promontory of Wytenstein, along which grows to the water's edge a rich, bright shrubbery of birch and walnut. Against this prominence, stands a curious stone resembling a coffin placed vertically on its head. It was here that Tell saved the life of Baumgarten.

The town of Lucerne has little that is interesting, except the Dying Lion of Thorwaldsen, which forms the monument to the Swiss guard who were massacred at Versailles in defence of Louis XVI. It is cut in a huge rock, which is surrounded by a pool of water, and inclosed in a garden. The attitude and expression of the expiring beast realize all that one could require of dignity and grandeur in the parting life of the monarch of the desert. Near by is a small chapel consecrated to the memory of these brave Helvetians, with a pompous but eloquent inscription in Latin.

After a few hours, I continued my journey to Arth, for the purpose of ascending the Righi. A little beyond Kussnacht, the road cuts through a hill and is closely shaded by small birch trees. Near the end of this sombre defile, is pointed out the spot, at the road side, where Tell stood when he aimed the fatal shaft at Gessler, who was journeying towards Kussnacht. On the bank, a chapel dedicated to the glory of this event which is pictured upon the exterior, sanctifies crime in the religion of patriotism.

In the presence of so many memorials of the deeds of the hero of the Free Confederacy, it is difficult to feel any sympathy with the doubts which bookish students have suggested as to the reality of Tell's existence. In addition to the monuments which I have mentioned, the exterior of many old houses in Altdorf, Arth, and Schaffhausen, are painted with representations of facts in his

history, and with figures of the Men of Grutli. These paintings may be a century old. In Schaffhausen is a fountain having an old wooden or stone figure of Tell with his bow and arrow; on the base of which is the date 1682. As records of the events thus exhibited, these things are of no value. But as evidences of an antecedent and general popular conviction and feeling they are entitled to have some weight. Their existence in four or five different cantons, now separated by disagreements in religion, and alienated from one another by political jealousies, seems to carry back the date of these feelings to a period when all were animated by a common interest and enthusiasm.

From Arth, I ascended the Righi, and reached the summit about a quarter before six o'clock. The view from this mountain differs from the Fauldhorn as a gazetteer differs from a poem. Yet here, the map-like beauty of the level landscape, with forests, meadows and ploughed fields intermingled; with houses and villages scattered profusely around; and with lakes, rivers and mountains diversifying the scene, possesses a peculiar and characteristic charm. The sun, hidden from our sight by a horizontal bar of cloud, was shedding down broad pencils of rose-colored and golden rays upon the glittering scene of prosperity and happiness. On the other side, the High Alps had their tops covered with clouds, but lay in a mystic, dim sublimity that was highly impressive.

At sun-rise, on the following morning, the Culm was enveloped in mist; but about seven o'clock, the scene became glorious. On the north-east, the peaks of Glarnish, Sentis, the Mitre of Schwytz and the sullen mass of Rosenberg, were mixed with fragments of white clouds; and the sun pouring a silvery flood over the whole, kindled it into flashing lustre. It lay before us in a tumultuous prodigality of splendor, from which the fancy summoned

up a vision of Homeric gods sitting together on high, and viewing all the grandeurs of creation beneath them.

In descending, the aspect of the valley of Arth, from the platform of the mountain about half way down, is of singular beauty. In the centre the town of Arth stands upon the shores of Zug, whose purple waters mirror the snowy walls. Behind Arth, are fields traversed by lines of trees; then comes the village of Goldau; and behind it are the brown, horrid masses of Rosenberg, over-lying the yet buried town of old Goldau, which it overwhelmed with all its inhabitants in its fall. Further along, glitters the little lake of Lauertz, and the prospect is bounded by the obelisk-like peaks of the Mitres.

Quaint and picturesque in manners as in aspect, is the ancient Catholic town of Zug. It reminds one of some of the old Flemish cities, such as Bruges. Among its towns and walls, as in the spirits of its inhabitants, time seems to have slumbered for three centuries. Human character appears to consist of two opposite varieties; one, that makes a *fetiché* of the past, and shrinks from change as from a rude immorality; the other, that dashes forward impatiently after progression and development. In most States and cities, these temperaments are brought together in the diversity of persons; and the reforming and conserving influences work out in harmony the course of society. But occasionally we come upon communities where nothing but conservatives are generated; and then there is an absolute stand still in all things, whether mental, or moral, or material. These form political anachronisms. They remind us of vessels that have grounded upon mountains in a former state of the water, and which, when the tide has gone down, stands high and dry above the current. Such places are Nuremberg, Zug, and many towns in Italy. As an example of old-time tastes yet lingering about Zug, I

found in its neighborhood the only considerable specimens of the antiquated Topiarian art, that I met with in Europe; consisting of trees cut into the forms of arm-chairs, birds, and other objects.

At Zurich, I visited the town-library, and read three Latin letters of Lady Jane Grey to Zuinglius. They are signed "Ioanna Graia," and are written in a neat, clear, legible hand. They are interesting as expressing a warm gratitude to Zwingli for his friendship. She quotes Hebrew and Greek in their own letter. I saw, also, an Aldine folio of the Septuagint, which was the family Bible of Zwingli. He had recorded at the end the births of his several children.

I pursued my journey to Schaffhausen, and at Eglisau, crossed the Rhine, which is there a full and rapid stream, not very broad. It is intensely green, and without any touch of blue. We soon reached the Hotel Weber, which is opposite to the Falls of the Rhine.

These falls are among the most *beautiful* of great cataracts; with just so much of terror as beauty has, or ought to have, for one who knows how fatal or fated a thing it is wont to be. They are also the most picturesque of European cascades. They are entirely Rhine-like, in their character, presenting that combination of copious water, grey rock, and graceful foliage, which makes the peculiar charm of this river in its lower course. They are divided into three parts, by one tall rock near the right bank, and by two other rocks which lean towards one another, and form almost an arch in the middle of the stream. These foam-fretted islands are covered with bushes which now were glowing with the tints of autumn. I took a boat with three men, and rowed out to the principal and central one. The water which we traversed was whirling and surging with eddies of white and green. The cascade seems to be formed by a pile of irregular points or peaks of

granite, rising up in the midst of the impetuous current. Looking up from the base of the rock where I landed, the waters above, on both sides, appear to be shot forward horizontally as from a mortar. A winding path leads to the top; about half-way up, you pass near the central shoot, and there its waters starting up and over the hidden obstructions that would arrest it, seem to gnash as with a kind of ravenous fury. From the summit, the best view is had, for there you see the whole composition of the cataract. A little above the fall, the stream appears divided and diffused in innumerable directions,—sideways, backwards, forwards, crosswise; then, gathering its forces, it springs through the openings of the pillared rock, with headlong rage and terror.

I descended and rowed across to the Schloss, and gained a balcony where a favorite view is had: but it is not equal to that which I had left. You see but a part of the river, and even that is much lost in spray, which in itself, however, has a good effect, being from time to time, hurled upward as if from the depths of the river. There is another position below the falls, where a grand confused image of turbulent power is flung upon the mind. That is the museum of rainbows. From that position, the central island shows finely. Leaning forward against the coming torrent, the rocks seem like mighty buttresses, based upon the centre of the earth, and upholding the rivers which else might plunge down with all-overwhelming madness.

At Schaffhausen I took the steamer up the Rhine to Constance, and thence to Lindau. Six weeks later, about the middle of October, I came down from Ulm to Friedrichschafen, at the upper end of Lake Constance, and crossed to Rorshael with the intention of going into Italy by the Splugen road. In the beginning of that month, the win-



ter had set in at Berlin with continued cold rain, and I fled precipitately southward; but I had no sooner reached the shores of this lovely water, than I found myself in a wholly different climate, where a mild fine autumn yet lingered, and a soft west wind invited to delay. The seasons in Switzerland are later than in Germany. The summer comes up more slowly; but it tarries longer. I resolved to profit of the charming weather, and dash across to Geneva, that I might take one more view of the snowy crests which had delighted me so highly. The lake Constance presents an aspect of calm, attractive beauty. On the south, the shore rises gradually and is richly cultivated, to a considerable distance; and then terminates in the glorious mountains of Appenzell and Glarus. The great range of heights which form the eastern wall of this sea, appear to be a solid pile of snow rising out of the purple waters.

At Schaffhausen, I at once became aware of being on Swiss ground, by seeing on the large house in front of the steamer's landing-place, fresco pictures of the three men of Grutli; one holding a short-handled flag with a cross upon it; the central one leaning on a spear; and the third sustaining a tall standard which rested on the ground; all wearing swords. About noon I set off for Zurich. The day was clear and delightful: and upon arriving at the top of a hill, about a mile from Schaffhausen, the whole circle of the Alps, from lake Constance to the hills about Berne, blazed up into full, glittering view, covered with recent snow; and Sentis and Dædi and the triple broad mass of the Righi and the spiked banner of Glarnish. This afternoon afforded one of the finest feasts of the Alps that I have yet enjoyed. The peaks of Glarus and Appenzell, form, ordinarily, to the Swiss traveller, a side dish, not much attended to; but are capable of being made *pieces de*

*résistance* of a luxurious banquet. At Berne, the weather on the 16th of October was magnificent, and the sun as bright as in July. The Oberland was lying out in the clearest, sharpest outline, flashing and exhaling in the cloudless sun. We reached Lausanne on the following morning.

Gibbon is, of course, the *specialité* of the place. We were received at the Hotel Gibbon, a stately structure on a terrace over-looking the lake. The historian's house is next to it. It is now occupied by M. Constantine Grigner, a legal functionary, whose mother bought it upon Gibbon's death. It is a commodious dwelling with an extensive terrace garden, commanding a fine view of the mountains of Savoy. Mont Blanc, however, is not visible. In this respect the English philosopher showed less taste than Voltaire, from whose house and grounds at Ferney, the monarch of mountains is seen to great advantage. In the garden an elm was pointed out, said to have been planted by Gibbon, and under which he is said frequently to have rested. I doubt the tradition; as the tree does not appear to be above thirty years old. The acacias have been entirely destroyed. A new apartment, which the owner is now erecting, occupies the place of the *Berceau*, and also of a curious room made of the bark of trees, which Gibbon himself had constructed, and which was suffered to remain until it became utterly decayed and ruinous.

The next day I went up from Geneva to Chamouny. The weather was perfectly clear, and the sky cloudless. In the evening, a full moon was shining over Mont Blanc. The following morning we ascended the Flégère. In going up, the stillness was broken by several avalanches, which sent a long crackling roar through the valley, resembling the discharge of cannon at a distance. One of these which we were lucky enough to see, was caused by

the fall of a mass of ice from the Mer de Glace over the rocks which rise up and occupy half the space of the mouth of the glacier. The white mass crumbled as it struck the rock, and poured down like a cataract of powdered ice, reverberating prodigiously as it descended. From a low point of view, the attendants and supporters of Mont Blanc occupy the most prominent position, and almost hide the sovereign; and it is necessary to rise to a considerable height, in order to see the true relation of the chief to the inferiors, and to contemplate the principal eminence in its towering and unshared grandeur. The view from the Croix de la Flégère commands the entire valley and all its confines; and the whole prospect taken together, presents probably as sublime and impressive a spectacle as nature can exhibit. It is a scene of almost fearful wildness and desolation. A horror seems to brood over the abyss which divides the enormous precipices that yawn around it. Mountains, whose soil yields no growth but of deadly snows, and valleys, where unfathomable glaciers usurp the place of corn and vines, succeed one another in a barrenness to which the little vegetation that struggles into life serves only to add greater gloom. The bases of the rocky piles are occupied by clumps of fir trees that stand crowded together like an army of dark-plumed soldiers sternly guarding the access to the appalling regions above.

But from whatever position Mont Blanc be seen, its height I think is less striking than that of the Bernese peaks. The latter rise more precipitously, and soar upward in a more lonely and detached elevation. The Mont Blanc is so much surrounded by huge companions and allies, which intercept and share his grandeur, that all the effect of his majesty is not directly felt. Monarch undoubtedly he is; but a constitutional monarch girt about

by greatnesses that diminish his individual lustre in giving a broader base to his throne. The mass of the mountain is certainly enormous; and when one reflects upon certain particulars which show to the mind how great is the elevation, the height becomes profoundly impressive. For example, the Aiguille Verte seems, from the Flégère, to be but very little higher than the Aiguille du Dru; yet in fact, it stretches nearly two thousand feet above it. I am inclined to think that the remote view of Mont Blanc from Geneva, where it seems to lie on high like the silver floor of heaven, is more striking than any other.

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## CHAPTER VI.

At length I turned my steps towards Italy. It was towards the close of a fine mellow autumnal day that I came up from Geneva to the Hotel Byron, which stands between Chillon and Villeneuve. A storm of two or three days, which had imprisoned me in the Hotel des Bergues, had cleared away, and mild, still, pensive weather had succeeded. For richness combined with grandeur, for voluptuous softness around, and impressive majesty above, not Como, nor Lucerne, nor any other lake, is superior to the upper end of Geneva. Some beams of Italian lustre seem, there, to have gushed through the mountain pass, and to kindle the rock-cinctured atmosphere with the love-breathing hues of the glowing south. The view from the lofty terrace in front of the hotel was grand and touching. The stream of summer tourists had passed by. I was the only inmate of the large and melancholy pile. The air was delicate; the lake calm and somewhat hazy; all nature seemed in unison with the tranquil loveliness of the scene

and its associations. Behind, rose the lofty heights of the Dent de Jaman and Dent de Noye, not stern with frightful rocks, but luxuriantly wooded to the summits, and now glorious with the varied colors of autumn; the foliage powdered with newly fallen snow. To the right along the lake, Clarens lay deliciously nestled in a gentle ravine of the mountains which rise to a great height behind it. On either side of it, by the shores, are recumbent fields of neat, trim vines; but itself was embraced by russet-tinted trees which extended up the ravine till they expand into a great forest that scales the top of the mountain. Nothing can seem more modestly retired, without being hid. Further on is Montreux, more deeply buried in a valley. A little more distant, across a small bay, stood the grey towers of Chillon, in the water. On the left front, the mountain views were magnificent. The Dent d'Oche rose in a lofty peak almost immediately from the waters edge, and beside it were innumerable wild, fragmentary, capricious crests. The sides of all these were now covered with a scarlet mantle of foliage. On the extreme left, up the valley of the Rhone, the vast snow and ice-covered piles of the Dent du Midi reared themselves. As the sun sank behind the Dent d'Oche, and threw into bright relief these dark forms with their fretted outline against the yellow sky, and tinged the snows of the Dent du Midi with a faint rose color, a passion-flush of beauty seemed to suffuse the scene. The waters of the lake in front of me were still and soft, and as clear as crystal. The shores at the opposite end were not seen, being hidden by the mistiness of the air; and you might have thought that you were looking out upon the limitless ocean charmed into repose by the magic influences of the hour. A single small sail whitened the blue expanse. A short distance out from the shore, and towards Chillon, stood a little island, scarcely twenty feet

in width, bearing what seemed but a single tree, but was in fact a cluster of three trees, gleaming with a yellow hue through the languid air. Associations of Byron and his lone prisoner threw around it a pathetic lustre.

The next morning I walked along the grey pebbly shore to the Castle of Chillon. Around its walls the sublime story of Bonnivart casts an interest, before which the sentimental fancy of Byron's tale fades into insignificance. I know of nothing in history so extraordinary as the grandeur of his endurance, except its reward. Chained for six years to the dungeon pillar of a tyrant, he was set free at last by a double revolution, political and religious, which created a republic in the night of despotism, and established Protestantism in the midst of the Romish church. Could such a daring anticipation have entered into the strength that fortified his heart? Let hope never grow extinct in the spirit of man! If Bonnivart might be delivered, who may not trust to be relieved?

The castle stands upon a solid rock, and completely out in the lake, though not now actually surrounded by it, an embankment of stone excluding the water from encircling it upon the land side. A bridge of four or five piers leads over the now dry foss to the double gates, whose iron gratings still hang there, brown with the rust of centuries. In the middle ages the Hall of Public Justice, and its important appendage, the rooms and instruments of probation and punishment, which according to the morality and reason of those times consisted largely in tortures, were commonly in the same building with the residence of the sovereign. Some of these establishments have been kept up for the curiosity of visitors, and are often referred to for the purpose of sharpening the passions of the day against the cruelty of the despots who ruled in those times. They illustrate, however, the mental views of the age,



rather than the mischiefs of a particular government ; for they were part of the public law of all countries ; and the most revolting display of the system is to be seen in the dungeons of the free city of Ratisbonne, where the inquisitors were not solitary tyrants, but a municipal council of sober and liberal burghers. Chillon Castle now serves as one of the three military magazines of the Canton Vaud ; but the apartments in which the feudal severities of the times were administered, are maintained with scrupulous completeness by the republican authorities.

Passing through the court yard, I was conducted to the prison rooms, which are below its level. The first chamber is about eighty feet long, and divided by a row of arches on columns. It formed the hall of the corps-de-garde. The floor, which is covered with gravel, is high enough to allow the lake to be seen through the windows. Beyond it is an apartment twelve or fifteen feet wide, on the inner side of which is a mass of the natural rock rising four or five feet high, and forming by its top a smooth inclined shelf which follows the dip of the stone, perhaps thirty degrees from the horizontal. According to the explanation given on the spot, this was the couch upon which prisoners were laid after being tortured in the chamber above, and here the sentence of death was read to them. In the next room, which is quite dark, a couple of arches, supported on a pillar, run transversely across the room, and between the pillar and the upper cross-wall is the potence or gallows, a mere beam of wood ten or twelve feet high, with grooves around it, which are said to have been worn by the ropes. Two thousand Jews are reported to have been hanged or strangled here, upon a charge of poisoning the fountains, but really for the purpose of confiscating their wealth. Opposite the gallows, hung formerly a picture of the Virgin, on which the dying man might look ; a solace

that must have been particularly welcome to the Jews. Next is a little apartment enclosing the stone stairs which ascend to the Hall of Justice; and beyond it, through a small door you enter the principal prison.

It is an apartment about a hundred and twenty feet in length, and divided by a row of round sandstone columns, and double ranges of pointed arches. It bends somewhat towards the other end to accommodate the circular corner of the castle, and the whole effect, which architecturally is very beautiful, exactly resembles the aisles of a church, for which indeed, it is said at one time to have been used. It is cut out of, or into, the solid rock, which is of a slaty texture, and much inclined. The windows are high, and though they exhibit large wide openings upon the inner surface of the wall, they narrow towards the exterior, so as to dwindle down to apertures a foot in length by three or four inches in width. It is impossible to see anything through them from the floor of the dungeon; but when the sun is bright at midday, the light is reflected from the lake upon the roof, and is said to show a blue tint; and at certain seasons the horizontal sun finds its way in. When the water of the lake is high, as it was in 1846, the prison is below its surface; ordinarily, however, it is not so.

In one of the central columns is the ring to which Bonnivart was fastened by a chain about four feet in length. The holes worn in the rocky floor by his stern solitary paces are still perfectly distinct.

Let none those marks efface!  
For they appeal from tyranny to God!

A channel, three or four inches below the general surface marks the range of tread; but within it, you see three still deeper cavities produced by the daily tramp of his feet. The length of his chain permitted him to take only three

steps, but to the limits of this fettered license, he seems to have taken daily and vehement exercise, determined to keep himself alive for whatever issues Providence might provide. The whole prison apartment is now an open space; but when Bonnivart was here, walls ran between the columns, forming a series of perfectly close cells. These trappings, therefore, must have been made as he strode from wall to wall, riveted to the corner of a dark dungeon, by a chain four feet long.

The person who showed the Castle told me, that while Byron was meditating his Prisoner of Chillon, he used to come to the scene every day with his servant. He finally wrote the poem in two days, in a room of the Anchor inn at Ouchy; but it appears that he had been mentally composing it for some time, and by the aid of diligent study on the spot. At that time he was not acquainted with the story of Bonnivart. He learned it afterwards when he went to Geneva. My conductor said that Byron's ignorance might be accounted for by the fact, that the persons who, at that time showed the Castle, were not in the habit of explaining the apartment, and that the woman who then kept the keys did not herself know anything about Bonnivart. Another reason, the guide thought, might lie in the fact mentioned last year by an English family who were here, that Lord Byron did not speak French, though he did speak Italian.

Among a thousand sad histories that have perished from recollection, one tradition, scarcely less touching than the legend of Bonnivart, still attaches to this remarkable chamber. At the lower end of it, against the wall which crosses and limits the apartment, are some drawings four or five feet in length, which display great feeling as well as skill. They represent St. Christopher holding the infant Christ, and supporting himself by a tree; St. John with an inscrip-

tion in Gothic letter over his head, "St. Johēs." And the Saviour on the cross. These were thus drawn in total darkness by the young Coquet, a pupil of Bonnivart, who had attempted the deliverance of his teacher, but was detected and thrown into this cell, which at that time was walled up on the other two sides. He succeeded at length in breaking his fetters, and when his keeper came to bring him food he overpowered him, fastened him in the dungeon, and escaped up stairs into the Hall of Justice. Here he threw himself from a window into the lake, but unhappily fell upon the rocks and was killed.

Several interesting autographs in stone, testify to the deep feeling which this scene has inspired. On one of the sandstone pillars in the centre, the name of "Byron" appears, carved by his own hand, somewhat crookedly. On the same column are "L. Hunt," "H. H. Milman, xlix.," "A. D. M.," (Alexander Dumas,) and others. On the natural rock which forms the inner side of the chamber is the name of "Shelley," in large capitals, cut by himself.

In the upper story of the building is shown the Hall of Justice, so called from the injustices judicially performed there. It is a large room with ceilings paneled in the fifteenth century. Next it is the torture room. A wooden pillar stands in the centre of it, with a pulley at the top of it to allow the prisoners to be drawn up and then thrown violently down. While thus suspended, red hot irons or lighted torches were sometimes applied to their feet; and the lower part of the pillar is charred in many places. From this dismal chamber, a grated window looks out over the blue, placid, lovely water. Near by is a small room where a furnace stood to heat the irons. Adjoining the Hall of Justice on the other side, is a spacious apartment, divided along the middle by wooden pillars. It formed the kitchen and dining hall of the Dukes of Savoy.

Another small structure across the court-yard, but within the walls of the Castle, must not be forgotten. It contained the Oubliette. When a prisoner's fate was settled, he was told that he was about to be set free, and was conducted hither that he might approach a statue of the Virgin to give thanks, and then descend a staircase and pass out of the Castle. He descended three steps, when the staircase terminated, and he was thrown into a well fifty feet deep. These three steps, and the well beneath them, are still there. If it was the design that the victim should die a lingering death of starvation and broken bones, he was suffered to remain here. If a speedier end was intended, a trap door in the bottom of this vault was opened, and he was flung down forty feet further. All this has certainly a very apocryphal sound, and a reader of such matters would be inclined to pronounce the whole story as an idle legend, recited for the entertainment of gaping tourists. It is certain, however, that quite similar accounts are given at the old castle near Baden-Baden, and elsewhere; and that the appearances of the apartments sustain the explanations which are given. My conductress at Chillon was a shrewd and rather witty woman, who either from native inclination or out of compliment to my country, displayed a vigorous democracy. She would conclude every fresh exhibition of terrors by saying, "And all this was in the good old times!" Being a show-woman and a radical, perhaps the duskiness of the scenes took a "browner horror" from her glosses.

## CHAPTER VII.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of a fine day, at the close of October, that I left Villeneuve for Italy, by the Simplon road. As the season was late, and snow had already fallen in large quantities among the higher Alps, and it was somewhat doubtful whether the road on the summit was open, I got rid of the responsibility of clearing the pass by taking my place in the corner of the government corriera. I hardly know, even in that land of beauty, a finer scene than the valley of the Rhone up to St. Maurice. The broad, fertile plain, between the mountains, is covered with vegetation; and, at its edges, at either side, rise precipitately the snow-crowned Alps. The road winds along their base. The ragged crest of the Dent de Midi towers in sight all the way. The declining sun was kindling the ice-topped peaks with a furnace-like lustre, not pink or roseate, but like shining silver. In approaching the line of the Vallais, the effect becomes almost startling. The mountain strikes into the stream and throws the road from its abrupt side: the rocks on either hand jut over the river, which has forced its passage by wearing away their bases: a bridge of a single arch carries you over the Rhone; and you are within the *cachot* of St. Maurice. You feel as if you had been betrayed into the dungeon of the white-haired giant turnkey of the Alps, who had been nodding ominously above you for a long time, and who had now closed up the mountains across the path which you had entered. St. Maurice lies at the bottom of a well-like ravine, whose granite sides rise almost perpendicularly to a prodigious height. The material grandeur of the scene can hardly be exceeded. It must be dim and chill, there,



at noon-day; and night closes in long before the purple waters of the sunlight have ceased to dash against the peaks above. As I was falling asleep, I thought I saw an old hobgoblin face, with white locks matted over it, thrust up several times against the glasses of the carriage, to see if his prey was safe. But I shut my eyes, and was soon lost in dreams of Italy, almost as bright as the reality.

When I looked out the next morning, we were nearly at the summit, and the cold was extreme. The sky was clear, but pale; and an ocean of snowy peaks and snowy valleys spread around. All was snow. A few stunted pines, with their iced branches pinned down to their trunks, stood at wide intervals amid the waste; and here and there was a chalet, closed and deserted: but these memorials of departed life and habitation only struck a deeper loneliness into the scene. On one summit, a little chapel was visible; and a series of stations, marked by rude crosses, led to it: but it was now abandoned and inaccessible. Even the last social, guarding, redeeming influence seemed extinct in the glittering beauty of death. It was the sublimity of desolation.

We had exchanged our wheels for a sledge, and were moving along behind seven horses. Two men, with shovels, accompanied our train, and we stopped, occasionally, till they cleared away the avalanches which had slid down from the heights above. We presently passed the Hospice, where the courier delivered a gazette. The news appeared to be the only human interest that survived in the dreariness of this solitude. We may smile; but, after all, what is the love of gossip, but a rather undignified, perhaps slightly irregular manifestation of that spiritual affinity which identifies man with his fellows? that *nil humani alienum*, which is the sacred consciousness of humanity itself. Exiled into these arctic wastes, the inmates of the

hospice still crave the exercise of those sympathies which link their natures to the crowded city and the scheming court.

We began to descend, and, resuming wheels, rolled rapidly along through a magic panorama of slate-colored rocks, cleft into shaded ravines, whose walls seemed to reach to the firmament; with unnumbered cascades pitching from the summits, or dripping along the sides; and ferns and flowers softening the ruggedness, like those snatches of tender sentiment which sometimes intervene in the ferocity of a ruthless character. The southern side of the Alps is steeper and more storm-worn than the northern, seeming to rise up directly over the plain, and scowl down in jealous fury upon a loveliness which it is destined always to look upon and never to partake. My imagination had been so steeped in mountain elements of all kinds,—water-falls, rocks, ravines,—that there was no longer that mental action upon them which is necessary to enjoyment; and I turned away with an indifference approaching to disgust from the barbarous north, whose last hospitalities I was fleeing, and threw my spirit forward into glowing thoughts of Italy.

It was night when we reached Domo d'Ossola, at the foot of the mountains. Domo d'Ossola! how purple with Italian richness was the very name! The inn was in the form of a quadrangle, and I was shown to my chamber along an open gallery that ran round the interior courtyard, whence one looked up to the deep blue, starry sky. All was strange, and all enchanting.

The following morning I drove along the margin of Lago Maggiore, passing Baveno and Arona. It was Sunday. The air was mild and clear, and it seemed like the Paradisal Sabbath of a world yet unconscious of sin. It was not as when you view a single object, or listen to a

single symphony, from which you snatch keen pleasure : the whole encircling scene,—all that touched the sight, the sense, the mind,—above, around, beneath—all was beauty and all was delight. There was just enough of pearly haze over the sky to tone its blue tints into soft blending with the waters, and with the mountains on their north. At the upper end of the lake, gleamed the chalky villas around Locarno, and behind them was Monte Rosa, with its snowy masses, suffused and glowing with purple. The crystal lake, reflecting the quaint terraces of the Isola Bella, green with tropical verdure, was on the left; and on the right, the slopes were profusely covered with roses in full bloom, violets and daisies. A voluptuary in landscape enjoyments could not have craved a richer scene. The choicest glories of the north and south were brought harmoniously together. Switzerland and Italy set forth the rarest perfection of their characteristic splendors in rivalry for the admiration of the visitor. From the luxurious hues and forms around, you looked across the fairy lake, and, after gazing on the lovely mansions upon its edge, the eye lost itself amid the infinitely varied outline of white hills that seemed dissolving into the northern air. I declined to visit Isola Bella; for a restless, fiery impatience possessed me to precipitate myself into the bosom of Italy. I felt, until I reached Milan, as if I were not unmistakably and irrevocably in Italy.

We stopped a few moments to visit the odd colossal monument of San Carlo Borromeo, and then halted at Sesto Kalende. There is no difficulty in recognizing in that name a lingering trace of Rome. Here we encountered, once more, the imperial bird

Qui per piu devorare  
Porta due becchi,\*

\* The arms of Austria bear a double-headed eagle.—ED.

whom I have ever found an honest, well-bred, courteous bird. It would be well for the traveller if his great wings flapped away from the whole of Italy the tormenting native flock of becca-ficas that peck unremittingly at the pockets.

From Sesto to Milan, the Simplon road passes through the cultivated plain of Lombardy, planted at regular intervals with the mulberry, and with vines hanging in festoons from tree to tree. The sleepy luxuriousness of autumn loitered over the fields, and at a distance were the snowy mountains. Winter rarely comes nearer to those delicious plains than to look down at them from the neighboring heights. As we rolled on through village after village, the church-bells, with their sweet silvery clamor, kept up a perpetual jubilee of sound, exulting to proclaim the more essential beauty that Italy prized above all material boasts, that of being stainlessly catholic. The music, breaking out from time to time, then pausing, then beginning again, as if each campanilé were animated by varying feelings, made a charming accompaniment to the bright spectacle around. The delight, which almost tranced the being, was not like a new or strange emotion. It was a familiar feeling of spiritual enjoyment, brought up to the surface, and made sensuous in an intense and delicate consciousness of the realization of a life-long dream. I was reposing in the sweet arms of the violet-crowned maiden of the family of nations: her soft, warm breath was upon my cheek: her large, blue, loving eyes looked down upon me.

An era is it in the history of any man, when for the first time he crosses the Alps. A sympathy is touched and developed, that shall vibrate and expand forever. Upon that soil, we learn that Imagination and Sentiment are the Italian elements of our nature. All things seem ideal, poetic, visionary. Splendors that the northern world knows only by half-heavenly flashes that fade before they

can be felt, here are natural and permanent. From the valleys and plains of Italy the lustre of Summer is never wholly withdrawn, and winter seems but a tardier spring. Elsewhere we have glimpses of her life in conservatories, and when we enter the guarded retreats where orange-trees and olives and myrtles are garnered up as creating around them a kind of sacred soul-life, we say, "This is like Italy." Its atmosphere is fragrance, its soil is beauty, its canopy a glory unimaginable. Its air is a prism to turn the common light into enchantment. What melodies of color,—violet, rose, purple,—roll along its steeps. Yet the true fascination of Italy is of the soul; and the features of the scene enjoy our devotion on account of the Spirit that looks out from them, and which they typify.

It is the clime of Art,—the temple of the sacrament of the material transfigured into the spiritual,—of the perpetual marriage of the formal with the divine. Life, thought, passion, manners, all things, partake an æsthetic quality. An ethereal stream of ideal sentiment seems to float over the land and refract all perceptions, feelings and objects into beautiful outlines and hues.

It is the land of Antiquity, the school of History, the home of the Past. No time is recorded when Italy stood not foremost in the annals; a scene where great things were thought and wrought. Etruscan, Roman, Pontifical, these civilizations have succeeded one another, and no later one has effaced the vestiges of that which preceded it. All now dwell together; and the face of the land is as a self-registering chronicle of all that has been felt and done upon its surface. Here, under the calm, grave eye of the Venerable Past, the Present moves modestly, and with self-distrust. Here you may stand in the religious presence of the Older Day, and imbibe a temper which is more than wisdom. The active, the striving, the destruc-

tive, we leave behind when we cross the mountains. Existence here is moral, consultative, intellectual. It seems like an Elysium, where life is fancied, and interests notional; the blissful future state of an existence gone by, where shadowy forms rehearse in silent show the deeds that once resounded, or elsewhere resound. It is a land where all is ruin; but where ruin itself is more splendid, more permanent, and more vital than the freshest perfections of other countries.

Above all things, it is THE SOIL OF RELIGION. Here, and only here, is realized, in uncrumbled and undimmed completeness, that vision, which in other nations is but a fragmentary dream, or a dim tradition,—THE CATHOLIC FAITH. And deny it, overlook it, forget it, as we may, that is the deepest spell of all the enchantments that Italy holds in store for us. Of its truth or utility let theologians and economists dispute: as a sentiment, as a civilization, humanity has evolved nothing so beautiful, so refining, so delightful. In this land, it is an inward, soul-heard music, to which all life regulates its movements. It is as a solvent of moral grace, melting and rounding all the forms of existence into picture-like and pleasing shapes.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER a few days at Milan, I went up, in the beginning of November, to Como. The railway is well-appointed and comfortable. The first part of the route presented the fertile plain of Lombardy, planted with mulberries, locusts and chestnuts: soon the snow-covered hills appeared in sight, and on reaching Camerlata, we were among the mountains. The scenery around Como is highly picturesque; the heights terminating in multitudinous peaks,



clothed with red foliage, and sprinkled on the tops with snow.

As I think, that to dash forward in a crowded steamer, is no true way to enjoy these lakes, I took a small boat with a couple of oars-men, and set out early in the afternoon to woo the enchantments of the watery scene, at leisure, and alone. The wherry was luxuriously furnished with scarlet cushions, a table in the middle, and a circular frame overhead, on which was an awning of canvass to be raised and lowered at pleasure. The diversified hills which rise almost from the line of the shore, were covered with green and purple foliage; and innumerable elegant villas lined the banks. Grandeur, softness, endless magnificence of architectural decorations, and an almost luscious richness of color, united to form a refined and gorgeous spectacle which it would be vain to look for out of Italy. The atmosphere in the low regions had the effect of clear, lustrous crystal, and higher up was a warm, deep iodine tone, which made the breasts of the mountains ruddy with a morbid blush. Beneath glittered the glassy wave; and a sky of cloudless, profound blue, was hanging above.

On the left hand, as you come out from Como, is a palace with long Italian colonnades, overhanging the waters. It is the villa Raimondi; formerly, Odescalchi. A little further, through an opening in the nearer heights, you catch a view of the peaks of the distant Alps. Then is seen the small village Cernobio; and beyond it, in a nook embraced by a high promontory, is the villa d'Este, for nearly three years the residence of Queen Caroline, and the scene of the Bergamo adventures of *non mi ricordo* fame. It is a very large establishment, consisting of a tall wide house with two capacious wings: and behind it is a conservatory which might mistake itself for a princely villa. This place was formerly occupied by General —,

one of Napoleon's officers, who took Tarragona by assault; and he constructed, at the foot of the hill which forms the further boundary of the estate, an imitation of that city, with several towers and fortifications running along the heights. Beyond, lies the villa Pizzo, the summer residence of the Viceroy of Italy. In former years it was occupied by the arch-duke Regnier; but since the last revolution, he has resided at Bolsano. It consists of half-a-dozen detached buildings, with numerous terraces. Further on is Passalacqua.

On the opposite side, within Torno, lies the large villa Tanzi, which was inhabited by Lord Sandwich while Queen Caroline lived at Cernobio. In rowing upon the lake, he observed the proceedings at the Villa d'Este, and it was he who first made report of them in England. Below this are the villas of Pasta and Taglioni. As we passed between Pizzo and Blevio, we encountered several small boats laded with lemon trees, the effect of which, upon the water, was extremely pretty. They were coming over from the villa Taglioni, to be wintered in the green-house of the villa d'Este, the many-twinkling feet of their owner being just about to make a pirouette to her palace in Venice. Nearer to Blevio are two houses belonging to a Russian; one of them on a promontory, the other in a complete cavern, hollowed out of the mountain.

The view opposite to Blevio, as I returned to Como, glowed with a fine, delicious loveliness, to which the ruder greatness of Switzerland is a stranger. At my back, beyond Torno, were snow-covered hills. On the left, the mountains behind Blevio rose almost vertically; but they were furrowed with innumerable ridges, into the greatest variety of surface, and covered with rich green grass to the top, and with trees, not matted together in close forests, but sprinkled just widely enough to allow their forms to

be seen, and occasionally the mossy turf between them. The feathered outline of these foliage hills fretted the blue heavens. A cove, formed by the projection of a promontory on which the villa Cornaggia stands, lay in deep shadow, while the declining sun threw a bright visible stream of rays along the front of the recess. The promontory was dark, with rich green olive and laurel; numerous summer houses were scattered among the hills behind it; and gardens glittered along its slopes with every attraction that art and nature could combine. Deep purple masses of light were resting on the bosoms of the other mountains. On the right, through the valley at the side of Cernobio, there appears a magnificent view of Monte Rosa with its many-peaked masses of rose-coloured snow; and as we moved on, the double cones of the lesser St. Bernard loomed up. The immortal spirit, Beauty, who elsewhere gives but glimpses of her heavenly charms, here seemed to lean down from her eternal viewless dwelling, and unveil from out the violet air all the full magic of her rapturous countenance. As I gazed in intense and breathless admiration, the silence was broken by the deep toll of a bell from one of the villages, which was soon responded to from another; and anon arose a multitudinous but most musical clangor from every side, swelling and rolling, and re-echoing among the mountains. I turned to the stalwart boatman to ask an explanation. Crossing himself reverently, he replied, "*La Festa dei Tutti Morti!*" The Fête of all the Dead!\* It was one of those august and touching appointments by which the Catholic Church summons the deepest sympathies of our nature to join her in her mediation between the visible present and the invisible

\* The Feast of all Souls, which follows that of All Saints. The English Church has retained the latter, but disused the other, more interesting and quite as harmless.

infinite. At three in the morning, and three in the afternoon, the churches are crowded with worshippers, and the bells ring out an awakening notice to all who rest at home or journey by land or by water, to unite in feeling with the human host that turns from the present and the actual, to send its memories backward over the past, and to waft its prayers of love upward to the skies. I know not when I have been more profoundly moved. The scene, before, was beautiful, almost to religion; there wanted but one sound, one note, to touch into full adoration the feeling which already trembled on the verge of it. This call from the voice of the church, amid a spectacle of such earthly-glorious perfection, reminding of the sad, but not stern, sentiments that belong to the contemplation of the departed, was fraught with a divine appropriateness and power. The festival of All the Dead! What living soul is not reached by that appeal! Into what affecting brotherhood are we not all brought and bound by that sublime conception!

Beautiful Como! I may never again behold thee visibly: but, through coming years, when Thought draws inward from the vexing and degrading world, and seeks the purest, loftiest, loveliest image that Memory holds within her shrines, then, in spirit, I shall be with thee!



## THE ROMAN FORUM.

[AN IMPERFECT FRAGMENT.]\*

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“Quæ maxima semper  
Dicetur nobis, et erit quæ maxima semper.”

VIRG.

The traveller through the old world, who would do justice to every part of his subject, should see the whole of Europe before he enters Italy, and the whole of Italy before he visits Rome. The morbid and ethereal elegance that invests the clime and life of Italy, relaxes the taste so much, that it can scarcely come in a proper spirit to the less poignant interests of Germany, France or England. And everything that even Venice, Florence or Naples can offer, appears frivolous and almost profane, in presence of the august impression that Rome inspires. He whose spirit Rome has once touched with her sceptre is struck insensible to vulgar and earthly interests.

Rome seems to be the magnetic pole of our moral sensibilities. In all other places they tremble toward it, in it they become riveted to the soil.

\* This appears to be the last piece which ever came from the pen of its lamented author. In the progress of writing it his eye sight became somewhat disturbed; and his health almost immediately after gave way by rapid steps of declination. In its disconnected handwriting, it bears the mark of having been written with physical difficulty and pain, and breaks off abruptly in the midst of its interesting subject. Of course it is a first draft and wholly uncorrected.



Her galleries are stored with countless treasures, the master-pieces of Grecian sculpture; yet so far are they from constituting the secret of Rome's attraction, that we view even the Apollo with an imperfect enthusiasm, seen amidst the blaze of that atmosphere of brightness which surrounds it. The landscape has peculiar and characteristic beauties; yet the chief interest with which we view it, arises from the reflection, that we are looking upon the country of Rome. Gorgeous in spectacle and enchaining in significance are the ceremonies of her church, whose development is the history of fourteen centuries of Europe. Yet their chief interest arises from the back ground against which they are viewed. It is not in any nor in all of these things that lies the secret of that spell, by which this city strikes and fascinates our spirits: the charm, the mystery, the power is in the moral atmosphere that infects the scene, where moralists and legislators once lived and acted. Splendid even now is the Rome of the eye and of the taste; but that before which the visible city lapses into nothingness, is Rome of the mind. It is the thrilling memories which overhang it like an electric cloud, that makes this city a place of intense and undecaying interest, and in the presence of which we turn our backs upon Pope, and Cardinals, and Princes, and regard the romance and adventure of the princely battlings of the middle ages, and the palaces of Colonna, Corsini, Borghese and Doria as vain and empty shows.

And why is it that Rome thus awes us as we draw nigh it, and strikes a fascination into our spirits when we are within it? affecting strongest minds the strongliest. It is because we approach the shrine of the morality of the world; are within the precincts of that Temple whence oracles of Justice went forth that still are the inspiration and the guides of Life. Lawgiver of the nations; parent of Institutions that give civility and development to

society; inventress of the Arts that establish right through reason; source of that social wisdom which is civil power; the all-imperial city sits throned in the ever-during reverence of the mind; girt with a divinity invisible perhaps by the frivolous, but irresistible to the thoughtful mind.

I know not of any scene more fitted to touch every chord of intellectual emotion in a reflective spirit, than that which expands before the observer who mounts to a platform that is over the upper arches of the Coliseum, directly above the entrance, and looks down thence into the Roman Forum. That high terrace was a favorite resort with me on the clear and soft afternoons of a winter that was lovelier than the brightest spring or summer of the north. The air below was usually like a medium of transparent crystal, faintly purpled here and there by violet-colored flakes of sun-light, that seemed to float in it like stainless passion-dreams of the pure element. The prospect consists only in a short and narrow valley, bounded on both sides by hills, and terminated at the opposite end by a lofty and precipitous rock. Ruined arches, solitary columns, fragments of ivy-clustered walls, define the ground:

Reliquias, veterumque vides monumenta virorum.

Thrice a thousand years have rolled by since Æneas found Evander and Pallas celebrating on yonder hill those services of religion, for which Rome has always been noted, and through which she has always been great. The "*passimque armenta videbant Romanoque foro*," is strangely renewed in the name of the Campo Vaccino; and the stately "*Carinæ*," once splendid with the mansions of Pompey and Cicero, is again a neglected region, doubtfully identified by the title of the Church of San Maria in Carinis. The aspect of the spot has returned to the condition

of the Arcadian's ancient reign; but what a world of history lies between! That small region before your eye is the scene of the entire history of Rome from Romulus to Constantine; and there, in the councils of statesmen, the meditations of philosophers, and the enthusiasm of orators, the history of mankind not only then, but through all time to come, was ordained, and settled, and rehearsed. Fixed on that spot, as by a kind of spell, dwelt that mental force, which in becoming the genius of Rome became the fate of the rest of the world.

The Palatine rises upon the left; the original city of Romulus, and scene of those Livian legends which Beauty will still preserve though Truth abandon them; now covered by the endless and inextricable ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. On that hill's edge, by the arch of Titus, stood the kingly house of Ancus Martius. The eminence on your right is the Esquiline; memorable for the residences of Mæcenas, Horace and Virgil. Directly opposite to you soars aloft the Capitoline, and at its base you see the remnants of the Temple of Concord, built by Augustus on the site of that temple in which Cicero assembled the Senators, (at night?) to reveal to them the conspiracy of Cataline; and beside it, that old Mamertine prison constructed by Ancus Martius and Servius Tullius, in which Cethegus perished, as Jugurtha had perished before him, and Sejanus perished afterwards. Between your position and the Capitoline, you may view the remnants of the Forum of Julius, ever memorable for that scene, when the Roman Senate was received by the Dictator seated; an indignity, which though it cost an emperor his life, became an epoch in the decline of Roman liberties; the sites of the old and new rostra of the Senate House; and may view the uncovered stones of the Via Sacra, once swept by conquerors in triumph. That hollow space, bounded and

terminated between these three hills and the clivus of the Via Sacra, is the ROMAN FORUM.

Silent, deserted, crumbling is the scene; trodden only by the steps of peasants, as they loiter from their toils, or of monks, as they pass across it to their evening chants. Yet with spiritual tenants how thronged, how glittering is the place! To the intellect, how intense, how vital the influences of the spot! On the rock that bounds your view, once stood the Refulgent Capitol; and in front of it, above the Tarpeian platform, still stands, in memory's vision, a figure yet more sublime than that of the citadel he defended, blazing with a glory to dim the brightest lustre that the morning sunshine ever cast about it.

Custos Tarpæia Manlius arcis  
Stabat pro templo, et capitolia celsa tenebat.

There, beneath you, was the daily meeting-place of those who by circumstances were the Senate of Rome, but by nature the Patricians of Earth. From those councils went forth protection to oppressed right, punishment to lawless violence throughout the globe; till Rome became the tribunal of states, the conscience of the world.

As one ponders over this spot, that counsel-hall seems like an earthly Olympus, whose material shows have vanished, but whose fineless empire\* still sways mankind; and each senator, robed in sternness and mystery, passes before you an embodied type of Truth and moral Destiny! It was the cradle of all civilized polity; the nursery where grew those forms of state which are yet the unshaken deities of the mortal scene, whose empire is deep as our nature and continuing as our race. In this atmosphere, personal character grew august, because it became a temple

\* Imperum sine fine dedit.

of Honor, Faith, and Duty, on whose altar the first sacrifice offered was self. From all the crowd of greatness that fills this space—from Caius Marius and Lucius Sylla and Scipio Africanus—fancy turns away to fix its reverent scrutiny upon one lonely figure—that hides the greatest soul that is recorded in mortal annals. Arrived in Rome, from a distant captivity, he visits not his own dwelling, but has hastened instantly to the Forum and the Senate; he puts away from him his little sons and the kiss of his chaste wife, as a man disgraced, and casts his darkening countenance to the ground; whilst he urges the hesitating Senators, by every appeal that patriotism can suggest or feel, to vindicate the character of Rome by consigning him to captivity and death. Such counsel never did another give! Conscious of the barbarian tortures that await him, the conqueror of fame opens out his way among the friends that oppose, and the people who would delay, his return, not otherwise than if, having gained some tedious process of his clients, he was setting off for the green slopes of Venafrum or the breezy cliffs of Tarentum. And what a triumph he was hastening to consummate! He gave to Carthage a brief life, and won from her a glory so transcending, that Humanity itself grows exalted in the contemplation.

In the moral apprehension of these men, the State was a Religion. Society was known to be a divine existence, from which each drew great impulses, and to which all owed sacred reverence. The national consciousness was felt as the true identity of the citizen, into whose high, eternal force individual passion was taught to burn. Thus legislation was their instinct; government, justice, and equity, their familiar reason. Prætors here gave decrees that are precedents for all time to come. Emperors, faithful to the hereditary divinity of their office, here gave

responses which are garnered into the oracles of jurisprudence. And this valley became the chancery of earth's justice, "Templum sanctitatis, amplitudinis mentis, consilii publici, caput urbis, aram sociorum, portum omnium gentium." That discipline, that organization, that divinity in society, which controls men's individual dealings, and moderates even between contending nations—LAW—has its original development in this scene. The tree which now spreads protection and shelter over the world, has its roots in the grey soil of yonder

[A complete break in the MS. appears here.]

There are two objects in the view beneath us which seem to possess a peculiar interest, as great moral landmarks in history, and connecting Rome peculiarly with the evolution of humanity, and the perpetual interests of the race. I mean the Arch of Titus and the Arch of Constantine. They are near to one another, and directly under your eyes; and both are in almost perfect preservation. Time and Fortune, which have accumulated such interest upon Rome, have left these two monuments to explain to us why it is especially that Rome impresses us so intimately, and with such vital interest.

Protestant countries, in their jealous reverence for the *written* volume of God's dealings with man, overlook too much that large portion of the scheme of divine guidance and blessing of mankind which is not registered or explained in that book, but left to be studied and comprehended by man's natural reason. All that is miraculous is contained in the letters of that written volume. The Bible is the infallible record of the history of Spirituality, so long as it was a thing existing mystically—prophetically—by anticipation—in a chosen and peculiar people—or in a select *gens* among that people—down to the time when,



in the person of the divine Son of God, and in his teachings, that which had been a thing before inspired specially only, became a thing *revealed* to all the world—an ever-continuing gift to men. This revelation to the nations of the Immanuel, or God within us, took place, we are told, “in the fullness of time ;” that is, when the nations had been duly prepared to receive and appropriate it. The record of this preparation,—the explanation of the instrumental means which God had gradually prepared or evolved for the establishment and diffusion of Christianity in the world,—is not given in the Holy Scriptures. It belongs to the history of God’s ordinary providence, whilst acting gradually and by intermediary agents. The medium prepared for the distribution and application of Christianity through the world was the universal Empire of Rome—the civil organization which it had infused throughout all the world—the politic and legal constitutions which it set up in every kingdom where it swayed. Spirituality was the great function of the Jewish people, for that is a thing revealed and enforced preternaturally. But its elements are implanted in man’s nature and evolved by society’s experience. The development of morality was not the office of Judea. That august mission was assigned to Rome, and by her nobly performed. When the whole frame work of society was civilized and constructed and regulated by Roman policy and laws, it was ready to receive the finer infusion of spirituality, and to convey it throughout all nations. The connection of Rome with the spiritual history chronicled in the Scriptures is impressively registered by these columns. One records the conquest of Judea by Rome, under the auspices of Titus ; and the bas-reliefs which exhibit the golden candlesticks, the table, and the trumpets borne in his triumph, are still perfect. The other, in honor of Constantine’s victory over Maxentius,

which it ascribes to an "*instinctus divinitatis*," is the first gleam of the Sun of Righteousness over the imperial towers of Rome, which was thenceforth to reflect them in never-fading lustre. Among the last temporal dominions swallowed up in Rome was Judea, by which the purely spiritual nature of the kingdom of the new Messiah became historically established. When Christianity had become systematized and illustrated under the regime of apostles and martyrs, and the church was fully matured and strengthened, and required only to be diffused, it coalesced with the Roman constitution in the person of Constantine, and thus was spread abroad over the world. It went hand in hand with Rome's civil constitution.

Identified with the Roman law, that law triumphed everywhere by its superiority of equity and reason; and Christianity has shared its triumph. The moral, and social, and legal institutions of Rome were the divinely appointed channels and aid by which Christianity, in going forth through the world, was to be conveyed and enforced. Spirituality has so feeble a hold upon man's nature, that, without supports and alliances it cannot, except by miracle, prevail against the passions and interests of the world.

The whole fabric of European law, in its most comprehensive sense, is, to this day, Roman: and the dominion of the civil law is increasing, not diminishing. The intense insular nationality of England alone developed the system of the common law in exclusion of the civil law; but it was not long before Equity, which is a true prætorian law, gained an ascendancy over the logical forms of the native system; and the maxims and morality of the civilians have, under this name, been the paramount and controlling rule of English life for three centuries. Nay, the common law itself exhibits symptoms of exhaustion, and both in

England and America will probably be broken down by the superior pretensions of the code, either by the fusion of equity with law, or the complete *abolition* of the English system. [The MS. here ends abruptly.]

## ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.

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ON the twenty-ninth of January, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one—it was one of Italy's brightest and bluest mornings—I set out at an early hour from Naples to ascend Vesuvius. The air was fresh and balmy, and full of the glorious intoxication of that unrivaled climate. I am of a social temper; but in Nature's most heavenly scenes I can bear no companionship, but the dearest and most social,—such as thoughts of the absent memories of the departed. These, in such spots, throng around me, and crowd my musing with delightful fellowship. That I might be escorted by a full attendance of this spiritual band, I went alone.

As I drove along the mole, Vesuvius, in its brightest magnificence, opened upon me. From the summit of the mountain—erect, massive, glittering white as a mighty column of the marble of Pentelicus, rose straight upward a huge column of vapor, which, after ascending unbroken, and firm enough, apparently, to hold up the falling sky, gradually floated off, and became one of the clouds that are the footstool of the Lord of Heaven.—It was that same cloud, which, at its first appearance, near two thousand years ago, attracted the curious gaze of the elder Pliny at Misenum, and made him set off in his galley to view it more closely; and which the younger Pliny describes as resembling a pine tree, shooting up, with a straight trunk, to a great height, and then branching off at the top. To

me, in the pure, still, holy morning, the volcano seemed rather like a vast standing *encensior*, from which Earth was sending up a homage breathed out of the deepest recesses of its bosom, and not unmeet to mingle among the high airs of heaven. The early rays were tinging the delicate mist, from which an Italian landscape is never free, into deep violet tones; and the grand old mountain seemed to raise himself aloft in true imperial state, robed in purple, and crowned with a pearly diadem.

Leaving my carriage, to await my return at Resina,—which, by the by, stands directly over the ancient Herculaneum, parts of which have been excavated beneath—I took a horse and a mounted guide (of course a son of the old Salvatore, as no doubt all the other guides are, equally) and set out for the summit of the mountain. This is the best arrangement for men, as the canter up and down the hill is a pleasant part of the excursion; but for ladies it is advisable to drive up in a carriage as far as the Hermitage or Observatory, recently established by the King of Naples. There is nothing which strikes you as different from an ordinary mountain, until you are about half way up, when the masses of lava, which lie about the roots of the volcano, black as death, come upon your view. From that point, the spectacle that expands below you on the other side, as you look away from the hill, is one to which all the resources of earth show nothing superior. I consider it as one of the great views of the world. Beneath your feet rests the arching bay of Naples, defined by Misenum on the right and Sorrento on the left. From Resina, towards Naples, and on through it to Posilippo, the entire circuit of the shore, which the Castle del'Uovo divides beautifully into a double scollop, is one unbroken, glittering range of white buildings, presenting a grand and regular outline. At that extremity of the line rise the pyramidical masses

of Ischia and Procida, and other headlands that guard the retiring beauties of the voluptuous Baïæ. Naples sparkled forth like a cluster of signet gems set in hills, with a range of loftier heights behind it. The waters of the bay, near the circling beach—always blue—looked more deeply so from the elevation at which I stood: while on the opposite side, towards Sorrento, the sun—itsself hidden from us by clouds—streamed down in blazing effulgence upon the water, and the isle of Capri loomed up in the middle of the gulf, like an irregular mass of bronze rising out of a sea of liquid gold. On the right, behind Naples and Portici, to the line of the distant mountains, extended a vast hollow plain, in which lay a dozen white and closely built villages, scattered about, and, in the intermediate spaces, single houses, peeping out like stars on the approach of evening; at the first glancing look you might see none, but afterwards, at every point on which your eye might rest, a villa would seem to reveal itself to your scrutiny.\* Beyond the hills that etched a relieving back ground to the plain, spread the dark, broad waters of the Mediterranean, in the gulf of Gaeta. The air between the Bay of Naples and the sky above it, was one conflagration of azure light; upon the plain, at the side, lay a purple atmosphere, deep enough to color and illuminate the picture, not obscure it. It seemed as if I had come at last upon the very court, and home and dwelling place of Aurora; and the snowy villages which sparkled with brighter show amid a spectacle where all was brilliant, looked like garlands of white flowers, which the early hours had scattered beneath her forthgoing steps, and which still lay glittering on the ground. It was a treasury of the glories of earth and air.

\* See Wordsworth's Evening Voluntaries, 1.



A good carriage road reaches to the Hermitage, and thence, there is a bridle-path half a mile further, to the base of the volcano, where the ascent on foot begins. You clamber straight up over fragments of hard lava of the size of paving-stones, till you reach the summit. The guide who, like all his tribe, was a sheer nuisance from beginning to end, here produced a machinery of ropes and sticks, and proposed to tie me or himself, or both of us, round the body, and to drag me, or get me to drag him, I forget which, up the steep. As I had passed the summer in Switzerland, and had served an apprenticeship to mountain-climbing, at the Fauldhorn, the Wengern Alp and the Righi, I had no notion of being brought to the strappado, although I was under the tyranny of Naples. Declining, therefore, "the unusual punishment" of the rope, which I took to be inconsistent with the constitution concerned, I bade the knave look out for himself, and I set forth upon a rush up the vertical precipice. Nothing but the roughness of the lava surface, and its softness, which enabled you to anchor your legs knee deep in the soil, renders the ascent practicable. A series of vehement rushings brought me at length to the top, and I found that I had accomplished the race in half an hour.

The first thing that I came upon here was the great crater of the eruption of 1794,—now dry and scorious, and black as a bosom in which sensual passion has burnt itself to exhaustion. Though crusted over and closed, it was steaming and smoking through sundry apertures. Traversing it, I arrived at the large crater of 1850,—a still raw and open ulcer of earth. The wind was blowing from us, and the circumstances were favorable for viewing the cavity. It was filled with a dense volume of white gas, which was whirling and rapidly ascending; but the breeze occasionally drove it to the opposite side and disclosed the

depths of the frightful chasm. It descended a prodigious distance, in the shape of an inverted, truncated cone, and then terminated in a circular opening. The mysteries of the profound immensity beyond, no human eye might see, no human heart conceive. We hurled some stones into the gulf and listened till they struck below. The guide gravely assured me, that ten minutes elapsed before the sound was heard; I found, by the watch, that the interval was, in reality, something over three quarters of a minute;—and that seems almost incredibly long. When the vapor, at intervals, so far thinned away that one could see across, as through a vista, the opposite side of the crater, viewed athwart the mist, seemed several miles distant, though, in fact, but a few hundred feet. The interior of the shelving crater was entirely covered over with a bed of knob-like blossoms of brilliant white, yellow, green, red, brown—the sulphurous flowers of Hell. I cannot describe this spectacle, for, in impression and appearance, alike, it resembles nothing else that I have seen before or since. It was like Death,—which has no similitudes in life. It was like a vision of the Second Death. As the sun gleamed at times through the white breath that swayed and twisted about the maw of the accursed monstrosity, there seemed to be an activity in the vaulted depth,—but it was the activity of shadows in the concave of nothingness. It seemed the emblem of destruction, itself, extinct. There was something about it revoltingly beautiful, disgustingly splendid. One while, its circling rim looked like the parched shore of the ever-absorbing and ever-empty sea of annihilation. Another while it seemed like a fetid cancer on the breast of earth, destined one day to consume it. To me it was purely uncomfortable and wholly uninspiring. It seemed to freeze back fancy and sentiment to their sources.

It was not terrible, it was merely horrible. It is a thing to see once, but I care not to see such a thing again in this world; and Jesus grant that I may see nothing like it in the next.

## REMARKS UPON PAINTERS.

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### MICHAEL ANGELO.

IF Leonardo, Correggio and Rafael sit together in the highest circle of the heavenly council of imaginative creation, unchallenged *Dii Majorum Gentium*, Michael Angelo dwells supreme, even above gods, the all-powerful, self-inspired, Olympian Jupiter of Art. He moves with a benignant complacency among the great forms that he calls into existence for his own satisfaction,—a lofty, lonely, lordly spirit, but gentle, sensitive and overflowing with sympathy. The other great artists satisfy and delight every sensibility of our purer nature: he raises our consciousness to a higher condition, and expands our spirits and feelings with the joyous power of thoughts and emotions appropriate to beings of a grander frame. The supremacy of Michael Angelo, is of the MIND: it lies in that mighty soaring of intellectual power, that profound range of moral comprehension, which make his works a subject for reverence as well as an enthusiasm. His imagination was as fervent as his thoughts were piercing, and he could embody all the force and all the fineness of his convictions and of his dreams, in forms as expressive as they were magnificent. In understanding and in spirit, he seems to me to have been one of the greatest natures that ever exhibited itself through the medium of Art. As a creator, in his department, not less marvellous, or less inspired than Shakspeare

himself; and to be studied with the same careful and reverent attention.

If *greatness of conception* characterizes Michael Angelo as a thinker, a commensurate *greatness of style* distinguishes him as an artist. In that particular he stands alone. Rafael and Correggio caught from him an expansion of manner that made their noblest excellence: but no one ever rose to that lofty platform upon which he habitually moved. He stands among his contemporaries like the last outliving example of a race organized upon a larger intellectual and imaginative scale. Leonardo, Correggio and Rafael had high and deep sentiments to communicate; but they made use of personal forms of the ordinary mould, and relied upon outline and expression as the medium of suggesting their interior meanings. Michael Angelo, for the representation of his great views of character, employed figures of superhuman and heroic proportions: a principle no doubt founded in the truth of human nature, for we instinctively conceive of extraordinary intellect or dignity under a form of superior magnitude, and a certain degree of physical pre-eminence seems to be the natural and appropriate type of greatness of nature and of ability. His ideal is the reproduction of a perfect humanity; but with everything magnified, both physiological and mental; vaster power, loftier intelligence, deeper sensibility, nobler soul. In the effect produced, the surpassing greatness and power of his beings are pre-eminently and essentially moral; qualities of the soul, not of the frame. For that extraordinary development of material strength which his subjects possess, as employed by him, is always representative of a spiritual grandeur; and he uses exaggerated physical types only as a means of representing,—as under his treatment they altogether do represent—an heroic statue of the inward nature. The greatness of his creations

is inherent, natural, essential; not the result of excitement and effort. It is his characteristic manner to represent power in repose. His beings appear to be persons capable and possessed of irresistible force and energy, were they called forth: but they are commonly shown as quiescent, or as recovering from disturbance, or as self-restrained. They are natures of mighty and intense susceptibility, but under the spell of art, gentle and calm: beings whose reflections, passions, sufferings and delights are, when stirred, of Titanic vehemence and vividness, but who exhibit not their emotions by bodily agitations and distortions, which are the weakness, not the strength of nature. The mildness, modesty, and pleasantness of temper that seem to animate his Cyclopean population, shed a charm of harmlessness over them, which reconciles them to our sympathy. The utmost moderation, and quietness, and goodness, endear them to our respect and love. This repose of spirit, in connection with such power, has a double virtue; it is suitable to the character of Art, and it tends to stamp a moral impression upon the figures whose physical qualities are thus controlled and softened. He is almost the only person who has been able to exhibit greatness of force otherwise than in a dynamic condition. The somewhat twisted attitudes in which he often exhibits his subjects are intended to aid the representation of their inherent power, without the figure being thrown into violent action, and losing its pre-eminently moral characteristics. One of his devices for indicating strength in a condition of composure, is to bend the hand somewhat inward at the wrist; by which development of muscle is shown with an impression of force kept in upon itself. This in Vasari and other imitators, becomes a tedious mannerism. Some hasty critics have spoken of Michael Angelo's delighting to throw his subjects in unusual positions for the purpose of making



an arbitrary display of his knowledge of the anatomy of the figure. I doubt if any instance of such imbecility can be authenticated throughout the whole range of his creations. I certainly have seen no example in which the peculiarity of the attitude, however strange it might be, did not appear to me exclusively intended to accomplish a moral significance and effect, and in which it did not seem fully to accomplish it.

But the capacity to use these mighty anatomical forms as hieroglyphics of a spiritual composition, passed not to the scholars and imitators of the great master. They copied his gigantesque types, but they could express nothing with them but physical power; and that only by putting the limbs into action, often inappropriate or extravagant. Thus in Vasari's emulation of his teacher, in the frescoes in one of the chapels in S. Pietro de' Casinensi, at Perugia, the show of excited power without a sufficient object, is not less than burlesque. In the Marriage of Cana, in that series, some men are carrying a dish, and one of them has his limbs in such a condition of effort and force as would have been suitable in Hercules upholding the world. So, in the Sala de' Giganti in the Palazzo del Te, near Mantua, where Julio Romano has attempted Michael Angelo's manner in the war of the Titans against Jupiter, all is action, and all the action of material power.

But *greatness* of sentiment and manner forms not the only superiority of Michael Angelo. Where is there a tenderness so deep, a sensibility so earnest, a sympathy so irresistible in its appeal, as in the grave, calm, controlled faces and forms of his subjects? From him we learn that nothing is so touching as the repressed softness of strong, great souls. His creatures hide beneath their pensive reserve, a world of mighty emotion. Where is there a beauty, higher, clearer, truer, than in some of the female figures

on the ceiling of the Sistine chapel? Free from everything showy, voluptuous or meretricious, it does not stimulate sentiment, but rather impresses, chastens and exalts it. It is the token of a bright, unstained, intellectual goodness, within : not abstract and commonplace, but identified with the moral personality of the character, and appropriate to her relations; firmly allied to virtue, not weakly tempting to evil. But it is in an elevated, intense, yet calm religious sensibility and purity that Michael Angelo's special and incomparable value consists. His was a pencil framed to incarnate in form, the souls of Prophets and Apostles; and in his frescoes, they appear surrounded with the same atmosphere of holiness, uttering the same exalting exhortations, breathing the same sympathy with heaven, that belongs to them in the recorded word. The thoughtful contemplation of his works is a mental service of confession. He inherited a grand, cathedral spirit, in which every form and sound and color, through beauty, became subservient to religion. I know not how to abstain from placing him above all other artists; for I know that after passing an hour in the Sistine chapel, I was spoilt for the Stanze of the Vatican. Glowing from Michael Angelo's ever present lightnings of thought, majestic depth and power of feeling, and inexhaustible copiousness of creative energy, even Rafael's perfections seem cold, insipid and dull.

In fresco painting, the ceiling of the Sistine chapel is the principal and sufficient monument of Michael Angelo's inexhaustible moral invention, his powers of various illustration, his rich conception of beauty, his profound reach and range of thought. A series of compartments along the centre of the vault represent, as is well known, successive events in the early biblical history of man : in the angles cut off by the arches of the sides are seated figures of the Prophets and Sibyls, alternately; and on the arches, a series of com-

positions illustrating the genealogy of the Saviour. The full appreciation of this multitude of profound studies would require the examination of weeks. As an example of the nature of these productions, I shall give a brief description of the series of the Prophets and Sibyls.

There is one of these figures at each end of the ceiling, and four along either side of it, making in all ten. They are all in the attitude of being occupied with recording the prophetic illumination which they will presently utter, and the variety of modes in which they are exhibited as receiving this instruction, and the appropriateness of each mode to the special character of each of the prophetic persons, furnishes striking evidence of the copious imagination of their author.

First, on the side series, sits JEREMIAH; a grand, sublime, melancholy figure; leaning forward with his right arm rested upon his knee, and the hand shading his mouth; the other arm hanging listlessly over his lap; both bent at the wrist with that characteristic tension which indicates a suppressed excitement of the nerves; his long beard drooping down to his lap; his feet crossed; thoughtful, absorbed and wrapt, yet quick in every fibre with the ethereal fire of pervading inspiration. He seems to be preparing to receive the foreboding communications of an avenging God; waiting, depressed but great, for those awful messages which it is his glory and his grief to convey. Behind him stand two beautiful but sad figures, attending till their lord, the prophet, has imbibed the terrible inspiration, which, received in the silence and gloom of the gathering storm, will give itself forth, anon, in the fury and magnificence of the raging thunder-tempest. August and impetuous as the organ of divine utterance ere long will be, he now sits drooping in human gloom for the fate of others, feeling through holy sympathy that sorrow for their sins

which they feel not for themselves. The coloring of this figure is clear, strong and pretty high; and is fresh and well-conditioned.

Next sits the PERSIAN SIBYL, writing intently in a book held up near to her face; her head averted sideways in the eagerness of her interest to record every revelation of truth ere it be withdrawn forever. The excitement and blaze of enthusiasm are quivering in every limb of her noble form. Behind stands a man of mature years, his arms crossed upon his breast, waiting the issue of the Sibyl's fervor.

Then comes EZEKIEL. An angelic figure, of female beauty indescribable,—vivid and rapid, as becomes the swiftly descended messenger of the Omnipotent, who pauses on earth only for a period,—directs the attention of the prophet upon a roll at the side of the picture, on which are written the eternal judgments of the All-holy. The seer, half starting from his seat, with his arms stretched forth in an attitude of reverent submission, leans forward in keen, astonished earnestness, to read the truths of everlasting moment that there burn before his eyes. He holds in his other hand the roll on which he will presently record the message he thus receives. It seems that the vision is vouchsafed to him but for one moment, and he explores and pierces the scroll, as one who must snatch in an instant, the startling truths which it is fatal for him not to possess and to communicate. The eagerness of a servant of the Lord, vehement to know, fervent to adopt, impetuous to execute the will of his Jehovah, is splendidly and powerfully lightened forth from this glorious figure. A grand profile is firmly set off with a short, white curling beard, and a turban. He wears a red tunic, and a gray mantle which streams in the current of the angelic visitation.

The ERYTHRÆAN SIBYL is a grave, composed, lofty and beautiful figure, seated before an open volume placed up-

right, her knees crossed, one arm hanging by her side, the other placed upon the book, saddened yet calm, more possessing, than mastered by the inspiration of her nature.

The last personage on this line is JOEL, an aged and somewhat emaciated figure, who holds with both hands, and reads with pondering and studious care the roll on which are the words that he has written; while, behind, are two angels waiting his behest. A calm, earnest, profound interest in the accuracy of his message, is the characteristic expression of this fine figure. The coloring of the scarlet mantle over the rich tunic is more brilliant and agreeable than in most of the others.

On the end is ZACHARIAH, a still more aged and most venerable figure, with bald head and copious beard. His face is meek and saintly; refined from all earthly passion, and animated only by the constraining love and adoration of God. He reads intently in a book, which may be the law that it concerns him to preach. In the back-ground are two lovely figures, one of them with his arm over the shoulder of the other.

As we go up along the other side, the nearest is the DELPHIC SIBYL; and nothing displays the fine intellectual genius of Michael Angelo more strikingly, than the discrimination which he has here made between the Jewish and the classic inspiration. This is the type of an enthusiasm which is not spiritual, but essentially heathen in its elements and æsthetic in its character. The figure is charmingly beautiful, and seems to hide within it a lovely nature. It is not disturbed by the illumination with which it is animated; its lines are all graceful and composed, though grand and majestic. From the face seems to be streaming, in visible glory and power, the prophetic light and truth, of whose meaning, her nature, who is the vehicle of it, is all unconscious. It is this absence of identification between

the *afflatus* and the mind that transmits it,—the singular impersonality of the inspiration that dwells upon and within the being, lighting it up and making it radiant with the graces and lustre of a higher and mightier existence, that gives this figure its peculiar and fascinating expression. She seems to be afraid of the power of which she is the minister, and almost shrinks in timidity or modesty from the revelations which it is her destiny to transmit. How different is the dogmatizing, relentless, all-fervid impetuosity of Hebrew passion, mingling itself into the divine which it communicates, and absorbing into his human consciousness all the force of the overpowering Godhead! In the sad, lovely, youthful yet care-worn brow, there is something inexpressibly touching and engaging. Dominichino must be allowed to have borrowed the face and expression of his Cumæan Sibyl from this figure. Indeed it is the original of nearly all his female heads.

Next sits ESAIAS. The prophet, youthful in years, yet gray and worn with the thoughts and feelings that quickly take away the glow of life, has been meditating on the volume of the law which stands, with his finger still in it, upon the seat beside him. Two infant angels seem announcing to him the approaching breath of the fire of the Lord. He turns startled and awed; reverential yet almost repentant; on his face is gathering the cloud of awe that precedes and dimly foretypifies the tremendous emotions that are soon to surround and possess him.

If the Delphian Sibyl is the most beautiful of these figures, the CUMÆAN SIBYL is the most sublime. She is an aged crone, of vast height and limbs of majestic power, who turns half way round, and resting on a column the book of Fate, which she holds partly open with both hands, spells out, with keen and painful intentness, the hidden mysteries of truth. Her knees are closed together,



as if she drew herself up in the possessing energy of her sacred meditations. She seems not so much the minister and oracle of Fate, as one of the Fates themselves, pondering what she shall decree.

Next is DANIEL, the "man beloved;" youthful, beautiful; blazing with sentiment; soft with those affections which are full of hope and forward-looking fervor. He is earnestly writing upon a roll from an open volume, which an angel who has brought it to him, supports before him.

Last of that line is the LIBYAN SIBYL; a slight figure, full of sensibility, turning round to put away from her the rolls and volumes of inspiration. She has read them till her soul has become sad and sick with the deadly secrets of inevitable Fate, and unable any longer to endure the overwhelming truth, she seems vainly endeavoring to put aside her fearful mission. The pathetic tenderness and beauty of her face, seen in connection with the youthful delicacy and light grace of her feet and limbs, are exquisitely winning.

At the end of the apartment sits the prophet JONAS; a graceful form, swelling with emotion. The roll of revelation lies at his side, and overwhelmed apparently by the immensity of the feelings which it excites, he throws himself back, away from it, and looks up to heaven with a face of imploring agony, appealing to Omnipotence if there be no remission to man from such a doom, no exemption to himself from the communication of it. In all this college of half-heavenly humanity, there is not a face and form more impressive than this.

I can conceive of no subjects more elevated, more complicated, more profound, than such a series of impersonations of judicial prophecy; human in every feature and every feeling; transcendent by the vastness and intensity of moral thought and moral sensibility. They draw our

deepest interest towards them through the sympathies of mind and conscience; then soar away into sublimity and bear our spirit upward with them. Isaiah, and Daniel, and Jeremiah,—how vast the design of embodying those ideas of an all-piercing intelligence,—whose illumination is supplied from the light of goodness,—an all-rebuking severity whose indignation is mingled with the fervors of love,—an august dignity pervaded by a melting tenderness,—which belong to our conceptions of those mystic beings and invisible forms which shall re-awake those sweet impulses of reverent affection, with which our youth regarded those great, yet gentle fathers of our spiritual life. Need greater praise be given than to say,—what all will feel may be said with truth,—that the pencil of Michael Angelo reveals in even heightened grandeur, the souls, the understandings, the characters and the aspect of the Great Prophets of the Most High.

One striking and most impressive peculiarity in all these figures is their uniform and deep sadness.

The significance and power of the Last Judgment, which is painted on the end wall of the Chapel, are so entirely subjective and moral, that the eye which wanders over its surface, in a commonplace and exterior mood, will probably see nothing but a confused mass of distorted limbs. It must be studied silently and reverently; and the mind must be gradually pressed, as it were, to a high focus of reflection and feeling, before it can receive the perfect image of thought which this vast composition is adapted to produce. The scene is meant to embody to the imagination but a single, mere absolute conception,—that of Judgment. It is a representation of the whole human world as it would appear under the operation of divine JUSTICE alone. Mercy, long-suffering, compassion and forgiveness are qualities of

the divine nature; but their sphere is elsewhere; in the time past or the time to come. Probation, mediation, remission are parts of the heavenly system; but none of them are in place or in action in this awful moment, when Judgment only lightens forth through the whole scene, and in terror sweeps from the east to the west, and from the north to the south. The Son of God puts off the lineaments of Redeemer, Saviour, Intercessor, and starts forth in the awful aspect of the inexorable Just Judge. We may suppose that Michael Angelo meant an ideal view of the Christian world as would appear, if the single test of Justice were brought to bear upon it; or if he be thought to have intended a prophetic picture of a scene that will one day become actual, we must consider that he has chosen that instant, when Judgment alone is rising to go forth, and the other antagonist influences of the scheme have not yet risen to obviate and counteract it. The Judge seated on his throne fulminates throughout the universe the blazing terrors of divine Justice. Before the burning glance of him, "in whose presence shall no man living be justified," the evil fall in anguish of horror; the good, even, are smitten with dismay; martyrs, in alarm, hold forth the instruments of their sufferings, to appeal through them for mercy and acceptance; apostles and saints are frozen with awe; even the Virgin, shrinking, veils her face and seems unable to look upon the countenance of the Judge. One penetrating throb of terror chills the whole of creation.

The mighty moralist of Art had reached his sixtieth year, when, in the loftiness of an integrity, fit to rebuke pontiffs and cardinals, he approached this great task in a spirit to leave a memorable lesson for a corrupt and profligate court. He appealed to them with this reflection, that, if in the terrors of that fearful day, even canonized and

sainted persons—the adoration of the church—tremble and sink, how will *you* appear—sensualists, reprobates, atheists!

Sculpture grew from the religion of the Greek, which was “a natural faith,” and its office was to embody the natural sentiments of Intelligence, Power, Beauty, Swift-ness, Strength, Dignity. Painting is the offspring and appropriate instrument of the Judaico-Christian inspiration, and its true function is spiritual, interior, figurative. I think it may be affirmed that nowhere has the character of this faith, in all its depth, fullness, and peculiarity, been brought out in Art as it has been in these great works of Michael Angelo, who has compassed every note of this great scale, and marked it in forms and colors. As in the galleries of the Vatican, you may see explained in greater truth and distinctness than in the fables of the poets, the whole mythology of a race that deified every natural and intellectual trait of man, so in this series of forms and scenes has Michael Angelo expressed every leading characteristic virtue of the spiritual system in a perfection worthy of the sanctuary and citadel of the piety of the church.

The Paoline chapel, at the other end of the Sala Regia, contains two large frescoes by Michael Angelo, which are among his greatest works. On one side is the Crucifixion of St. Peter. The saint, fixed to the cross, in a reversed attitude, turns up his head and looks round in a manner to take away the painful impression that would otherwise be produced by that distressing position. The face is full of deep, manly pathos, and embodies an earnest, touching, ennobled expression. The group engaged in fastening him to the cross, forms as fine a composition as painting can exhibit. On the other side, is the Conversion of St. Paul: the Lord, attended by angels, appearing in the air; St. Paul thrown on the ground, his horse prancing wildly, and the attendants in various attitudes of astonishment and

dismay. The form of Saul is such as only Michael Angelo could have drawn. Flung upon his back, his arms stretched out, his figure crouching and shrinking into the earth, as if his very soul fled in horror from the aspect of Christ, he is abased as only a divine terror could bow down a mortal spirit. The foreshortening of the limbs is remarkable. It is a picture of the highest interest. I must include also among Michael Angelo's great works in Rome the Descent from the Cross, in the Trinita de Monti, executed by Daniel da Volterra, the drawing of every line and lineament of which bears conclusive marks of the master's hand. To me it appears to be one of the most vivid, expressive, and life-like compositions in the world. In the Raising of Lazarus, in the National Gallery at London, the figure of Lazarus, and of the man under him, who is unloosing his bands, are clearly by Michael Angelo. The right leg and foot of Lazarus, and the throwing back of his left shoulder, are unmistakeably his. On the other hand, the figure of Christ, and all the other figures in the picture are, as obviously, not his work. They are mean, weak, and vacant.

Among his easel pictures, the Holy Family, in the Tribune, is perhaps the most remarkable. It shows how essentially *sculpturesque* was the genius of Michael Angelo. The group consists of St. Joseph, kneeling on one knee, in front of whom, and lower, is the mother, who, seated on the ground, raises the infant over her head, and hands him to Joseph, who takes him from her. The three figures constitute a perfect statuary composition, ready to be blocked out in marble. The relief is vivid, but produced in an unusual way; not by light and shade, but by one color being set against another to produce a bold opposition. The heads are full of great feeling, but in a way characteristic of Michael Angelo, who had probably derived from the models of sculpture his method of represent-

ing emotion in a dormant and repressed condition. Fra Bartolommeo, Raphael, and Correggio, represent the Madonna's love as brooding over its object in the highest intensity of spiritual enthusiasm; the mother's countenance here is composed and even melancholy, but it is the countenance of one who, under the impulse of maternal duty, in defence of that child, would brave not only sword and fire and the wrath of tigers, but heaven and hell and all infinite things. The Saviour's head shows the endeavor to represent a superior nature—an inherently superior nature, and not a nature elevated only by the exaltingness of an indwelling spirit. It is the head of a variety of the human kind above the ordinary race. We are so much habituated to see this head made interesting by features of the ordinary stamp being illuminated by the influence of an interior mind of divinity, that we do not at once appreciate the method of making the person of the Saviour characteristic and emblematic of his spiritual superiority. It is a method suggested to Michael Angelo by his Miltonic power of imagination, which tended to give visible representation to every conception of the mind. It belongs to a more complete and creative order of art, than that which would express divinity in man, by imitating on the countenance the very expression itself. For sculpture it seems indispensable; and Michael Angelo had developed in painting a new and corresponding mode of typifying the exaltedness of the Son of God, blended of the human and divine. Everything here, as more or less in his general manner, shown in fresco, has qualities of a statuesque character.

There is another beautiful and interesting work at Florence, recently discovered, but well authenticated as drawn by him. It represents Fortune as a lovely woman, seated on a revolving wheel, flinging sceptres, crowns, and laurel



wreaths from her right hand, and letting thorns fall from the other. Her character is conceived as an amiable and benignant one; throwing the blessings with a hearty good will, and suffering the evil tokens reluctantly to slip from her hold, clinging to them as long as possible. Her features have a pensive, placidly melancholy cast mixt with the dignity of a goddess: seeming to sympathize with the sad lot of the mortals on whom her duty compels her to cast at random the arbitrary symbols of weal and woe. She looks a little upward, so as not to see on whom fall the objects which it is her destiny to dispense. The soft atmosphere of the eyes is full of spiritual significance and attraction. The coloring is rich and fine; much superior to the one in the Tribune. It is probably not executed by M. Angelo.

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#### LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Among all that wonderful company of men whose genius, about the beginning of the 16th century, conferred such glory upon Art, none was more extraordinary than Leonardo da Vinci. Others may stir a more glowing admiration, or impart a warmer pleasure, but none inspire so much astonishment or such insatiable curiosity. He is the founder of the modern and perfect style of Italian Art. Beyond all others, his labors contributed to that great transition by which nature became the language of Art. He first demonstrated that the forms of actual life are varied and expressive enough to embody every thought and feeling that genius can desire to communicate. He explored and illustrated the boundless field of character in man. The human face, that marvellous index of the soul, that register of the life and mirror of the passions, was his especial and untiring study. The collections of drawings

throughout Europe, at Milan, the Louvre, Lille, &c., abound with heads in crayon, by Leonardo, obviously sketched from observation. They include the most grotesque, ludicrous, horrible countenances; and show that, as others sought beauty or grandeur, he ceaselessly followed *character*. This intense, microscopic scrutiny of moral expression in countenance, gave him at last the power to paint "the mind's construction in the face," with an intelligence and power that would have been pronounced impossible. The subtlest ether of vital feeling that exhales from the features, became fixed and visible beneath his pencil. The several lines of sad anxiety and earnest striving, whose loneliness seemed to secure their being noted only in the book of God, are all numbered in the lineaments left to us by his extraordinary hand. His aim is not expression, which signalizes passing emotion, but character, which forms the resultant of the life's experience. Beneath his eye, the countenance becomes the soul's confessional. In capacity to superinduce a mental significance and illumination over features not disturbed from absolute quiescence—to convey utterance from the spirit of the pictured subject to the feelings of the picture-gazer, through some other medium than physical action and excitement, Leonardo stands supreme and wonderful. Hence, the mysterious, unfathomable faces of his women; the features dignified and mild, but with a weird and witch-like fascination; and the dark smiling eyes, hiding or revealing a world of sentiment. The essential nature, with all its unconscious wiles and its illusive charms, being figured upon the lineaments, woman stands revealed upon Leonardo's canvass in her true quality as the sorceress of nature. Sometimes, the face is almost sadly "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

The dogmatizing scepticism of German critics, after tor-

menting literature and religion by the arrogate of doubts which "end where they began," has come into the fields of Italian genius, and perplexed the traditions of Art, by assigning, conjecturally, to this or that scholar, works which had always been considered the genuine productions of the master. Leonardo has suffered so much under this process, that there is scarcely a single easel picture of which this artist retains the undisputed credit. As these deniers vary widely among themselves, every observer must judge upon the subject independently of them all. The difficulty of determining the genuineness of pictures ascribed to da Vinci is undoubtedly greater than in the case of any other great painter. It seems unquestionable that he employed certain of his pupils, especially Luini and Salai, to color pictures which he had drawn, and probably elaborately worked out in *Chiaro-scuro*. Salai also, who possessed the talent of imitating his master with great plausibility, is charged with having fabricated works in the style of Leonardo, for purposes of deception. Strangely enough, too, so singular an affinity prevailed between the manners of Holbein and Leonardo, that some pictures, among them the portrait at Dresden, No. 1051, called Ludovico Sforzza, long ascribed to the latter, are now known to have been painted by Holbein. In respect to those works which there may be a temptation to ascribe, wholly or in part, to Luini or Salai, the intellectual power of the faces will generally determine whether the drawing has proceeded from Leonardo. In determining who has been the colorist, a reference to certain unquestionable productions of Da Vinci's hand, would suggest that his characteristic tone was something like an olive brown. The fine frescoes of Luini in the Brera, and his oil pictures elsewhere, would warrant us in ascribing to his beautiful pencil the coloring of those works of Leonardo which are distinguished by a

violet or lake tone, such as the Christ Disputing, in the National Gallery at London, the\* at the Belvidere in Vienna, and the\* in the Tribune.

A small work of Leonardo's, the authenticity of which seems to be certain, is in the Ieronymite convent of St. Onofrio at Rome, the Sanctuary in which Tasso breathed his last, and in which his bones now rest. It was a favorite resort with me on the clear cool days of the delightful winter of 1851, for it is not only profoundly touching from the associations of the scene with Tasso, but it affords perhaps the finest view of Rome and its surrounding country, that the visitor to that region of magnificence can any where command. It stands near the summit of the Janiculum, and it is a toil to clamber to it. At your feet, to the left, lies St. Peter's, and directly beneath you is Rome, with its unnumbered cupolas and towers, its columns and obelisks. Beyond, you see the Alban mountain, the Sabine hills, and the Mount Soracte; and further off, the purpled snowy ridge of the Apennines. The ruined trunk of the oak beneath which Tasso often mused upon his sorrows, till their bitterness passed away from him in melody, still is rooted under the crest of the hill.

The picture to which I have referred, does not give a worthy impression of Leonardo, and justifies the suspicion which has been expressed, that within the shadow of the Vatican, his sensitive genius was rebuked by Michael Angelo and Rafael, "as they say Mark Antony was by Cæsar." It is painted upon the wall at the end of one of the halls, and is said to be in fresco. It is a lunette,

\* These blanks occur in the MS. They were obviously left that the author might refer to his catalogue, to get the popular name of the picture.

containing the Madonna and child; with an old man, the patron of the picture, kneeling at the side. The ground is brown, and is painted in imitation of mosaic. The dress of the Virgin is a deep blue, with a green mantle gathered up over one shoulder. Her hair is red, and she wears a small cap far back upon her head. Her face is pallid, and displays a faint but sickly smile. The eyes are downcast, so that the orbs are not seen. The expression has something death-like about it. The child in her lap stretches forward, to bless with two extended fingers, the kneeling old man. The child's figure is softly painted, but with little color. The Virgin head is small: indeed, the drawing of the whole is characterized by a timidity and contraction of manner that indicates weakness. A glass is over it, and the preservation is good, excepting, perhaps, that the flesh tones have somewhat fled.

This picture makes it probable that the *Vanity and Modesty* in the Sciarra palace in the same city, is a genuine production of Leonardo, though very likely to have been colored by Luini. The tones are high, and the finish elaborate; the power and thought and sentiment, that are stamped upon it, give it a fascination not entirely comfortable.

The *Christ disputing with the Doctors* or with the *Pharisees*, is supposed also to have borrowed its delicate rosy tints from the pencil of the same assistant; but the mighty soul of Leonardo is to be traced throughout every part of the design. It is the most delightful picture in the collection where it is. The coloring is rich; and for mere beauty of the work, is entitled to take a high place. But the spiritual significance which it breathes, constitutes its peculiar and greatest value. The *Doctors*, four in number, are not exhibited as stern, carping, malignant priests: they

are good and pure and upright men. One, in particular, on the right hand of the Saviour, with white hair on his brow and lip, is a being whose countenance a life of pious deeds, and an old age of holy thought on heavenly things, has refined from earthly grossness, and left a frame fitted to be the shrine of a better existence. The point of the artist's purpose lies in making the discrimination between the character of the divine face, and the expression of even the best and most elevated of human countenances. The intelligence that dwells in them is in report with the outward. They indicate an attention habitually summoned forth by external life, and instinctively responding to its calls; they bear its lines and furrows on the surface. Their calmness tells of a victory over the world, but a victory gained by long, close, earnest struggle with it. The Saviour's face is the veil of a spirit that is wrapt within itself, and broods upon a consciousness apart from earth. Its sources of inspiration are in abstraction from the visible scene. The features are still, unmoved, unexercised; yet charged with inspiration and with feeling. The contrast, thus strongly conceived and finely registered, is extremely touching.

The *pendant*, or companion piece to this picture, resembling it in size and shape, and equal to it in every particular, is the Madonna and child, No. 11 of the 11th chamber of the Esterhazy gallery at Vienna, strong in thought, rich in beauty, and glorious in power. The mother is in the centre. Her right hand is around the body of the infant Saviour, who stands on a platform and leans over, turning the leaves of a book. The left hand is held up in wonder. She wears a green robe: and her eyes are cast down. On her right is St. Catharine with a palm; her eyes raised. On the left is St. Barbara, gazing



on the infant. The figure of the little Saviour is inimitable. For vigor, brilliance, and divine expression, I can conceive of nothing beyond it. This noble work has recently been assigned, upon mere conjecture, to Luini. A work, confessedly by him, hangs next to it; the same subject, No. 10. It is one of his good pictures; but it shows feebly and washy beside the Leonardo which it adjoins. There is an indescribable spell of mental enchantment,—a magnetic power of thought almost painfully vivid,—in this Madonna, as in the Christ amid the Doctors, that tells of a mighty and mysterious soul; whose revelations, the superficial and sensuous sweetness of Luini might beautify by decorating, but could never have conceived.

A picture of the same class, that is, drawn by Leonardo, and colored by Luini, is the Herodias receiving the head of the Baptist, in the Tribune. It is the fashion at present to ascribe the four last works, and especially the Herodias, to Luini entirely. It appears to me that all of them have proceeded from the same mind; and I think that a careful consideration of the Madonna of St. Onofrio, though it is confessedly one of Leonardo's least able works, will convince any one that they proceed from the same mind with it, as an inspection of the frescoes at the Brera, charmingly beautiful as they are, will prove that Luini's imagination was not capable of holding converse with the morbidly profound and protracted reflection that is graven on the faces of all of those pictures. There is about them an elaboration, not of execution, but of intellectual preparation which is characteristic of no man but Leonardo. The mental conception seems to have been baked to thorough dryness in the furnace of studious thoughts, before it came out to be clothed in forms and color upon the canvass.

A work, acknowledged, I believe, to be entirely genuine,

is the head of Leonardo with a long beard, by himself, in the Uffizzi at Florence. For depth, softness and power, it is a miracle of art. It is a wonderfully great and majestic head; of calm features but with a pursuing power of glance altogether marvellous. It is like the portrait of a mind.

The head of Medusa with Snakes, in the same collection, is too well known from Beckford's vivid description to need any notice here. The aspect and atmosphere of death, in the mouth and eyes are very powerful. This gallery has also a portrait by Leonardo, formerly supposed to be a Rafael, and an Adoration of the Magi in Chiaro-scuro, unfinished. These four appear to be entirely by Leonardo.

Two works in the Louvre seem also to be wholly from his pencil. One of them (299) the portrait of woman, is a most remarkable picture. The face is serene and undisturbed, yet strong as Fate: soft and unintense, yet inevitable and irresistible. Its glance seems to follow you about the room like an embodied conscience. It gazes upon you in still, cold sovereignty, as if it possessed all the secrets of your soul, and was conscious of a moral sway not to be evaded. The general color is an olive-green; and the light falls upon the side of the head and face with delicate and beautiful effect. A similar picture exists in the Palazzo Mozzi del Garbo, at Florence. Such a fund of expressiveness, in combination with quiet, unmoved features, none but Leonardo could accumulate in any countenance.

The Madonna and Children in the Louvre, No. 296, is a lovely picture, probably altogether from his hand. The face of the Virgin, which is of transcendent sweetness and purity, and yet is calm in aspect, is a fine illustration of Leonardo's capacity to throw a powerful moral expression into a countenance left in perfect repose. The pre-

vailing tints are brown; the Virgin's dress green. The light and shade about the limbs is very strongly marked.

In the Ambrosian library at Milan there is a head of John the Baptist, exhibited as just cut off; ascribed to Leonardo. It is finely conceived and as finely executed; the eyes are half open, and the features not yet at all sunk. In the museum at Basle is another representation of the same subject, at a more advanced time; and assigned also to Leonardo. It is of a greenish olive-white color, and is exquisitely delicate and beautiful. It bears so strong a resemblance to the portrait at Abbotsford of Mary, Queen of Scots, after decollation, in the manner in which the features are collapsed, and in the sickly softness of the expression, as to indicate that it had been painted from reality. The Ambrosian library contains also a large Holy Family, after a drawing by Leonardo; admirable in all respects; also, a very good profile portrait by him of Beatrice d'Este, the wife of Ludovico il Moro, whose monument may be seen at Certosa; and a most interesting profile head of Leonardo, in red chalk, by himself, with long, white hair and beard, large nose, small, delicate mouth, and an expression of great delicacy about the eyes.

But the work upon which rests Leonardo's claim to take a place among the greatest painters of the world, in the same rank with Rafael and Correggio, is, of course, the Cenacolo, or Last Supper, a production which as repeated in engravings, and circulated throughout the world, is more extensively known and admired than any other great work of art. Fortunately, its essential excellencies have been perpetuated by the inspired burin of Morghen; who conceived his subjects with the sensibility of an artist, and reproduced them with a spirituality and power that set the *interpreter* "on a level with the author." His engraving will to future times be the true original of this

matchless work. I shall offer no comment upon the work itself, but shall merely describe its position and present condition.

It is painted upon the wall of the Refectory of the suppressed convent of Dominicans adjoining the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, at Milan. The convent is now, (1851,) chiefly occupied as a caserne for the Austrian troops. Making my way into the interior of a large quadrangle, the court-yard of which was filled with the refuse of the stables, I entered the refectory. It is a long room, with a brick floor, a lofty ceiling, and side windows very high up. On the wall at one end, is a Crucifixion by Montorfano, and opposite to it, and pretty high up, is the Last Supper. It is painted, not in fresco, but in oils, and the figures are larger than life. It seems as if casualty and ignorance and imbecility had actively combined together for the extinction of this glory of art and religion. The situation of the room is low and damp; and it is subject to inundations. Twice has the picture been painted over, not by ordinary bunglers, against whose stupidity some rays of excellence might have struggled; but by caitiffs who seem to have been animated by the spirit of destruction. A door was cut through the centre, which took away the feet of the Saviour, and a large part of the tablecloth. The room was used by the French, both as a barn and a stable. Even now it stands exposed to all the vicissitudes of heat and cold, and dampness. A large piece has recently scaled off from the neck of the Saviour. Its overthrow is complete and irretrievable: yet from beneath the veil of ruin still gleams the lustre of a divineness of beauty and majesty which "cannot, but by annihilation, die." There yet lingers around this robbed and violated shrine of genius, an interest and impressiveness which enchain the observer's mind. The composition may still be ad-

mired in all its force and perfection; and in distribution and variety, action and significance—for the union of individuality with harmony—it cannot be exceeded. The principles upon which composition may be made to depend, are various; and the key to the quality by which the composition is produced will commonly be found in the faculty, or talent, for which the artist is most eminent. Leonardo's favorite contemplation was of the effect of the passions upon the face and frame, in diversified characters; in this instance, the arrangement and attitudes of the group are entirely worked out by the play of the moral feelings.

Of the figures, none retains any really effective power, excepting the head of the Saviour. In spite of all that fatality and folly have done to dim and defeature it, the essential divinity which once was impressed upon it, still shines forth with obscured but unextinguishable grandeur. Mild, sad majesty,—sorrow sharp as the blade of death, and the grace of a spiritual sweetness which the treason of friends and the triumph of enemies disturbs not, but deepens,—are stamped in glorious power upon this matchless face. The flowing hair, the bowing head, the submitting expostulation of the hands, form certainly the worthiest image of the Blessed Saviour that ever came from mortal thought. In the moment in which his humanity is so potently signalized by the gloom that fills his soul and bends his venerable form, his divinity is revealed the more earnestly in the abstraction and inwardness of musing that separates him mysteriously from his followers. Shrouded in the mist of long decay, the dulled lustre of that heavenly form—yet has a power to dazzle and rebuke. The fable that Leonardo left the head of the Saviour unfinished, and that it was completed by some meaner hand, is one of those foolish idle figments which a certain class of minds delight to repeat.

As the colors now are, the figure of the Saviour is arrayed in a scarlet tunic, with a blue robe over the left shoulder and arm. The left hand has been badly painted over, and the right hand is much gone. In the face of St. John, though the outline has almost completely vanished, there lingers still some faint vestiges of an expression that was put there by Leonardo. In like manner, the face of St. James the Greater, whose mouth is opened, and his arms stretched out, aghast, bears decidedly his mark. St. Thomas has been painted over and changed. St. Philip has been painted black, and is the most ruined head of all. St. Matthew is also depraved. St. Thaddeus retains some expression; though nearly white. St. Simon's head is quite washed out of shape, by the damps; and his hands are badly painted over. St. Bartholomew and St. James the Less are totally altered. St. Andrew is one of the freshest and brightest figures; but I imagine it to be totally changed from its original condition. St. Peter's face is quite good; and Judas has an expression of much character. To show how much the painting is obliterated, it is quite impossible to make out the salt-cellar under Judas' hand, which is in the engraving. The effect of the light behind the blue hills in the distance, remains good.

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## FRA BARTOLOMMEO.

In the first order of great names in painting—high among those who have bequeathed to Art an impulse and an impress which it yet retains—should be reckoned Baccio della Porta, known to fame under his monastic title of Fra Bartolommeo. After Leonardo, perhaps no one of that time did more than this extraordinary person to ma-



ture the current language of Art, to give fluency to the expressive forms of the canvass—to enrich with new idioms and a colloquial facility, the speech of the pencil—to accomplish forever the transition from the archaic and individual types of earlier laborers to that well-developed freedom, ease and grace which, since then, have been the common heritage of the studio. Rafael improved into surpassing brilliance and power, notions which he caught from others, but Leonardo and Fra Bartolommeo increased the practical elements of Art; extended the manner of representation, and enlarged the painter's stock of conceptions. Bartolommeo is the most spiritual of perfect artists; but he represents spirituality, not in the metaphysical, notional abstractness of Fra Beato, but as embodied in character and life. He does not paint spirituality as typified in personal forms; he paints persons as purified, refined and sanctified by spirituality. His heads are purely natural; a somewhat square type of skull, peculiar to himself. Like most Florentines, he exulted in drapery; but was sometimes tempted, by his mastery of it, into a profuse and cumbersome display of it. His manner, in this respect, forms a striking contrast to the scant patterns in which Perugino dresses his subjects. In some of his countenances we find an anxious, unhappy look, characteristic of the imagination of an ascetic and monastic recluse. He painted flesh with a clearness, transparency and refinement that seems worthy to render it a meet tabernacle for the souls of saints. As a colorist, he attained incomparable softness and brilliancy, in a mellow and juicy style; and is particularly marked by a light, fleecy *tomato* tone, which predominates in many of his works. In descending from his elevations into heaven, he might be thought to have dipped his pencil in the tints of the rosy clouds that float at sunset beneath an Italian sky.

Yet he never attained the solidity, truth, or perfect harmony of the Venetian people; but, to the last, had something of the thinness and flare of the Florentine coloring. He improved, by prodigious strides, as he grew older; and the works painted in 1515 and 1516, but one and two years before his death, indicate that, had his life been spared, he would have soared to an excellence that would have made him supreme among the highest. These later efforts are on a large, full scale, and have an apocalyptic sublimity and splendor that place them almost alone in painting.

Florence contains, perhaps, the largest number of his pictures; but not his latest and most important. One of the most noted in the Pitti gallery, is the St. Mark, seated in a tribune-like chair, holding the volume of his gospel, and a pen, and musing with intense awe upon the subject of his record. (No. 125.) It is a grand figure. The drapery is majestic and graceful; yet so much in excess as to appear embarrassing and uncomfortable. The face has a disturbed, uneasy, half-crazy expression. In the Palace of the Quirinal, at Rome, are figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, intended to correspond with the St. Mark. One of them, left unfinished by the Fra, was completed by Rafael. Another work in the Pitti, (No. 159,) represents the Saviour risen out of the tomb, and four Apostles standing around. It is a good picture; of that class so often painted by Perugino and other early masters; not displaying an actual scene, and therefore not calling for a consistent composition, but being merely suggestive of certain sentiments and doctrines. There is a *Pieté* in the same collection, (No. 84,) the coloring of which is very brilliant, but somewhat inharmonious. The face of St. John is an instance of expression going beyond nature and propriety. An *Ecce Homo*, in fresco, (No. 377,) is more successful. The face

is of high and heavenly beauty; and the mind that illumines it is truly divine. The convent and church of San Marco, of which this artist was an inmate, contain but two of his works, and they are not valuable. One, in the church, is a picture of some size, representing the Virgin and Saints, which has grown very dark; another, in one of the passages, is a group of three figures, Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus.

As a painter of the Holy Family, he established an appropriate sentiment and style of treatment which Rafael adopted from him, and which Andrea del Sarto and many other artists afterwards worked with unexhausting copiousness. Of this class, is No. 243, in the Pitti, the best specimen of the artist in that gallery. In the centre is the mother, with the two infants, who are occupied with one another. On one side is the withered face of Elizabeth, and on the other is St. Joseph, leaning on a sack. The coloring, though brilliant, is harmonious. There is a great deal in this picture that is like Rafael. The Virgin is very much his type of face. It is not easy to determine which artist borrowed from the other. It is probable that Bartolommeo caught from Rafael many hints for the beauty of his countenances; but that he instituted this character for St. Joseph, as looking on the scene in quiet contemplation, and perhaps also the face of Elizabeth, and that Rafael then took from his friend the conception of this whole composition.

Another very fine Holy Family, or Repose in Egypt, by Bartolommeo, is in the Tosi Gallery in Brescia. The mother kneels before the infant with her arms folded on her breast; and St. Joseph sits looking upon him. The face has the beauty, purity, and heavenly loveliness of Rafael, but the features are of a more natural cast. The face of Joseph is the original of all of Del Sarto's Josephs, and

may be traced again in Correggio's *Repose in the Tribune*, and in many other artists. The color is very high, but of exquisite softness and airiness. The light falls charmingly over and through the limbs.

The first specimen by which I became acquainted with the Fra Bartolommeo, was the *Holy Family* in the Grosvenor Gallery, at London; (No. 46 of the catalogue;) and it struck me more than any thing in that fine collection. The outlines are hard, and the coloring bloodless: but the spiritual halo that breathes from the faces, the ethereal expression that lights them up, the infinite purity that seems to transfigure them from creatures of mortality to beings above the world, are extremely engaging. The calm, thoughtful, pallid face of Joseph, on the left, wrapt by worship into a mental fruition of divine happiness, seems purged of all the dross of humanity, and just ready to be translated into heaven. The hand of the Virgin, on the right, seems to illustrate St. Paul's conception of a "spiritual body." It is a human member, transfused with spirituality. The picture, in many respects, recalls Rafael, and, if it be an early work, as, from the low tones of the colouring, seems probable, it shows how much Rafael had caught from him.

To appreciate the splendid genius and potent art of Fra Bartolommeo, it is as necessary to visit Lucca as to know the grandeur of Correggio it is indispensable to go to Parma. Lucca contains three of the best works of the inspired monk, among which is his master-piece, the *Madonna della Misericordia*. The cathedral has one of them. The Virgin, with a tunic of blue around her, is seated upon a throne, with the infant. On one side stands St. Stephen, in a full, rich, cherry-colored dress, with a countenance of charming goodness. On the other is St. John Baptist, wrapped in a wild skin; emaciated, yet with a countenance

of the most essential purity and sweetness. An angel, in the form of a bright, natural, delicious boy, is seated in front, playing upon a lute. Above the Virgin, two angels, finely foreshortened, and flying freely, are putting a crown upon her head.

The Church of San Romano contains the other two. One of them, which hangs on the left wall of the body of the church, near the door of entrance, represents the Magdalen and Saint Catharine of Siena, kneeling at the opposite ends of an open tomb, and, above them, the Father, who is seated, and holds an expanded book, on which are the letters Alpha and Omega. The head and figure of the Magdalen are exquisite. Her face has the calm, clear, loveable beauty of a nature redeemed back to its unfallen integrity. A light, airy veil hanging down from the back of her head, mingles with her soft ringlets to produce a rich and sweet effect. The arrangement of her drapery is original and elegant: the tunic, of which the breast and arms alone are seen, is of cherry color; and she holds up, with one arm, against her person, a darker robe, that covers the rest of her figure. St. Catharine, in a nun's dress, is gazing up at the Lord with all the ecstacy of an enthusiast. The Father is exhibited as throned upon the cherubim of heaven. His foot rests upon the head of a cherub; and, beneath him, in the skirts of his drapery, are other cherubs' heads, supporting him. Four angels fly below him, two on either side, with variously colored wings. The flesh tints of their bodies are extremely soft and natural; and delicate lights and shades fall among the limbs. The least excellent part of the work is the head of God the Father, which is solid and material. The picture bears the date 1509.

Superior as it is, it is yet far below the grand *Madonna della Misericordia*, which hangs in a chapel at the north-

east angle of the same church, which is not only incomparably the finest work of this artist, but deserves, along with the Assumption of Titian and the San Sisto Madonna of Rafael, to rank among the great pictures of the world. In composition, color, drawing and chiaro-scuro; in spirituality of character, and beautiful unity of effect, it is one of the most powerful and brilliant works I have ever seen.

In the lower part of the picture appears a crowd of persons of all ages, ranks and sexes; women, monks, children, princes; bending and kneeling in animated supplication. On a throne, in the centre, which is raised by several steps, stands forth the lofty, radiant form of the Virgin. Her attitude is that of intercession, mediation, or intervention with power. Her right arm and hand are stretched out to stay and put back the wrath of God; her left drawn back and extended below, as if to explain her arresting act, by an intreaty in behalf of the multitude at her feet. She is arrayed in a tunic of a light lake color; the drapery of which has all the ease, grace, simplicity and elegance of Rafael. Her blue robe is raised entirely off from her figure; a part of it covering her head only, and the rest held up behind her by two angels, whose heads, wings and arms appear above. Above, at the top, the Saviour appears, looking down in compassion; his extended arms finely thrown out by a scarlet drapery, which is stretched out like wings on each side of him. The lower part of his figure is cut off or concealed by a tablet, on which is

Misereor Sup-  
Turbam:

Through the tablet run ribands, which are held up by two full length angels flying freely in the air; and under it is a soft, sweet head of an angel who holds up one hand against



it. The whole upper part of the picture is blazing with all the terror of the Glory of Heaven; a terror, of which, overpowering beauty is the mightiest element. The background of the heavens above the Virgin's robe is very bright; but with a great variety of delicately blending light and shade, which gives it an appearance of flashing, and makes you feel as if, each moment, the full unmitigated blaze of heaven would burst out in flame through the clouds. You see light behind shade, shade behind light, producing the effect of a succession of bright vapors rolling among themselves, and giving glimpses into the endless depths of the holy abodes. At the same time, there is no glare or dazzle; all is soft, cool and agreeable to the eye. The heads of the five angels are wholly different from one another, and all are admirable. The *chiaro scuro* by which the two full length ones who, in attendance upon the Saviour, fly the highest and hold the strings of the tablet, are relieved against the luminous air behind them, is not exceeded by anything in Correggio. The uppermost of them, on the right of the Saviour is looking down with an expression of keen sensibility and infinite love,—pure and burning; the one on the other side has a countenance of great power, made intense by a brooding consciousness of the majesty and awe of the God he adores. They seem to typify, severally, the seraphic and cherubic character. Their wings are blue, relieved with white and grey. The head directly under the tablet is like a lovely heaven-born babe-angel. Of the two whose heads and arms are seen upholding the robe of the Virgin, the one on her right is like a glowing boy. The other is the most glorious head in the picture; an intense face, with short hair, disheveled in a *Rafaelesque* way, and with a stream of rich lustre setting him on fire with splendor. His wings, and those of his fellow, are red, shaded with dark

and grey; much the same as with the angels at the bottom of the San Sisto Madonna. This rush of heaven-attended deity, this incession of light-raying godhead, in the upper part of the composition, is one of the most powerful and beautiful effects in the pictorial art.

Behind, and on each side of the Virgin's throne, the company of worshippers present a variety of heads, altitudes and dresses, altogether astonishing. The picture is said to contain, in all, forty-four figures; and though they are so numerous, there is no sense of crowding or confusion. This arises in part from the steps directly in front of the throne being clear. The beauty, expression, nature and interest of the faces could not be exceeded. The action of the whole group is most animated and varied. Some of them are occupied with one another; some with the Virgin; some are overwhelmed with adoration; some are gazing with astonishment. Family parties express their mutual delighted affection. In the fore-ground, to the left of the Virgin, is an exquisite group, consisting of a young mother in a light green dress, with a countenance full of happy passion, who holds a noble infant in her arms, while a child a little older clasping her back with both his arms looks over her shoulder, and an old woman behind them, probably the grandmother, with wrinkled but good face, and with a mantle of lighter green enveloping her head, places her arm tenderly around them all. Just below, on the extreme left, is a man of rank, in a scarlet mantle, on whose shoulder a monk in a white dress rests one hand, while with the other he directs the devout and kneeling noble to the Virgin. A Magdalen-like form is kneeling in front of them; and above the monk is a girl with an exquisite oval face, equal to any one of Leonardo's women, whose youthful bloom is finely contrasted with a grand old head a little higher. On the right of the Virgin, in front, a

female, in a very light dress, of which the body and skirt have a faint chocolate tinge, and the sleeves are between a yellow and lake color, kneels towards the Virgin, supporting a child who sits on the step, in a graceful infantile attitude, with one finger to his mouth. Behind her, are two sweet young people, a girl and boy; a man with a head nearly bald; an old woman with a mantle of the faintest green; above them, one man with naked shoulders and back, devoutly adoring; another in a rich scarlet dress; and sundry other clear and finely discriminated heads. Several of the figures are members of the family for whom the work was painted.

A fine effect is produced by the return to strong lights in the bottom of the picture, occasioned by the high color of the steps, and the brightness of the greenish and yellowish dresses of the women upon them. This brings out a balance and counterpoise to the powerful light above. It is the most luminous picture I have ever seen, except the San Sisto, and it has more variety of light than that. As a study of coloring, it is incomparable. The tones are firm, clear and natural; free from that fleecy, or woolly character seen in the Frate's earlier works; and displaying the soft, transparent brilliancy which Andrea del Sarto afterwards attained. There is a good deal that is like Titian, both in the coloring and in some of the heads. If this work was painted before Titian's Assumption, and Rafael's Dresden Madonna, as seems to have been the case, it may claim the praise of having furnished important suggestions to both of those great productions. It is scarcely possible to doubt either that the Roman and Venetian artist before painting those works had seen this picture, or that the Fra had seen theirs. The priority seems to be with the pious Florentine. And if that be so, Titian derived his Virgin of the Assumption from this one. The

attitude, countenance and color are similar. But this is all purity, grace, and refined emotion: in that everything is corporeal and palpable.

On the base on which the Virgin stands is inscribed:

MR PIETATIS ET MIE  
F. S. ✓ O. P.

And on the lower step in smaller letters is

MDXV.  
F. BARTHOLOMEVS OR. PRE.  
PICTOR FLORENTINVS.

Though three centuries have swept over it, the dews of its first creation are yet fresh and splendid upon it. It looks as if its power defied time and triumphed over accident. It has been varnished, but not retouched; and is in perfect preservation in every particular.

Of the same class, and probably of the same period, is the Assumption of the Virgin in the Museo Borbonico at Naples; No. 373; over the door. Its authenticity cannot with any plausibility be questioned; for if it be not the Fra's, no artist can be named by whom it could possibly have been executed. In the figure of the Virgin he has sacrificed grace and ease to a bold expression of spiritual feeling. The attitude is so peculiar, that if the purpose is not clearly understood, it would be supposed to be ill-drawn. But for significance and beauty, it is a glorious work. The Virgin, throned on the clouds, is just throwing herself into an adoring, half-kneeling posture. Her hands are expanded in prayer; her face is melting in a worshipping fruition of the rapturous godhead, into which she is becoming absorbed. The invisible deity approaching from above, seems to sublimate her translated being into the glory of a higher essence. Her dress is that plain attire in which we may suppose her to have been buried. She

has a tunic of a lakish hue, the sleeves of which are turned up at the wrists; and a dark-blue mantle which is thrown around and behind her in such a way as to form a dusky background for her figure. The face and attitude are full of a deep, beatified emotion of womanhood kindled into divinity. On her right is an infant angel with green wings, flying clear, and playing upon a violin. On the other side, nearer to her, is another angel, playing on a guitar, and having red and green wings, exactly like those of one of the boys in the San Sisto Madonna. One angelic head is below the Virgin, pulling her dress, one is directly under her feet, sustaining her; sundry little heads are in the clouds. All of these are the most airy and delicate in execution, realizing the conception of heavenly substances. The angels playing, and especially the one with the violin, which for drawing, and softness of flesh coloring is not exceeded by anything in art, have their hair disordered just in the way that Rafael adopted in his Christ and Angels, at Dresden, and in his Christ in the Transfiguration. It is obvious that one of these great masters derived much from the other. There are whitish-grey clouds under the figure of the Virgin, and a strong, yellow light behind and above her. The richness, delicacy, variety, and ethereal play of lights in this part of the picture are enchanting. A stream of glory is sweeping down, enveloping all the figures in a splendor that is born only of the presence of the Omnipotent. On the earth, is the empty tomb, with flowers upon it. On one side is St. John kneeling and pointing upwards; his face, full of thought and holy feeling, being turned towards the spectator. On the other, a female saint with a palm, kneeling, displays a countenance full of beauty and devout expression. Her dress consists of a green body, yellow sleeves and reddish skirts. Beyond the saints, the clear definite horizon sky of the common day contrasts

finely with the fleecy glory of the heavens that surround the Virgin. The painting, though full of delicious softness, has a greater firmness of tone than is usual with the Frate.

The Presentation in the Temple, in the Belvidere at Vienna, Chambre 4, No. 29, is of the year 1516. It is a most remarkable picture; one blaze of red. Rubens is said to have found in this work a model for that effulgence of tints which he poured with such power over the canvass.

In the following year, at the age of 48, this profound genius was snatched away, not in the perfection, but amid the rapid and copious development of his admirable powers. One of his latest works, which he did not finish, is a large picture in Chiaro-scuro in the Uffizzi gallery, in which the Patron Saints of Florence are introduced. The Madonna, with the infant, is seated on the throne, and angels are around and beneath her. Behind and above is St. Anna with arms stretched out to Heaven. Still higher, is a singular head, intended to represent the Trinity; having three profiles of nose and mouth, and one pair of eyes. Saints and saintesses are at the sides. The composition is extremely grand and rich; and for drawing and expression, it is one of his best. But many of the faces have that unhappy look which has already been noted as observable in his pictures.

The relations of Rafael's mind to that of Fra Bartolommeo, form a subject of interesting inquiry. It is to be regretted that the Italian writers upon Art have not taken more pains to fix, with precision, (from the evidence of documents,) the dates of the principal works of the most eminent painters; not only for the purpose of showing the course of the development of the genius of the person concerned, but to determine how far he gave or received influence as respects his contemporaries. The Frate was born



in 1469, fourteen years before Rafael, and died in 1517, three years before him; being at the time of his death 48 years old. It cannot be doubted that in passing from the statuesque rigidity of Perugino's manner, to nature and that angelic grace, variety and freedom which his mature years display, Rafael derived many an inspiration from the breathing softness of Bartolommeo. It seems equally evident that in the Frate's later works, the strenuous firmness and full-toned strength of the Roman had re-acted upon his genius with a greater return than it had received. In the *Misericordia* Madonna, there is much that is *Rafaelesque*, particularly in the higher severity and force than belongs to his earlier pictures. The head of the cherub who holds the Virgin's robe, on her right, is very much one of Rafael's boys. The date of the *Fuligno* Madonna, 1512, where one of these glorious heads appears in the angel holding the tablet, must assure to Rafael the praise of controlling the peculiar direction of Bartolommeo's later genius. The working out of the idea of the glorified Madonna by the concurring minds of these two artists, supplies an interesting study. Rafael established the type in the *Fuligno* Madonna. The Frate expanded and elevated and enriched it prodigiously on the *Lucca Misericordia* and the *Naples Assumption*: and so gave it back to its author, who, profiting of all that his friendly rival had added, carried it to transcendent perfection in the *San Sisto*. I have said nothing of the *Madonna del Baldacchino* in the *Pitti*, which was formerly ascribed to the Frate; but which of late years has been attributed to Rafael, and is now often referred to as an instance of his indebtedness to the Florentine. For my own part, I can see nothing of Rafael in that picture. I should take it to be the work of *Raffaellino del Garbo*. I think it necessary only to look at a Madonna and two children by that painter, in the *Corsini* palace at

Florence, or to a Madonna by him in the south transept of the church of San Spirito in that city, to arrive at that conclusion. The latter exhibits the Madonna between two saints, seated, and in front St. Benedict and St. John ; and as an evidence of the resemblance of the styles of the two painters, the three first figures are ascribed to Rafael by the ecclesiastics of the church, and the two last to Del Garbo. No doubt the whole is by him. In this picture, also, are two angels sustaining a kind of Baldacchino drapery over her head.

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## PERUGINO.

In the centre of the fine apartment which constitutes the *Libreria* of the Cathedral of Siena, stands an antique marble group of the Graces, one of the most beautiful remains of classic sculpture. According to the Guide-books it was discovered in digging the foundations of the building in the thirteenth century. It is entitled to occupy an important position in the history of Italian painting, for there is little doubt that it supplied the original of that memorable type of the human figure which, developed in great power by Pietro Perugino, became the characteristic of his whole school, defined and occupied the youthful genius of Rafael, and may be considered as the embryo form of even his latest and most exalted creations. In viewing the works of Perugino, Rafael, and their school, what strikes you most as the characteristic distinction between them, generally, and the Florentines is, that the figures of the former are founded on the type of Greek sculpture, while the latter seem derived from nature. The draperies also follow this distinction : those of the Perugian being simple

and severe, those of the Florentine, as in Fra Bartolommeo and Michael Angelo, being very profuse and folded. I attribute to this group of the Graces the first suggestion of that type, because at the time it was adopted by Bonfigli and Perugino, it was almost the only ancient statue known. No Greek work had been seen at that time in Florence; and the Apollo, and other great works at Rome, were not found till after the beginning of the sixteenth century. The fresh character of this group in the school of Perugino, is indicated by Rafael's having made a drawing of it, which is said to exist at Venice.

Giotto's style constitutes, as it were, the reservoir from which, through various channels, were led the rivulets that fed the Perugian, Florentian and Venitian schools. The derivation of the first of these may be satisfactorily traced; and no where so clearly as upon the walls of the church of San Francisco at Assisi. The lower church there has four curious works by Giotto: and not far from them is the very striking Crucifixion by Pietro Cavallini, the pupil of Giotto, who worked between the years

It is a work of great energy. The white figures of Christ and the thieves against a blue back ground, have a powerful effect. The arms of the thieves are twisted back over their crosses. Above, are a number of angels, wringing their hands, and expressing the utmost degree of anguish. It is easy to see in the faces, here, the beginning of the Perugino type. The work seems to form one of the links between Giotto and Perugino. Another link is supplied in the several frescoes by Matteo da Gualdo and Pietro Antonio di Foligno in the small chapel of Santa Caterina in Assisi, where a fuller dawn of the Peruginesque character may confidently be traced. But a more decided development of the same conception is to be seen in Bonfigli, the master of Perugino. His authentic works

are rare; the adoration on S. Dominico at Perugia being more probably attributable to Gentile da Fabriano. In the Academy connected with the University of Perugia, there is a picture by Bonfigli, but so much scaled off as to be of no value. The church of San Pietro de Casinensi in that city, has a Piéta by him, with the date 1468. The mother holds the dead Saviour on her knee, and embraces him. Her figure, though ill-drawn, is wonderfully full of earnest and intense affection; his figure is very hard and awkward. But very far superior to this, and probably the best preserved and most characteristic work of his in existence, is the Annunciation, which hangs in the shop of Bartelli, the bookseller at Perugia. Opposite to the Virgin, who kneels on a low bench, stands the announcing angel with his finger raised, apparently just stopped from his swiftly-descending flight. Between them, St. Luke, with his bull, is seated on the ground, recording the event in a book. His head is a noble one. Over the apartment in which this scene takes place, in the sky is seen God the Father attended by angels. The white Dove has descended from him on a long line of light to the Virgin. So that the conception is represented as following instant upon the annunciation; the word of the Lord being ever itself the act. The same fine thought is found in Pinturicchio's treatment of the same subject at Spello; and is usual in the works of the early Rhenish and Flemish schools. In fact, in the earliest Byzantine iconographies this method of representation is prescribed. In the *Guide de la Peinture*, translated by Didron, Part 2d, page 155, this mode of figuring the scene will be found. The most note-worthy circumstance about this picture is, that the head of the angel making the annunciation, is purely Grecian; the forehead even having that little prominence over the nose which is seen in the Greek heads of gods and goddesses.

It is obvious, therefore, that the type of Greek sculpture had been adopted by this school, not only long before Rafael, but even earlier than Perugino, who developed and strengthened it. The Virgin, in Bonfigli's picture, is a beautiful face, but of a more natural and human cast.

But the great founder and master of this school, is Pietro Vannucci known by the name of Perugino, who was born 37 years before Rafael, and survived him four years, having died at the age of 78. He forms an extraordinary figure in the history of Art. His range was limited, his manner uniform; but the force and truth of the ideal which he bequeathed to Art, have never been exceeded. No man ever lived whose peculiar mental conception predominated, one might almost say, despotized over succeeding minds so strongly and extensively. A considerable school, composed of Grannuola, Lo Spagno, &c., sustained itself almost wholly by the repetition of this image. Pinturicchio drew all his inspiration from it. The two Francias—Francesco and Giacomo—worked it under certain modifications which brought it nearer to nature, and made it a vehicle for the expression of pure human affection. Rafael, for several years, did nothing but reproduce it, with some increased freedom and ease; afterwards he elevated and strengthened it by renewed inspirations from the source whence it was drawn; but even his last and brightest forms seem but flowers, of which the buds are in Perugino. It was again used by his followers, Raffaellino del Garbo, &c.: and if at last it broke down, and degenerated into a cold, metallic hardness and insipidity, what type had ever endured such repetitions? Even in this day, when the reviving religion of Art seeks an appropriate medium for its earnest apprehensions, Perugino supplies the vehicle: and the pictures of Overbeck at Rome are nothing but revivals of Perugino and the early manner of Rafael. The reason of the won-



derful continuance and depth of this form is, that it embodies the essential truth and nature of the human face and form as they are abstracted in Greek sculpture; and hence these heads and countenances have a universality that exceeds all other schools. The ideal of Bellini, Giorgione Titian and Veronesé has something Venitian in it: Leonardo's faces are decidedly Italian and Florentine: the features in Van Eyck, Durer and Holbein have a heavy German look; but the type of the Perugian and Roman schools, is free from every peculiarity of locality, nation or race, and represents the high, permanent, universal image of humanity.

The forms of Perugino, as I have said, are derived from sculpture; and it might not be fanciful to say that we see in them that easy, indolent, reposing grace which characterizes the group in the Libreria at Siena. The drawing has great simplicity of outline, with distinctness, force and truth, but sometimes becomes dry and hard. The draperies are particularly severe. The inward and moral characteristic of the school which determines its especial place, and value, is the expression of transcendent purity, sanctity and sweetness in the faces,—a certain *quietism* of wrapt, calm, meditative adoration. This mystic expression seems to have been the matter upon which Perugino principally relied. His compositions do not involve much that is natural and dramatic, but form a collection of faces, each typifying some refined and holy sentiment. One of the best of these is a Deposition in the Hall of Jupiter in the Pitti Palace, which has many figures. The faces have much expression of feeling, but their features are scarcely disturbed from repose. Another of much celebrity is the Assumption, which is repeated, with some variations, in a chapel in the Annunziata at Florence, in the public gallery at Lyons, in the picture gallery at the Musée Bourbon in



Naples, (No. 264,) and on the wall of the north transept of the Cathedral of St. Januarius; in the last of which are introduced Cardinal Corafe, a great patron of the church, kneeling on the right, and behind him St. Januarius standing with his mitre. In this picture, the Virgin [is?] in the clouds in an oval, looking adoringly up, three angels' heads being around the clouds on which she stands. Four angels stand in a line, above, playing: and beside her are two angels playing. Below, in two groups, are the apostles; St. John, standing, or in some, kneeling, between them, and looking up. His face is of great beauty. Two of his best compositions are in the Sistine chapel, the Baptism of Christ, and the delivery of the keys to St. Peter.

The sacristy of San Pietro de Casinensi in Perugia, contains a range of six heads by Perugino, framed and glazed. The faces of St. Maurus reading, and of Peter Abbot pointing to an open Bible which he holds in one hand, are exquisite productions, full of the deepest spiritual sensibility, and executed with the most careful and minute lines and shadings. They are written full with the moral history of the persons, showing years of lofty thought, deep feeling, and keen self-searching action of the inward soul. The sacristy of the church of Sta. Maria Nuova, in the same town, contains three exquisite little pictures by Perugino of the Annunciation, Nativity and Baptism, which have a resemblance to the pictures of the Annunciation, Adoration and Presentation by Rafael in the Vatican, which formed the *predella* of his picture of the Coronation of the Virgin, and may have been his model. The church of S. Agostino, in the same place, contains, opposite to one another, two altar-pieces by Perugino, which though probably the work of his declining years, are yet highly interesting. In one of them the Virgin and St. Joseph are seen adoring the infant, who lies

on the earth, and in the back ground at a distance, are two angels kneeling also in worship. It is in this manner that many of these early schools treat the Nativity. The purity, neatness and chaste beauty of this picture are admirable. The face and figure of the Virgin are the perfection of an innocent, spotless, and refined *lady*; her dress in exquisitely simple taste. The head of St. Joseph is fine; but one of his upraised hands has an appearance of being distorted, which produces an unpleasant appearance. In the opposite work, the figure of St. John, tall, thin and severe, but soft, and purged of drossy passion, and full of a high beauty, is an impressive type of the human character, cleansed and chastened by mortification and natural morality.

In the Manfrini gallery at Venice are two excellent Peruginos. One is the Madonna, with the child, to whom an angel is showing a book; another angel is behind. It is in his best and most luxuriant manner. The coloring is high and in finely blending tints. The faces are rich, beautiful and Rafael-like. All the persons have red hair. Another most interesting picture represents the Saviour washing the feet of the Disciples. The Lord, kneeling, is about to wash those of St. Peter, who gracefully, with gestures, deprecates such condescension. Christ points with his right hand to heaven, as if saying, "Thus it becomes us to fulfill all humility." The others stand in a row beside. The composition is formal, but it is as fine an assemblage of countenances as in any picture I know of. All are different, and all admirable. The light falls with a slight illumination on the head of each. The coloring is pure and good. It must be allowed that both of these works have something of the character of Jean Bellini. The last, moreover, has a variety and maturity of style which

renders it a little difficult to ascribe its authorship to Perugino.

In the Stödel Museum at Frankfort, there is a Madonna and child with St. John, a work of saintly beauty and purity. The mother's face is infinitely sweet, dignified and chaste. She has that fullness about the temples which Rafael afterwards worked out as a strong and marked characteristic of his female heads. She wears a red underdress and a green robe over it. The horizon of the landscape is brilliant. The color is high, but has been a good deal rubbed off in cleaning. There is a repetition of this at Munich, (Salle IX., No. 551.) In the Academy at Bologna, (No. 197,) there is an extremely brilliant and fine work by Perugino, of the Madonna, and four saints below her. The figure of St. John Baptist has scarcely ever been exceeded by Rafael. The Lichtenstein gallery at Vienna also contains a very superior Perugino; in which an angel holds the infant Saviour, and the mother, with a countenance grave and even sad, kneels adoringly before her offspring. The infant looks up with child-like adoration to heaven,—an expression of enchanting interest. The drapery is rich and soft. On the ground in front and at the side, strawberries and some small white flowers are painted with exquisite minuteness and perfection; which serves to show, as several other of his works might be cited to prove, that Rafael had derived through his master, this pleasing Florentine method of enriching his landscape. On a rock at the side is written, "P. Perusinus P." The third *chambre* of the Belvidere gallery, in the same city, contains two excellent works of the same master. No. 12 representing the Madonna with the infant Saviour on her knees, and behind her two holy women, the one with her hands clasped, the other with a palm in her hand, has probably been the model of the Francia at Munich, and in the

Esterhazy collection. The delicacy, the ethereal light that plays around the heads, the grace of feminine purity that glows in these wonderful faces, are inexhaustibly engaging. No. 43, the same subject, but having the Virgin seated on a throne, and surrounded by four saints, St. Peter and St. Jerome on the right, and St. Paul and St. John Baptist on the left, is a strong, well-colored, powerful picture, and of large size. It shows Perugino to have been capable of a richness and force equal to the purity of his other Madonnas. There is a Madonna and child by Perugino in the Louvre, (No. 388.) Her face is of consummate dignity and holiness; of a rich expression, yet grave and elevated. Her dress is of a high color. There is a strong resemblance between the child and mother, which produces an agreeable effect. The National Gallery at London also claims to possess a Holy Family by this artist. The color has fled; but the countenances are innocent and lovely; not divine and spiritual, but earthly-pure and homely-good. Perugino is constantly recognized, and to many persons is chiefly known, by single figures of the Madonna and infant, or the same attended by two or four saints, which are to be found in almost every collection. Many of these are no doubt by his pupils. Giannicola, in particular, seems to have possessed the faculty of imitating his master with great fidelity. In the Academy at Perugia is a large Glory by this artist, consisting of a number of saints standing below, among them S. Sebastian, and above, Christ and the Virgin seated, and angels. At first sight any one would take it for Perugino; though afterwards, a greater fineness and a certain *petitesse* of forms, more than in Pietro may be seen. The figures are neat, clear and well defined. Probably Giannicola painted many of the Peruginos that go about Europe. As Perugino painted diligently through a long line, great inequality may be seen in his works. At one

time he fell into a very highly colored manner, of which a flaming specimen may be seen in the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence. Latterly, his coloring grew thin, watery and pale.

Nor does it appear that Rafael's genius reacted at all upon Perugino's; or that Perugino imitated or derived any thing from him. On the contrary, at the period when Rafael's rich, brilliant manner was developing itself, Perugino was receding into an increased dryness, and just as Rafael was warming and bringing Perugino's type into perfection, the original master himself was departing into a decided imitation of the Florentine school. Upon an inquiry of this kind, no picture can be admitted in evidence which does not bear its date, or the date of which is not otherwise established by direct external evidence. In the Villa Albani, is a picture in three compartments for an altar; representing the Nativity, or the Adoration of the newborn Infant by the Virgin, Joseph and angels. On the columns of the picture are the words,

"Petrus de Perusia pinst. In XVIIIII."

Primo.

It possesses high and characteristic beauty and loftiness; but so far from approaching Rafael's sensuousness, it has rather more dryness than is usual with Perugino. In the Palazzo Rinuccini in Florence, is an interesting picture of three saints in tribunes, on the bases of which are the names, S. Hieronymus, S. Marcus, S. Gerardus (?); and on the canvass is *written* apparently, or painted in imitation of writing,

"Pietro Perugino  
pinst anno 1512."

It has very little resemblance in the faces or the coloring

to the ordinary manner of Perugino. Instead of his solid, heavy coloring, it is in the thin, watery style of the Florentines. It must be observed also, that in the south transept of the church of San Spirito at Florence, is a fine picture representing God the Father, surrounded by an oval of cherub's heads, sustaining the Crucifix, St. Catherine kneeling on one side, and a St. Mary on the other. It is a beautiful work, the head of St. Catharine, in particular, is exquisite. The ecclesiastic who showed the church referred it to Perugino. It is so much wanting in the ordinary characteristics of his manner, that this is hardly likely to be a conjecture; it probably rests upon tradition. But it has so much of the Florentine style of the Rinuccini Perugino, that on the strength of that specimen it may be ascribed to his hand, at about the same period of 1512. Not long after his powers began to decline. The Sebastian in the church of S. Francesco at Perugia, dated 1518, is pale and weak.

He appears to have been in the plenitude and perfection of his powers about the year 1493-94. He painted as late as 1521. The church of S. Maria Maggiore at Spello, has a Pieta and a Madonna with saints by him, on one of which is the inscription, "Petrus de Castr. Pleb. Pinsit. M. D. xxi." They are quite feeble. The figures by him in the chapel of the convent of San Severo, which have the same date, are utterly imbecile.

Some, not a considerable portion of the fame of Rafael justly belongs to Perugino, who is entitled to take a higher rank among great artists than has usually been given to him. Rafael *originated* none of those forms of the Virgin and child with which his immortality is associated. He only added that nature and vitality to the forms of Perugino which were required to bring them to perfection. It was Perugino who created them, upon the hints of his pre-



deceßors, and he deserves a great share of fame for *found-ing* and *casting* the type which Rafael afterwards polished into completeness. The expansion which this type underwent in the mind of Rafael, was in some degree natural in the progress of Art, under the influence then prevailing, of a tendency toward recurrence to nature, under the impulse of the newly discovered works of Greek statuary; and it received concurrently a similar development in the works of Pinturicchio, Lo Spagno, L'Ingegno and Grannicola, who drew from Perugino, not from Rafael. But Perugino himself, in several of his works, brought his style to a pitch of force and perfection, which would not be credited by those who know him only through a few pale Madonnas in foreign galleries, the work of his immature or his declining days. It has been the practice of the German critics who dogmatize upon conjecture, to say, whenever any superior touch of graceful nature is found in Perugino, that it is probably or clearly the work of Rafael. But upon a question whether a certain excellence was derived by Rafael from Perugino, or by Perugino from Rafael, the tradition which ascribes an entire picture to Perugino ought certainly to be followed, or we are wholly without any rational guidance. But the pretensions of Perugino are susceptible of proof by a reference to works which were painted by him before Rafael ever handled a pencil; as all of Perugino's greatest productions really were.

The best easel picture by Perugino that I am acquainted with, is in the church of St. Augustino at Cremona. It is of considerable size, and represents the Virgin seated with the child in her lap, St. James the Apostle on one side, and St. Augustine on the other. The child with his sweet face turns lovingly towards St. James. The Virgin is one of the finest female figures that painting can exhibit. In rich, free, natural, flowing grace, Rafael never excelled

this form, though he has often copied it. She wears skirts of blue, a red tunic, and a green robe over it; and her posture is one of matronly ease and dignity. Her face is of exquisite beauty, free from that *puckered* expression of the features which Perugino's women often have. Its character is delicate, neat, lovely. The heads of the saints are a little dry and pinched, though of great purity. I do not know that Rafael in his ordinary Madonnas ever went beyond the grade of intellectual merit which this picture indicates, though he adopted certain methods which heightened the agreeable effect of his works and added to their popularity; for example, by throwing in a light or illuminated background. The coloring here is as rich as in the best of Rafael's Madonnas; but the picture is wanting in light, and has, therefore, a heavy and gloomy look. That Rafael had no participation, either in the execution of this charming work or in supplying its model, appears from the inscription on the base of the Virgin's throne:

Petrus Perusinus Pinxit  
MCCCCLXXXIII.

It was painted when Rafael was eleven years old.

But the scene upon which Perugino appears in the highest power, and where he really displays the greatness of a master, is the *Sala del Cambio* at Perugia, a small apartment, of which the walls are painted by him in fresco. It is divided into two parts by an arch; and on the pilaster beneath it, is cut the date 1493, which there is no reason to doubt is the true period of the execution of these works. Rafael at that time was ten years old. He did not come to Perugia till two years after. On the right hand wall are painted the prophets and sibyls, with the Almighty in a glory above. The prophets stand in order: Isaiah, Moses, Daniel, David, Jeremiah, and Solomon. The four

last are admirable and grand figures. In head and form, the David is scarcely less than sublime. The drapery is free, rich, graceful, and finely colored. The Daniel, who is somewhat in the rear, behind the others, and whose face, with his upraised hand before his breast, alone is seen, is an extremely beautiful countenance. A little behind David, on the other side, is Jeremiah, whose pallid, thoughtful, worn face is full of character and interest. At the end of the line is Solomon, in whose features regal dignity, personal passion, and intellectual pride, are finely mingled. In a distinct group, on the other side of the prophets, are the sibyls, in the following order: the Erythræan, Persian, Cumæan, Libyan, Tiburtine, and Delphian. The finest is the Cumæan. The Tiburtine also is excellent. All of them carry scrolls. This fresco is clearly the *capo d' opera* of Perugino, who here displays a freedom, variety, and power, hardly below the level of single figures in Rafael's Roman frescoes.

On the other side of the wall, which the arch divides into two compartments, are representations of ancient heroes and philosophers. The compartment nearest the door of entrance contains standing figures in the following order: Fabius Maximus, Socrates, Numa Pompilius, Curius Camillus, Pittacus, and Trajan the Emperor; and, over them, figures of Prudence and Justice. The further compartment has the following heroes standing in order: Quintus Licinius, Leonidas of Lacedæmon, Horatius Coclès, Scipio, Pericles, and Q. Cincinnatus; and, above them, figures of Fortitude and Temperance. On the dividing pilaster, under the date, is a portrait of Perugino, by himself; a very strong, clear, well-painted head. It may be observed that there is another portrait of Perugino, by himself, one of the most remarkable in the Uffizzi gallery at Florence; hard, but very clear, and of astonishing

strength and expression; where he holds in his hand a scroll on which are the words, "Timete Deum." There is also in the Lichtenstein gallery at Vienna, a head of Perugino, by Rafael, of great hardness, and in a dress of brilliant color.

On the end wall of the Sala del Cambio, are two more frescoes by Perugino: one of them the Transfiguration; the other the adoration of the infant Saviour by the Virgin, Joseph, shepherds, and angels. In the former, the figure of the Saviour is full of majesty and beauty; the head is particularly well drawn. The two prophets are kneeling beside him on clouds. On the mount lie the three apostles; one of them with his arm raised up over his eyes, to shield them from the light, as in Rafael's Transfiguration. The whole work is able and brilliant. The Adoration is upon the level of Perugino's best performances.

On the front wall, at the side of the door, is the figure of Cato, by the hand of Perugino. Upon the [sides?] are mythological subjects connected with astronomy. In the centre, is Apollo in his chariot; and over other parts are the seven planets, represented by human figures riding, &c. The entire distribution and decoration of this room are excellent. Perugino thus took the lead among the artists of that period, in representing the sibyls, in connection with the prophets, as religious and *inspired* personages. Several years afterwards, in 1508, Michael Angelo adopted Perugino's conception, representing the prophets and sibyls in company. Subsequently, Rafael painted four sibyls in the church of Santa Maria della Pace, in Rome, and furnished drawings for the figures of the prophets, which were executed by another hand; and a few years later, L'Ingegno represented, also, four sibyls and four prophets with great beauty, in a chapel in the church

of S. Francesco, at Assisi. Perugino also here led the way in that recurrence to classical and mythological subjects in which he was followed by Rafael and Giulio Romano. There seems to be no sufficient reason for ascribing any part of these frescoes to Rafael. The custode, however, assigned to Rafael the figure of Luna upon the ceiling, who is represented by a female driving in a chariot, with two other females running; on no other ground, apparently, than because they exhibit the rich, full grace and beauty for which Rafael several years later became distinguished. Even if we supposed that these frescoes were painted in 1500, as has been assumed by some writers, we should find it impossible to attribute any of these figures, much less the best of them, to Rafael, whose powers at that date were by no means sufficiently developed to have painted with the force, freedom, and beauty here manifested. These works are decidedly beyond anything that Rafael produced until after 1505; as may be seen by his Coronation of the Virgin in the Vatican, 1503; the Spozalizia, in 1504; the Last Supper, in S. Onofrio, at Florence; the Lunette, in S. Severo, at Perugia; all of which bear the date 1505.

Another evidence that much of Rafael's excellence consisted in a natural development and perfecting of the vital type which was evolved in the school of Perugino, is found in the Rafaelesque elegance and grace attained by another of Perugino's scholars, Pinturicchio, prior to the time when Rafael had expanded into excellence. A fine composition by this artist is the Finding of the Cross, in the vault of the Tribune of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme; of which the figures are full of that grace and dignity which we find in Rafael's Peruginesque forms. The colors are very high and fresh; not shading into one another, but each object having its own strong color clearly separated

from the others ; probably the result of a clumsy retouching. This was executed (prior to 1495). In the collection at the University of Perugia is a set of six pictures together, by Pinturicchio, which are altogether like the best of Perugino. On one panel is the angel making, and on another the Virgin receiving, the Annunciation, with a white dove coming to her from the window. The face of the Virgin is of the utmost loveliness and beauty. But incomparably the finest productions of Pinturicchio that I am acquainted with, are the three large frescoes on the walls of a chapel in the church of S. Maria Maggiore, in Spello, executed in 1501, when Rafael was but eighteen, and had done nothing that could have contributed to the character of this excellence. On one of the side walls is the Annunciation ; the white dove, as before indicated, flying in towards the Virgin at the same time that the angel is announcing the condescension. On one side is a portrait of the painter, looking out of the window, and below it "Bernardinus Pictoricus Perusinus." Upon the end wall of the chapel, is the Adoration of the Infant by the Virgin, St. Joseph, and some shepherds ; the Magi approaching in the distance. All these figures are admirably painted, as regards nature, strength, and grace. The face of the Virgin is not exceeded, if it be equalled, in beauty, expression, and loveliness, by anything in Rafael. The latter introduced an increased naturalness and actuality of head ; but the type declined proportionably in spirituality of expression. The third fresco, on the remaining side of the chapel, is Christ disputing with the Doctors ; and it is, perhaps, the best of all. The youthful Deity, a figure of much sweetness and grace, is standing between learned sages on both sides of him ; some of whom are wondering, others listening, others pondering. At the side, Joseph and Mary, attended by some female figures, are coming in.



The face, figure, and action of the mother are admirable. Her eyes are cast down, and her flushed face indicates a modest embarrassment and alarm at finding her son in so conspicuous a position; something of a fear lest he may expose himself. She has caught the belt of Joseph's robe, who is in front of her. Altogether, it is a composition of the highest richness, variety, and power. It is interesting to trace the progressive development in the several heads of the Virgin. The first, which is the Annunciation, is of faultless beauty, but calm, and not much disturbed from the natural condition of the features. The Adoration is a face upon which the gushing tides of natural feeling have overflowed, till they have dissolved its natural beauty into a celestial radiance of loveliness too exalted for an earthly destiny. Then, in the mother of the growing youth, is seen the fullest, deepest, tenderest, maternal solicitude. In the church of St. Francesco, in the same town, is a Madonna with saints, by Pinturicchio, but not equal to the frescoes. It contains a curious letter to him from the Lord of Perugia (see it).\* In 1503, Pinturicchio, aided in some degree by Rafael, and probably others of the same school, decorated the walls of the Libreria, at Siena, with historical compositions embracing a great profusion of figures. Rafael is known to have furnished drawings for two of these paintings, which are not decidedly superior to the others; and how closely the entire series comes to Rafael's general standard may be inferred from the circumstance, that a few years ago the whole were attributed to him. There is a good deal of carelessness in the execution of these figures, but they show clearly that the fine heads

\* The reader will readily observe by this and other indications, as on pp. 137, 233, 236, that these pages are printed from a first draft, which was intended by the author to be corrected, enlarged, and entirely re-written.

and attitudes introduced into Rafael's Roman frescoes were but finished reproductions of models long before in use in the school of Perugino.

The most striking display of the fine talents of the other members of the Perugino guild, is to be seen in the frescoes of the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, adjoining the Sala del Cambio in Perugia, which, for the beauty, splendor and good taste of its pictorial decorations, is scarcely excelled by any chapel in Europe. They are executed by that master and several of his scholars. The date of these, as I was informed by the custode upon the spot, is 1500; but, although the parts executed by Perugino cannot be much later, it is impossible to doubt that some other portions, by his scholars, have been done after the full development of Rafael's style at Rome had taken place. In the centre of the ceiling is God the Father, in clouds, encircled with cherubs' heads, and three or four little angels of free and graceful attitudes, playing among the clouds at his feet. His head is of the most elevated, pure, majestic type that I know of; almost an exact portrait of Bishop White. The drapery is also admirable. This, and a three-quarters figure on the altar front, are by Perugino. At the end, over the altar, is the baptism of Christ by St. John, and on one side of it, the angel making the annunciation, and on the other the Virgin receiving it. These three are said to be by Giannicola. The angel, running, with drapery of glowing purple, is thoroughly Rafael. It is incredible that it should have been painted much before 1520. The ceiling, which is distributed into compartments, divided by gilded panelings, is of a blue ground, with gold stars, and is painted with figures of the four evangelists, the four doctors of the church, and sundry saints, connected with the city. On the side-walls are four large pictures of the Visitation, the birth of St. John, his decollation, and

the feast of Herod ; together with reclining figures of two Sibyls. In several parts of the room, and under the arches, are beautiful arabesques, and small pictures. The four evangelists, and the two sibyls are ascribed, by the custode, to Rafael. The heads have much of his quality ; but, in the figures and limbs of each, there is some one or more great fault in drawing, which makes it obvious that Rafael had no hand in it. The head of St. John the Evangelist, and those of the Sibyls, are so entirely of his style as to render it clear that several Rafaels in Europe may well be by the artist who executed these. Many of the heads are of his finest Greek type. The gilding of the panelings of the ceiling has been restored ; but the paintings are in excellent preservation. They have never been engraved, but persons are now copying them for the purpose of translating them by the burin to that form.

It is impossible to view the various works of Perugino, of Pinturichio, and others of his followers, without perceiving that many of those ideas of beauty, grace and expression, which we connect with Rafael's name, are the joint property of a school of Perugino's followers. Rafael evolved to perfection the idea of Peruginism, which also the master and his other pupils more or less successfully developed : and the ancient Greek statuary was fully comprehended and plentifully wrought, as the type of this school, before and apart from Rafael. He unquestionably reacted most powerfully upon the whole school ; but, still, Rafaelism, in art, was an idea in commission and transmission among several.

## R A F A E L.

If vastness of intellectual and moral thought, communicated through forms of patriarchal grandeur, and with a power as "gentle," yet as extending and as resistless as "the morning light," constitute the characteristic of Michael Angelo, the name of Rafael calls up to our recollection a family of angelic shapes, in which beauty is superinduced upon grandeur, and dignity melts into consummate grace; which are illuminated by imagination and tinged by the hues of sentiment. Michael Angelo is an illustrator of powerful thoughts; Rafael a creator of perfect forms. In one, the abstract and mental purpose is so supreme, absorbing and intense, that all primary and independent consideration of the figures that express it is lost; as, in the glow of poetry we note not severally the syllables which convey the fire. The other labored, by the perfecting and beautifying of natural forms, to communicate those sentiments which are indwelling in beauty, grace and the imaginative perfections of personal forms. The mind is the realm of Michael Angelo's dominion; and hence he enjoys a prodigious fame, but a meagre popularity. The sentiments are the circle of Rafael's enchantments, more conformably, perhaps, to the true character of art; and, therefore, his popularity is as universal as his fame. But the sentiments which engaged his genius were the most dignified that our nature and life evolve; oftentimes divine. Nay, he succeeded in investing intelligence itself with the grace and character of sentiment, and could incarnate the highest conceptions of divinity in visible beauty. Perhaps, therefore, it is not that he is less earnestly a thinker and a teacher than Michael Angelo, but, only that he is

more effectually an artist. He gives personality to sanctity and truth, and reaches and cleanses the soul through the imagination and the heart. If Michael Angelo is the prophet of the Old covenant, to drive men from evil by terrors, Rafael is the apostle of the New, to win them to the loveliness of virtue. Nature was the home of his genius; the channel, if not the source of his inspirations. If his burning inspirations often transfigure nature with an ethereal splendor, he returns, with constant love, to its repose and simplicity; and sometimes sacrificed a higher praise in his too faithful rendering of the character of reality.

The peculiar purpose of Rafael's inspiration, as an artist, was to interpret between nature and spirituality, and to conciliate them into union, in the radiant truthfulness of his heaven-breathing forms. To develop and demonstrate the spiritualism of nature seems to have been the intellectual instinct of his deep-divining soul. He loves to explain the mysteries of divinity to us as the only, the possible perfections of human life, purified and raised by social affections, and chaste meditations or severe thought. His works seem to be founded on the view that the divinity of the Saviour and his saints was not merely a special and extraordinary fact, but also the revelation and illustration of a restoration capable of being developed even out of fallen humanity; that religion is the permanent realization of Deity made known "in the flesh;" the manifestation of "God with us." Never was there an artist of such intense spiritual sensibility, whose imagination reproduced natural forms with such unperturbed truth—such genuine tone. Generally, in such cases, the morbid metaphysical power of the feelings re-acts upon the imagined form so powerfully as to pinch and bend its shapes into stiff and narrow types, half-conventional in their meaning. But Rafael's imagination acted with perfect fearlessness and

freedom, to bring the form up to its highest inherent excellence; and, in that state, his genius seemed to baptize it with a luminous suffusion of spirituality with which it shines forever. Some painters, such as Fra Beato, may represent a more strenuous and high-raised spirituality than Rafael: others, such as Titian, may give us a more forcible and real representation of nature: the special and lovely greatness of Rafael is, that his works present the greatest degree of spirituality that was ever inspired in forms so glowingly instinctive with the sympathies of nature.

It is as the painter of the Madonna that Rafael is known to the admiration and affections of the whole world; and the variety, not of style and composition, but of purpose and sentiment, which he has exhibited under that notion, is remarkable. His Madonnas may be distributed into three distinct classes. First, those in which the Madonna is the representative, simply, of motherhood; and typifies only the natural sanctity of woman, in her relation to her first-born. In other words, the representation of the human mother and her human child is taken as the symbol of the peculiar divinity of the Madonna and Infant. The second may be called the Historical Madonna; giving us a view of what might have been the actual of the divine infant; sometimes with Joseph and Anna; sometimes with neither. The third class is the Spiritual and Divine Madonna, viewed in her permanent, ecclesiastical and doctrinal character, and generally in glory.

The first of these conceptions of the Madonna has a more profound and moral significance than at first might be supposed. It proceeds upon the feeling that womanhood, seen in the purity of its holiest function as mother, has in it a ray of divineness fit to make it the symbol of the Blessed and her Christ. In view of the suggestion that the Catholic worship of the Virgin Mother is but an



instinct, or recognition, of an inherent divineness in humanity, insphered in woman, this peculiar class of Rafael's Madonnas proceed upon a deeper philosophy than a casual glance might detect.

To this class belongs the charming mother and child, in the Berlin gallery, No. 248, known as the *Madonna di (?) Casa Calonna*. In this extremely beautiful picture, the color of which, though now faded, seems once to have been brilliant, the child is held on the mother's knee, in a somewhat struggling attitude, and has his left hand upon the top of her dress near her neck, his right upon her shoulder. His face is that of a child only, with nothing of divinity; her's is the countenance of a merely human mother. Her hair is reddish, in the Venetian manner; a suggestion which Rafael may have derived from Perugino's *Madonna* in the *Manfrini* gallery.

Another of this style is the *Madonna della Casa Tempi*, now in the *Pinacothek* at Munich, cabinet xix., No. 6031. In this admirable picture, the color of which also seems faded, the mother, standing, holds up the child's head against her face, and presses him earnestly to her breast in almost an ecstasy of maternal emotion. In these we have the mother and child only; and, judging from engravings, there are several other of his Madonnas with the infant, which are altogether similar to these two in character. But there is another branch of this class in which the infant *St. John* appears; and, in accordance with the general design, merely under the type of an ordinary infant. He frequently bears the cross, indeed, but that is only a traditionary mark, like the arrow in *St. Sebastian*, to indicate what character he represents. But with the exception of some conventional sign of that kind, which, in the case of the *Virgin*, may be a gilded ring around the head, there is in these works nothing in expression or atti-

tude to denote that the woman is other than an ordinary mother,—that one of the children is a god, and the other his herald. There is nothing of consciousness, either, in respect to their own divine character or that of the others, in the faces or positions of any of the persons. St. John, however, is represented in a somewhat subordinate and secondary, or attendant position: as standing and looking at the Saviour, who is seated on the mother's knees, or as bringing something to amuse him. The design of the artist being to generalize the relation of the Saviour and St. John into a representation of an ordinary scene in human life, where the superior nature is attended or aided by an elder but humbler promoter.

Of this class is the *Madonna del Cardonella*, in the Tribune, a work of mild yet exquisite beauty. The mother, arrayed in a red tunic and blue robe, is seated, holding a book. A heavenly radiance seems to settle and rest on her head and brow. The Saviour, standing between her knees, extends his arm with a somewhat lofty air, to take a goldfinch which St. John, whom the Virgin encircles with her arm, brings to the other with great satisfaction. In this simple, delicate, vigorous little work, everything in the heads and expressions is purely natural. [*Passaggio* same class—*Madonna della Segiola* of same class.]

There are some *Madonnas* of this class, in which Joseph appears alone with the mother and infant, and the group forms a symbol of the sanctity of the child and mother in the family relation. Others in which St. John is added to the composition; as in the *Repose in Egypt*, in the *Belvedere* gallery at Vienna, where the infant St. John humbly offers some fruits in his lap, which the mother holds the Saviour down to take, while Joseph grasps St. John by the arm to raise him up. Sometimes Elizabeth appears instead of Joseph.

In those representations of the subject, which may be called historical, or actual, the parties appear in their real and peculiar characters, conscious of themselves, and recognizing one another. The principal infant is obviously a divine being, and so is felt to be none other than the One Incarnate. The other, also, is the St. John Baptistes of the Gospel, enlightened by an inspired recognition of his master, and exercising his mission of pointing him out, or yielding adoringly to his higher sanctity.

Sometimes, in these, we have the infants alone with the Virgin; as when she reveals the Saviour to the young St. John. In the small, but exquisitely pure and pearl-like group in the Louvre (No. 418), called the *Vierge au Linge*, of which there are repetitions, the mother lifts the veil from her slumbering offspring, to show him to the son of Elizabeth. In that picture, the infant lies profoundly and richly asleep; a celestial softness of atmosphere is about his brow and eyes. The infant St. John kneels in humble homage; or, in some repetitions of it, stands and points to him, with earnest and decided air. The drawing of the sleeper's figure, which is extended, with one arm stretched back, is perfect. Of the Louvre illustration, the color has greatly faded. But most frequently, in this class, the Holy Family, including Joseph and Elizabeth, is represented; as in the *Madonna del Impannata*, where the holy child is the object of reverent solicitude to the three adult persons, while the little St. John, seated at the side, in all the solemnity of a prophet, points to him, as if he would say, "Behold the Lamb of God!" In the same rank is the popular and agreeable picture of the Holy Family, in the Musée Bourbon, at Naples, No. 370, sometimes called the *Madonna col divin' Amore*. The mother is seated, with her hands folded in adoration of her miraculous offspring, who, astride of her knees, with extended arm, is

giving the divine benediction to St. John, who, bending upon one knee, and placing his hand upon his breast, seems to supplicate it. The Virgin wears a dress of pale lake color, with a blue robe going over her knee. Elizabeth, with her withered face, is behind the infant Christ, and holds him with one hand. There are square pillars in the back-ground; and between them, towards one side, is Joseph, who looks round at the group.

The third [Wholly unfinished. In this class, of course, would come the Madonna di San Sisto, or Dresden Madonna.]

In the sacristy of the church of S. Pietro de' Casinensi, in Perugia, is preserved a small picture of two infants: the Saviour and St. John, seated together on a gilded bench, one of them having his arms over the shoulders of the other. The color is pallid, but some delicate pinkish flesh tints still linger about the limbs. It is represented to be the earliest remaining work from the pencil that afterwards drew the Madonna di San Sisto; and it is characteristic of the early path in which Rafael's genius moved, that this should be a copy from Perugino. In the first room of the Borghese gallery at Rome, No. 46, there is an unfinished picture attributed to Rafael, which, if genuine, must be the work of his very early years. It represents Christ lying on the ground, with a cross; St. John kneeling to him; the mother also kneeling, and two angels with trumpets; and is entirely Peruginesque in its elements and character. In the Berlin gallery there are three pictures of Rafael's earliest years, representing the mother and child. In one of them, No. 141, the child holds a bird; in another, No. 145, they are attended by St. Jerome and St. Francis; and in the third, No. 147, by St. John, who stands with his arms folded on his breast, and holding a cross. All of these have much beauty, but

still are purely Perugian. [See Waagen's Catalogue.] Another work generally agreed to be Rafael's is, certainly, very early, and before any decided advance upon his master had been made by him. It hangs in the royal palace in Naples, and exhibits the Virgin seated on a throne, and two female saints beside her; the infant is upon her knee, and St. John, standing, reaches to him; on either side, in front, are St. Peter and St. Paul. When I first looked at it, I was confident that it was a work of Perugino. After a longer examination, one may find in the standing St. John a greater richness and fullness of limb than is usual in Perugino. His face and figure have a striking resemblance to those of the infant in the Seggiola Madonna. The Virgin's face is full of loveliness; but most of the others have precisely the puckered features of old Perugino. The heads have golden circles around them. Upon the whole, were one to judge from internal marks alone, there would be little hesitation in assigning it to Perugino rather than Rafael; yet it appears to be perfectly authenticated as a work of the latter, and only proves that at that time he did nothing than literally re-combine the types of his teacher. The coronation of the Virgin, painted for the church of S. Francesco, at Perugia, but now in the same room with the Transfiguration, in the Vatican, is also almost completely Perugino; and the Predella subject, in an adjoining room, appears, as already remarked, to have been imitated upon some similar works by Perugino, at Perugia. This is said to have been painted in 1503. To the same period, I think, should be referred the small Risen Christ, in the Galleria Tosi, now belonging to the city of Brescia. It is about a foot in breadth, and a foot and a half in height. The Saviour points with his left hand to the wound in his side, and with the other to heaven. His left hand shows a wound in the back. He wears the

crown of thorns. The figure, which is beautifully drawn, is given only to the middle; and, with the exception of a red robe round the right shoulder, and over the base of the picture, is undraped. The face, and especially the eyes, are thoroughly Perugino. This work has generally been referred to the year 1505, but appears to me too entirely a school-work to belong to the period of the frescoes of San Severo. The Adoration of the Kings, at Berlin, is so entirely effaced that it is scarcely worth while to refer to it. All of these works are probably anterior to 1504.

In that year, when Rafael was twenty-one, was painted the Spozalizia, or Marriage of the Virgin and St. Joseph, now in the Brera at Milan. This might be compared to a transparency of Perugino through which a stronger, brighter, ruddier light than emanated from his mind was shining. There is great distinctness, brilliance and power in all the figures; and the work gives us a high idea of Rafael's genius. And yet all his merit consists in the more animated, spirited and master-like style in which his teacher's thought is represented. It is Perugino reproduced in the vital mirror of an imagination larger, more fervid and more sensitive to the Beautiful than his own. The composition, with two groups on either side of the high priest, and an architectural design behind, with steps, is derived from Perugino's Delivery of the Keys to St. Peter in the Sistine chapel. Several of the faces are exactly copied from Perugino's models. There is a dryness about the coloring characteristic of his manner. The flesh tones, though clear, are pervaded by an olive tint. The draperies are variously and highly colored, yet have much severity of outline. It is impossible to point to any particular in the type of the figures, their character, expression, grace or dignity, in which Rafael here displays any invention. Yet he already renders the transmitted type with a



grandeur, fullness and accuracy of drawing, which surpasses any previous examples. And he displays one artist quality which gives this work, for popular effect, an immense advantage over Perugino. He has thrown a general light into the air behind the figures, which sets them in fine and most agreeable relief. This atmospheric brightness of back-ground is one of Rafael's most uniform and important characteristics, and he had thus early learned its value. The Virgin in this picture is beautiful, and the girl behind her has an animated and interested countenance; but Joseph looks rather tristful.

Rafael may be considered as displaying gratefully in this picture, and to the highest possible advantage, the entire mental patrimony which he inherited as part of the school of Perugino; as if he had meant the Spozalizia to show in his later works with what surpassing power of wing, making the last limit of Perugino his starting point, he could soar away into splendors invisible to the keen strong eye that taught and guided his early flights. His works in the following year show the independent workings of his own imagination. They are not equal in grace and beauty to the Spozalizia: but they are far more valuable; because they show that imitation had at last provoked an original action of the mind. There is an aspect of painfulness in the countenances of Rafael's works in the year 1505, which indicates that the sensibility of his imagination was then greater than its tone, and that his spirit suffered in giving birth to its own strong conceptions. To this period belongs the fresco of the Last Supper, which was discovered in 1845, in a room in the Via Tedesca in Florence, which had formerly been part of the convent of St. Onofrio. On the border around the neck of the dress of St. Thomas, are the words "Rap. VRS. MDV:." and no rational doubt can be entertained of the authenticity of the work. A good

deal that is Peruginesque still hangs about the habit of its author's mind; yet the controlling outlines have an original character, and the expressions have a force, and an individualness of thought beyond the master. Some of the apostles look frightened; others look anxious or unhappy; but all the faces have a decision and intenseness that shows a mind determined to leave its mark in art. St. John lies with his head upon the table; Judas sits in front, holding the bag, and looking out of the picture. Some of the apostles appear to be attending to what Jesus says; others are eating and drinking. The name of each is painted under his feet. The back-ground is a tapestry of figured green. In a compartment above, is the Agony in the Garden, with small figures. In other compartments, tall slender young trees are painted, like those often seen in Rafael's pictures.

Another interesting fresco partly by Rafael in this year, and partly by Perugino a few years later, exists at Perugia, in a chapel in the convent of San Severo, over the altar. It is of two parts. The upper, by Rafael, consists of God the Father, with two angels below him at the sides. Beneath the Father, is the Dove, and still lower the Saviour, on either side of whom are three saints. On one side, beginning on the left, are St. Maurus, St. Placidus, St. Benedictus (or Severus); on the other, St. Romualdus, St. Benedict and St. John. The figures of God the Father and one of the angels are entirely effaced. The other angel has a freedom, force, richness, and boldness of foreshortening, thoroughly Rafaellesque. The head of the Saviour is finely and beautifully drawn; and his upraised arm and head are quite like those in the Transfiguration. Below this work of Rafael, are a range of half a dozen saints by Perugino, the work of his extreme old age. The faces are feeble and vacant. Below these, on both sides, are inscriptions, one of which states that Rafael's work was painted

in 1505; the other, that Perugino's was painted in 1521. So that we here see in conjunction, one of the earliest of the pupil's and the latest of the master's productions. It is probable that the Last Supper was executed earlier than this work at San Severo; as Rafael was at Florence in the end of 1504 and beginning of 1505.

In this year, also, are said to have been painted the two portraits of a man and woman of the Doni family now in the Pitti gallery, No. 59 and 61 of the Hall of Apollo. The former is the better of the two; but both are stiff and hard; still they have immature touches of those qualities of outline and color which afterwards grew into the nectarine-richness of Rafael's forms. About the same time was painted the portrait of Rafael by himself in the Uffizzi. There is in the expression something of melancholy, as of a spirit haunted by its own too earnest thoughts; the coloring has a richness that seems repressed by timidity or severity.

The only picture that I am acquainted with that bears upon itself the date MDVI, is the Virgin and two children in the Belvidere gallery at Vienna, called the Virgin in the Meadow, No. 55 of Chambre 3. The faces of the boys have something of the rich expression of the Seggiola picture. It is beautiful, yet simple and pure. It must be allowed that the Perugino manner is still visible in this work.

In the following year, we behold another influence coming athwart the soul of the youthful painter, and inspiring it with a grandeur and strength, and upwardness of aim that raised him into that front rank of great painters which he afterwards occupied. I mean the emulation of Michael Angelo; the source or stimulant of all that was great in Rafael. The first picture in which this is unmistakeably shown is the Entombment, in the Borghese; No. 37 of the

second room; which bears the inscription, Raphael Urbinas MDVII. We here find no resemblance to Perugino. Whatever types may have been derived from him have been matured into such higher grade as to make them truly originals; and this chiefly by Rafael's own independent study of Greek sculpture. But the predominant characteristics of face and attitude are derived from Michael Angelo; with whose force and daring, and grandeur, the artist's soul seems to have been set on fire. Both the composition and the coloring have great variety and force at the expense of harmony. The female heads are of great beauty. The countenance of the woman behind the Virgin who has her arm around her fainting form, is of uncommon loveliness. Altogether you see a work in which the embodying powers of the artist come not up to the conceptive ardor of the creator, and which therefore has a coldness and stiffness not quite agreeable. But on the other hand you see an ambition, a skill in drawing individual figures, and a pervading greatness, that give assurance of a speedy march of triumph into the highest regions. It is a prodigious advance upon all that Rafael had done before that time, and it belongs to the same order of works as the Vatican frescoes and the Transfiguration.

In the following year, 1508, Rafael began the frescoes in the Camera della Segnatura in the Vatican,—consisting of Theology, or the Dispute of the Sacrament; Poetry or Parnassus; Philosophy or the School of Athens; and Jurisprudence—which occupied three years, and were finished in 1511. The merit of these works consists chiefly in the dignity, grace, beauty, and intellectual and noble expression in single figures. The compositions are somewhat cold, lifeless and heavy. The worst in that respect is Theology, and the best the School of Athens. But as single figures, nothing can exceed the serene and lofty

grace of the type which here for the first time and forever Rafael associated with his name. It is altogether his own; yet he was undoubtedly led to it through the forms which had grown into his mind in the school of Perugino. The diligent study of the antique sculpture which now became familiar in Rome, gave variety and expansion to that system; and Michael contributed something in the grandeur of manner. Yet from whatever sources suggested and supplied, the forms, in their final issue, have an absolute unity, originality, and character.

The year 1511 (?) was marked by an event memorable in the history of Art, and of the development of Rafael's genius,—the throwing open to the public of Michael Angelo's frescoes in the Sistine chapel. The first impression seems to have overset Rafael altogether: and in the figure of Isaiah in the Church of S. Agostino at Rome, he appears to have forgotten all confidence in his own native inspiration, and to have produced little else than a caricature of the mighty Florentine's manner. Subsequently, he learned to make the true use of Michael Angelo's great example; in catching the sentiment which it breathes, and qualifying and advancing his own characteristic style by feeding his spirit upon the atmosphere of grandeur and high thoughtfulness which the Sistine frescoes exhale. The Expulsion of Heliodorus, in the Stanza of that name in the Vatican is, in parts at least, the most vivid, single and powerful composition that Rafael ever produced. The group that sweep the desecrator from the fane, seem launched with swiftness from the altar of the Lord; instant as lightning, the rush of vengeance springs upon the offender, and he is overwhelmed in the whirlwind of indignation. That group cannot be called an imitation of Michael Angelo. It is altogether original and Rafaellesque, and may be considered as an evidence that Rafael when provoked by an exalting

emulation, could develop from his own genius, qualities fit to be mated against the august master of power. In some other parts of the fresco there is some adoption of Michael Angelo's manner of twisting the figure, which does not here produce that impression of power which it does in the Florentine.

In this year of 1512, Rafael's genius seems to have been deepened into a sensibility to beauty, exceeding any thing he had displayed before; and perhaps a little too morbid for the purity and dignity of perfect art. It may be observed, in particular, that the sentiment and faculty of color, at this period, became developed in him with almost excessive energy; and much exceeding both earlier and later manifestations. This might, by some, be attributed to an effort to educate his powers in a different direction from that which characterized Michael Angelo, and to excel in a department in which that master was notoriously deficient: or, by others, to his having caught a sympathy with the Venetian school, of which there are other traces in some of his works. But it may most reasonably be referred to the temporary condition of his mental faculties in the co-progress of their changeful and comprehensive development. Color is a mental or cerebral faculty; intimately allied with the general state of the intellectual qualities, or, perhaps, resulting from them; and, probably, Rafael's organization was, at this time, in that condition of sensuous spiritualism of which color is a natural accompaniment and exponent. The Madonna di Fuligno, which bears the date 1512, may be referred to as an evidence of the somewhat morbid hyper-susceptibility of Rafael's imagination in that year. The figures show an intensity of conception that is not quite healthy.

One of the works which belongs to this period is the lovely Fornarina of the Tribune, which, in fact, bears upon



it the date 1512. It is the face of a most beautiful woman. She is fully and carefully dressed; with ear-rings, a finger-ring, and a gold chain passing round her neck, and coming to the top of her dress. But the small, thin curl of a few hairs, hanging loosely over her forehead and cheek, is a grace of Nature truly Rafaelesque. Off one shoulder hangs a panther skin, which is held by her hand. The rich, warm, "purple light of love" hangs voluptuously over the picture. The whites of her dress are yellowish, and the harmony of all the coloring is admirable. It may be observed, that in the Pitti gallery, (No. 245,) is a portrait, by some ascribed to Rafael, but called in the catalogue, *Anonymous*. It is obviously the same head; and it has the same peculiarity of a slight curl coming down loose over the face. The coloring and drapery are not like Raphael, being more broken, ragged and intricate than is usual with him. I am by no means sure that the Fornarina of the Barberini palace at Rome, does not represent the same woman, in later years, for, though very differently conceived by the painter, the character of the faces are much the same. The one has the poetry of a female face, beaming with the inspiration of full dress, and further idealized perhaps by youthful love: the other is the prose of a figure, which age and custom have worn, and which is seen *en déshabillé*, in the light of mere actuality. If the latter be really by Rafael, it is in his later years, when he had fallen into that literal style, of which we shall speak elsewhere. It is precisely such a face as you see at this hour, among the Roman women of the lower order. But its having the word "Rafael" on the arm is, perhaps, not so conclusive of its authorship, since a repetition of it in the Borghese, confessedly by Guilio Romano, copies the same word. It must be allowed to have something of the

metallic style of Guilio, who, perhaps, put the name there to denote the subject, not the author.

As a pendant to the Tribune Fornarina, may be mentioned the exquisite portrait of Bindo Altoviti, now at Munich; formerly called a portrait of Rafael. It is on a green ground, and has a wonderfully life-like and yet ideal look. The coloring has the freshness and softness of a picture finished yesterday. Of the same luxurious coloring is the *Repose in Egypt*, in the Belvidere at Vienna, Chamber 3, No. 53. The richness, depth, warmth and lustre of the tones are as delightful as, to one accustomed to Rafael's earlier and ordinary manner, they must be surprising. Nothing, in all respects, can be more remote from the cold purity of his youthful manner, or the rather dry delicacy of his later years, than this. The forms and attitudes of the children are admirable. It gives one quite a new impression of Rafael.\* In the Esterhazy gallery, in the same place, (No. 56, Salle 10,) is a picture, formerly called a portrait of Rafael, by Perugino, but confidently stated to be a portrait of the Duc de Urbino, by Rafael. It is of a very bright, airy color; and the features seem to have the illumination and quiver of nervous life.

There are a few pictures of Rafael in which one sees a predominance of yellow tone, which was much used by some of his followers, as may be seen in the Loggie of the Vatican. It is probable that these were partly executed by Rafael, and were colored by some of his pupils. Of this class is the *Saint Cecilia* in the Bologna gallery, (No.

\* Very similar in manner is a Rafael in the gallery at Parma, called the ——. The landscape strongly resembles that of the *Repose in Egypt*, in Vienna: so do the high plum colored tents. The face of the Saviour resembles that of the infant in the *San Sisto*. Its authenticity has been doubted; and it has been ascribed to some of his pupils; but I take it to be genuine.

132,) which appears not to have been completed till some years after it was commenced. If we suppose it taken up in an unfinished state by one of his pupils, and colored, we shall be able to account for the heaviness of expression which is now felt to be unsatisfactory in a work where the conception and composition are able. Of the same order is the *Madonna del Passegio*, (No. 278,) of the Naples Museum, where the Mother, standing, holds the Saviour, to whom the infant John presses closely to kiss. Joseph, who is walking away, in the back ground, turns his head round. He has a yellow dress, and white streaming hair and beard, as seen in some of the figures of the *Loggie*, and often adopted by Rafael's followers. It is a small and slight picture, and yet has some marks of genuineness. We might plausibly conjecture that this was drawn by Rafael at an early period, and afterwards colored by some scholar.

There is a class of portraits by Rafael, at a somewhat later period, in which, either from an excessive devotion to the Venitian materialistic manner, or from his own characteristic tendency to nature gaining too great an ascendancy over his idealizing powers, he fell into a style which seems to aim at nothing more than illusory transcription of physical forms. These are, to me, not pleasing works. There is, one might almost say, a cannibalism of materiality, which goes below Rembrandt, and indicates a false view of Art that seems inexplicable in Rafael. The most marked of these is the picture of Leo X. and two cardinals, in the Pitti gallery, (No. 63,) of which there is a repetition or a copy in a gallery at Naples, (No. 371.) The Pope, with a book in his hand, sits at a table, on which is a bell. The bell and the figures of the table-cloth are given with a deceptive literality of imitation that would have made the reputation of a Dutch painter. The figures

have a heavy, unrelieved, beef-like solidity, that belongs to no high school of painting. The Pitti also contains a portrait of Cardinal Bibbiena, (No. 176,) which, though brilliant, is hard and cold; and one of Inghirami, (No. 171,) which is dry and stony, though clear. Of the same general class is the portrait of a Cardinal in the Leuchtenberg gallery, at Munich, (No. 39,) the effect of which is massive, but too material. The countenance is a rich and ripe one, strong but without effort or stare. The white, soft beard falls over a red dress, delicately painted. The coloring is solid and pure: the high colored robe over the dress, the red cap, and the drapery, generally, has too decided an illusory effect to be satisfactory. This material style of portraiture

[Here this Essay upon Rafael, which, as has been already said, was left by its author in a state obviously intended for revision and exfoliation, terminates abruptly. On some loose pieces of paper are found some further, but disconnected, remarks, as follows:]

The inclination of Rafael's genius, it may, perhaps, be said with truth, was not to invention but to perfection. And that is not only the highest, but the true characteristic and the normal action of Genius. In Art, perfecting is the genuine method of creating. Art does not consist in representing forms; it consists in causing forms to represent thoughts, sentiments, emotions. He who merely transfers to canvass a shape from nature or his own fancy, has done but little that would not have been accomplished if the image had been allowed to remain where it existed before. But he who ideals this form; who exalts it into the grandeur and beauty of a higher expressiveness by ——

It would be extremely untrue to say, that Rafael was not a great master in composition, for he has left to Art the most perfect examples of composition which it possesses;

and in the department of Compositions of Action, he passes all rivalry and all imitation.

Yet it may be said, that his pictures are more often defective in composition than in any thing else. Those large pictures which exhibit compositions in repose, often fail in that particular, apparently on account of the excessive intensity with which single figures or separate groups in the whole piece are conceived; each having, as it were, its own focus of power, and not being subordinated to a controlling organization of the whole. It seems as if nothing else than an earnest, impetuous action in the whole combination of figures, could furnish a medium potent enough to absorb and melt down the strenuous individualness of his separate conceptions of them. He is, therefore, of compositions of action, the greatest master that existed; but it is in statical compositions that the least successful displays of his power are to be found. If we ever feel a want in viewing Rafael—if the vague suspicion of failure ever occurred to us in that ever glorious presence; it would be in reference to works of that character.

And here we see the diversity which he was able to create between his sphere and Michael Angelo's. He disdained to imitate the great Florentine, or to cope with him in a style which he had created; his resources were adequate to the creation of a new method, style and manner of greatness; a new realm of grandeur which might be set beside the elder world of the other, for the independent and equal admiration of mankind.

Michael Angelo's prevailing instincts, as a sculptor, made him subject to the law of repose in figures and in compositions; which he carried into his great compositions in fresco. Where an action is represented by him, the moment chosen is one of temporary stillness and rest; as in the Vision of St. Paul and the Crucifixion of St. Peter.

He has not painted *motion*; the actual transition of time, and acts and attitudes. This is a characteristic greatness of Rafael, in which he has been followed by none so ably and decidedly as by Dominichino. The dynamics of composition are the creation of Rafael. Rubens, in a later day, showed an energy to cope both Michael Angelo and Rafael in their own greatest strength.

When the several figures were not involved in one great action, he felt a difficulty in combining them into one expression; and thus occasions a defect of *chiaro-scuro*; which seems to me to have been the greatest want of Rafael. His tendency to *action* in compositions is seen in his first great composition, on the Entombment in the Borghese. Not only is the entire procession in actual and hurried movement, but the several figures are in almost tumultuous variety and agitation. [Mention the Heliodorus.] Another composition of which only a fragment from his own hand remains, in the Cartoon of the National Gallery, is the Murder of the Innocents, being one of the second series of tapestries in the Vatican. This is of matchless excellence. Here the divergencies of many individual impulses of terror and ferocity are brought to a common centre of unity the most complete. A prodigious variety in the attitudes and conditions of the several struggling sets, is made to tend to one exclusive and irresistible effect. The moral impression has an entireness and force that never were exceeded. The interest of violent contest is still at breathless height, yet you see that such is the position of each murderer in relation to each infant, that the destruction of each Innocent is inevitable. No backward-working hope or possibility of escape conflicts against the concentrated expression of certain doom, that every line of the action combines to form. The discordant cries of the group come to our ears, blended into one piercing shriek



of childless motherhood. Guido (and Poussin?) have represented this scene; but the forces of their canvass are divided and scattered. The Deliverance of St. Peter, in a stanza of the Vatican, is another charming instance of a hurried, agitating action, treated with beautiful delicacy and interest. Equally successful is the representation of movement in the Incendio del Borgo; the figures of the men letting themselves down the wall and clinging with their hands to the parapet, and of the women carrying water with a swiftness that sends their drapery flying on one side and the other, produce a delightful effect in contrast with the calm air of the Pope, who appears at a window to arrest the flames with a motion of his hand. We readily see in this picture one of the models upon which Dominichino formed himself. But the Battle of the Ponte Molle, in the Stanza of Constantine in the Vatican, which was executed by Guilo Romano after Rafael's death, and of which a portion of the original cartoon exists in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, may be considered not only as Rafael's most difficult and greatest composition, but as the most masterly representation in existence of a multitudinous and complicated action reduced to distinctness and connectedness of impression. Several of the tapestries also display admirable examples of great force in motion.

[MS. here ends abruptly. What follows in regard to certain pictures of Rafael are lead pencil entries in a pocket journal made on the spot. It need scarcely be added that they are mere notes of fact, and not even unfinished critical disquisitions.]

*Hampton Court, Wednesday, 19th June, 1850.*—The celebrated cartoons of Rafael at Hampton Court are on paper and colored, about twelve feet broad by eight high. They were cut into slips about two feet wide for the con-

venience of working into tapestry ; but the parts have been put together again, in some instances perfectly, in others not well. Much of the coloring of some of them has flown. They are all, except two, under a strong front light, which is very unfavorable for seeing them. Yet their effect is immense. The best I think is St. Paul preaching at Athens. It is in the best preservation as to color and as to the junction of the pieces. It is worthy of Rafael. The company before him does not form a *group*, blended into one mass ; the distinctness with which the moral individuality of each is marked, is admirable ; you see the word in its effect upon each mind and heart. The working of the word upon each hearer is the great subject the artist has illustrated. The whole is combined into

Next to it I would rate the Death of Ananias ; the action of the piece there is inimitable. The Miraculous Draft of Fishes is a noble and glorious thing, but unluckily greatly damaged and the colors much impaired. In the "Feed my Sheep," the group of Apostles is exceedingly lovely and beautiful. The three other cartoons pleased me less. As for Hampton Court, I think it could not have been elegant at any time, and it is now dismally gloomy. I should not envy a Royal Pensioner any thing—except the pleasure of seeing the cartoons.

*Dresden, 29th September, 1850.*—Rafael's Madonna di San Sisto. This picture surpasses all my expectations. It is beyond criticism, because it is free from mannerism ; you can only characterize it by saying that it is the perfection of the highest grace and beauty. As you gaze at it, it produces a concentrating and awing impression. The august glory of Heaven was never more powerfully displayed. It is one delicious blaze of celestial, holy beauty. To analyze the qualities in which this great effect consists, to trace the methods by which so astonishing a result has

been brought out, is quite impracticable. The greatness of the work lies in the majestic radiance in which the subject presented itself to the transcendent sensibilities of the painter's imagination, who appears to have rendered simply that which he had conceived divinely. Never was the effect of a picture less dependent, apparently, upon any devices of execution—upon color, drawing, light, and shade, or composition. All the magic seems to lie in the mental conception of the scene.

The peculiar interest of the mother's face seems to be twofold; consisting, first, in the union of virgin girlishness with maturity; and, secondly, in the charging of a human countenance with all the sensibility of imparted divinity. The whole catholic conception of motherhood superinduced upon the unviolated innocence of virginity, and of the mortal overshadowed and absorbed by the glory of the God-head, is realized in that face. The balance between all these is kept with consummate judgment. In reverencing the effulgent sanctity of the face, you are not so much struck with the extent to which a divine elevation has been attained, as by the firmness and skill with which a human consciousness and human sympathies have been kept. There is in the face a sadness wholly free from pain; it is not that anxious sadness of motherhood, which Francia often threw into his Madonnas: it is the sadness of humanity invested with a divinity before whose infiniteness its nature grows almost appalled.

The face of the child is glowing and distended, as it were, with the forces of an in-dwelling spirit all-God. It seems to be communing in an intense intercourse with the Invisible Omnipotent, and to expand in the apprehension of its own exalted being. It broods and kindles over the thought of its transcendent destiny. It fires with all the sanctity

of the Godhead, and something of its severity. It is holy even to sternness.

The figure of St. Barbara combines the greatest simplicity with the most delightful grace and beauty. Grandeur, elegance, and loveliness are combined in it with an expression of the utmost ease and nature.

The two angels who lean over upon the platform below, are, perhaps, the most remarkable and effective things in the whole work. They are children, and yet all heavenly. The face of the one whose finger is on his upper lip, seems fixed upon the far throne of the Infinite, in the ardent, bold, eager, sympathetic adoration of a spirit which partakes of that which it worships. The attitude of the third finger resting on the upper lip, in a musing self-forgetfulness, imparts an exquisite naturalness to the figure. The power of that countenance, which yet is thoroughly child-like, is truly astonishing.

The painting of every part of this matchless work is as perfect as the design. The flesh seems to palpitate under your gaze. The clouds on which the Virgin stands are exquisitely beautiful. There is no doubt that the picture has been over-cleaned; and the colors are, generally, paler than in the early days of its glory. But, unlike the *Notte* of Correggio, the characteristics of the work have not been destroyed, and its expression still triumphs over all the accidents and injuries of time.

To describe the composition: The Virgin appears standing on snowy clouds, and holding the infant in her arms. St. Sixtus, covered with a gilded vestment of his office, kneels on the clouds, on her right, and is pointing to something in front. On her left, kneels St. Barbara on the clouds. On a platform below, the two angels lean with their arms. In the blue vault, behind the Virgin, are an innumerable throng of cherub heads, faintly indicated in

white against the blue. The whole scene is represented as behind a green curtain on a rod, which is withdrawn on both sides. The picture has a glass before it, and is on hinges. This great work is a proof that the higher displays of genius and art return to nature and simplicity.

*Rome, Thursday, 13th March, 1851.*—I sat for a long time in front of the Transfiguration, trying to discover the causes why a picture which has so much that is admirable in it impresses me so little. After having seen it many times, and studied it long, I must avow that I am disappointed in the effect of the Transfiguration. The first time that I saw it was with a blank and total disappointment, from which I could not recover. On the subsequent occasions, the first impression has been similar; and though, after careful examination of all its parts, I have been impressed with great admiration for the genius and skill of the artist, I have still always gone away unmoved, and but little delighted with the picture itself. The details are full of genius and artist power; the combined effect is unimpressive. And this, I think, is characteristic of Rafael, and fairly illustrates the strength and weakness of his powers. In the drawing of the figure he was unsurpassed; in the imaginative power, which conceives of a whole scene with unity and energy, he was weak. I find that in him the spirit of the particular and local predominates over that of the general and ensemble; but the Correggiesque power of fusing all the elements together in one burning whole, was not *his*.

The division in the action and character of the picture strikes me as a fatal fault. After all my efforts, I cannot make one picture of it. It remains to me two pictures; and two pictures not merely distinct and not contributing to one another, but inconsistent, and respectively impairing and interfering with one another. The perspective

effect appears to me to fail utterly. The chiaro-scuro is decidedly bad. The mountain, and the figures on it, and the figures above, are all very near you in the foreground. The same thing, in a greater degree, may be seen in the *Madonna di Fuligno*, where the Virgin has got her foot almost in the mouth of one of the saints. This appears to be a defect in Rafael's genius, arising from the want of vastness and vigor of imagination. The light around the Saviour seems quite too feeble; the atmosphere of glory in which he is involved quite too thin. It also is confined to the Saviour, and does not fully embrace the saints with him. Moses is clearly seen against a tree, and against the natural sky, whereas they were all enveloped in cloud; and there is even more occasion to wrap them in a visionary lustre than so to wrap the Saviour. The artist, who has copied the picture in mosaic, in St. Peter's, has perceived this, and has extended the glory so as fully to take the saints in. There is a want of light in the whole picture. The dark back-ground below, which Rafael rarely used, and perhaps did not know fully how to deal with, has probably absorbed much of the lighter colors. The picture has grown darker by time. But the great excuse is, that it is certainly much more unfinished than we generally are told. The light above, I am sure, would have been greatly extended and strengthened. Remembering the *Madonna at Dresden*, I am especially struck with this. The elements and details here are doubtless fine; and I imagine that it is artists, studying them, who have made the great reputation of the picture. Its popular character would not be so high.





## COMTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

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[The essay which follows is an unfinished draft, found in Mr. Wallace's port-folio, after his death in Paris, of a letter which he had began to the Reverend John McClintock, D. D., of Carlisle, editor of the "Methodist Quarterly Review." It appears to be the acknowledgment of a note from Dr. McClintock to Mr. Wallace, transmitting to him a copy of that Journal for January, 1852, and inviting his perusal of an elaborate and able review of M. Comte's "Cours de Philosophie Positive," found in that number. The letter, of course, was not in its finished state.]

ALTHOUGH the copy of the January number (for 1852) of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, which you were so good as to mail for me, has not come to my hands, I have obtained another copy of it, and read the paper on M. Comte's work.

I have been much interested by the general commendations of the book, with which it opens. They show that the writer is possessed of a profound, enlightened, and fearless intelligence. The observations on page 21, on the moral imbecility of the age,—its sordid and self-idolizing character,—have my full sympathy. The extensive and correct knowledge exhibited in the paper, and the great superiority to the narrow and vicious metaphysics of the time and country, have surprised me with the utmost pleasure. Your note to me gave the impression that you your-

self were not the writer ; but however that may be, I beg to be allowed to express, through you, and to you—as the fact of authorship may be—my cordial respect and thanks for the contribution to public literature of so able and important a paper.

Nevertheless, I must be excused for saying that I cannot quite accept the article as a satisfactory philosophical estimate of the Positive System as displayed by M. Comte.

The pervading error of your critic's views,—his considering that *scientific* forms and methods are of limited application to the objects of human interest and knowledge, and that there is a class of things which lie beyond the domain of *science*,—springs from his not having fully considered the law of the *hierarchy of the sciences* ; which I look upon as the most important truth which M. Comte has conceived,—the very *core* truth of the system of Positive Philosophy. Bacon undoubtedly contemplated, in prophetic vision, the application of the inductive method to morals ; Descartes, however, pushing the conquests of exact method up to the very limits which separate the external and material from the mental, undertook *there* to set up the Pillars of Hercules, and to say that the great ocean of subjective consciousness which lay beyond was never to be traversed by science. Comte, taking not so much an opposing as a more profound view, which supersedes the partial view of the other, affirms that mental and moral subjects are capable of being embraced and analyzed by science ; but under this qualification, that science must assume a very different character in becoming adapted to that class of matters from what it had in lower and more limited regions. It is in this point—the rectification of the philosophical notion of science, the determination of what is the appropriate character of science as applied to various classes of objects—that Comte's great contribution

to truth consists. Philosophically considered, the law of the hierarchy of the sciences is the law of the successive modifications which the nature and character of science undergo in its applicability to successive ranges of phenomena.

Had your acute and candid reviewer more carefully weighed this affair of the hierarchy of the sciences, he would have understood that *science*, as applied to mathematics, is an essentially different thing from science as adapting itself to chemistry, vitality, and society. Mathematical science has been developed so long,—chemical and biological so short a time; it was so long true that mathematical subjects were the only ones which had come under the domain of *science*, that we had all fallen into the custom of thinking that science and mathematical science are the same thing; whereas, the latter is only one form and variety of science, though destined always to be the most developed and complete. This great liberating and enlightening truth we owe to M. Comte; and it is the keystone of the “Cours de Philosophie Positive.”

Your critic says that he passes over the subject of the hierarchy, for want of space. I venture to suggest to him whether he has not a little too hastily passed over it in his own studies. Other entrance or induction, intellectually or morally, to the social philosophy which figures in the later volumes of the “Cours,” than through the gradation of sciences, mathematical, chemical, biological, etc., framed in the earlier volumes, there is none. The conception of the mental characteristics of those sciences, and the transition from one to a higher, constitute the indispensable intellectual preparation and training for the social part, which comes last. I consider that no man can justly apprehend the views developed in M. Comte's later volumes without having mastered, and assimilated into his mental

sense and knowledge, the preceding explications of the inferior sciences. Why did M. Comte labor through long years of painful toil, in the elaboration and publication of those preliminary generalizations upon mathematics, chemistry, and organic life? The object of his study and teaching was, and is, *Social Philosophy*: but he felt the logical necessity of not merely stating, but illustrating practically the different characters and qualities of *science*, as it is addressed to different subjects,—the successive expansion of the notion and style of *scientific conception*—truly understood,—as we come up from those phenomena, in which relation or reaction are only mechanical or mathematical,—first, to those in which they are according to the laws which we call chemical,—secondly, to those in which they are according to the laws of material life or organization,—and lastly, to those in which they are according to the laws called spiritual, moral, political, social. For it is scarcely possible for any man to apprehend *how* the scientific method must be expanded and qualified in passing from biology (in its lower forms) to social subjects, unless his mind has been informed and disciplined by following the modification which the scientific idea underwent in passing from mathematical subjects to chemical, and again from chemical to vital.

What is *science*, according to the positive conception of it,—which is Bacon's and Comte's? A knowledge of the laws of the relation or reaction of things. And there are as many different sciences, or sorts of sciences,—that is, sciences essentially discriminated in their manner and habits,—as there are in nature different modes of relation or reaction. M. Comte has classified these according to a law, which is both the law of their mental arrangement, and the law of their historical evolution. It proceeds from the more abstract, simple, and constant, to the more con-

crete, complex, and variable. And this is the law of the hierarchy—which I take to be *the* great discovery of M. Comte.

According to such a law, the first and lowest science is that which considers objects in their relations of number, quantity, extension; or, to use the most general expression, magnitude; for that is the most general and permanent conception that can be abstracted from real objects. The laws of the relations of magnitude, or of things considered under the notion of magnitude alone, and abstracted from everything else, is, therefore, the first science. This is mathematics; which is not, as is popularly imagined, in the nature of a *philosophia prima*, or *scientia scientiarum*; but is a special, definite science; the science of certain limited, particular considerations derived from the material world. The laws with which it deals are not mental and subjective; they are derived from observation; they are truly inductive: only *that* observation is so constant, and that induction is so easy and immediate, that we fall easily into an impression that those laws are intuitive, whereas they are truly experimental. The axioms and postulates which are the basis of Euclid's Geometry, are not metaphysical—written on the intellect, or drawn out of the brain—they are only statements of laws, observed and experienced; and they have but a limited truth; they are true as referring to considerations of mere magnitude, and to nothing beyond. When you contemplate things in any other relations than those of simple magnitude, you have got beyond the sphere of mathematics. Mathematical science has no application to such things; and yet those things may have an appropriate science of their own.

Ascending in the scale of relations, we come to a class of objects which have a relation which is not mathematical,



but chemical. The axioms of mathematics no longer apply. The whole is not equal to all its parts any longer. If you add or subtract equals to or from equals, the sum or difference will not necessarily be equal any longer. We are in the domain of chemical reaction. Yet the chemical reactions of bodies have fixed laws; and the existence and knowledge of those laws make chemistry a science.

Now the great point to be noted in a philosophical view is this: that though chemistry is a *science* as veritably as mathematics, it is not a science of the same kind, or in the same sense. Scientific conception, as applied to chemistry, is a very different thing from scientific conception as applied to mathematical subjects, being far less abstract; and scientific reasoning in chemistry is also different from scientific reasoning in mathematics, being far less logical. The logical part of mathematics is so immense, because the conceptions which mathematics deals with are so highly abstract. The establishment of mathematical relations or laws, of the lower sort, occupies but a small part of the science: it is the reasoning upon them which fills the volumes of the analysis. As we go up in the scale of sciences, the conceptive part, or that which is occupied in establishing the primary laws, becomes larger and more laborious, and the logical part smaller. Chemistry is a science, and scientific methods are applicable to it; yet it is not, and in its completest developments never can be, (to man's intellect,) capable of the simplicity and generality of mathematical conception, nor the rigor and exactitude of mathematical reasoning.

Mounting yet higher, we come to a class of bodies which have a relation or reaction, which cannot be referred to chemical laws, but has been called vital. As this reaction obviously follows laws of its own, some of which have been determined with more or less exactness, there has been

founded the science of biology ; yet more concrete, special, indeterminate, and variable than chemistry. No one doubts that the physiological action of organized beings is entirely subject to a system of laws,—the study of which is of the first importance,—though they are infinitely more elusory, complicated, and embarrassed than those of mechanical relation.

When, in the last stage, we arrive at political relations, with the various branches of intellectual, moral, and spiritual, the question whether these are the subjects of positive science depends only on the question whether there are *laws* of social action and development. That there are such laws, was not for the first time suggested by M. Auguste Comte. It was affirmed, with all the dogmatism of inspiration, by King David, centuries ago ; and before him by a long line of prophets which have been since the world began. I need not refer *you* to a production known as the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, to find, in every several verse of that sublime service of adoration, a several reassertion of the establishment and eternal duration of the moral, spiritual, and social laws which God has founded in the nature of man. These are the statutes, the testimonies, the judgments, the ways, the word, the understanding, the knowledge, the wisdom for which David prayed, and which were revealed to his heart thousands of years antecedently to the time when men have begun to apprehend that there *are* such principles, capable of being explored and known ; and which enabled him to foretell the swift destruction of the wicked, and the certain, though deferred triumph of the righteous. That there are such laws, *in the view of the divine mind*, no religious person doubts. What M. Comte affirms (and he was by no means the first to suggest it, though the ablest in giving it a philosophic base and a systematic consistence) is, that

these laws are capable of being contemplated and comprehended by man's mind, in more or less completeness; at least, that they are worth being studied by him. He says, therefore, that there is a positive *science* of moral and political truth. But, in accordance with the nature of the subject, that science will be almost indefinitely less exact in its premises, less certain in its processes, and less particular and applicable in its conclusions, than the lower and simpler science of mathematics. Scientific conception, as applied to social subjects, will, perhaps, hardly ever get beyond some very general notion of the character of the laws, or some one or more of them, that preside over the evolution of society; and scientific reasoning upon it will never pass beyond the indications or monstrations of a rational instinct. M. Comte, I apprehend, never uttered so monstrous a fallacy and sciolism, as that *mathematical* science is applicable to social subjects. His four first volumes are written for the special purpose of proving and exhibiting, by a regularly ascending scale, how extremely remote from a mathematical character are the subjects with which morals and politics deal, and how alien from mathematical processes must be the mode of reasoning applied to them. But, fortunately, just as the certainty and distinctness of scientific [theory?] *diminishes* in its ascent from the material to the moral, the importance and applicability of the least degree of scientific truth *increases*. In regard to politics, the establishment, as a probable and reliable principle, of the mere *fact* that the subject is governed by inherent laws, though no one of those laws should ever be discovered, or even remotely indicated, would be the greatest benefit ever conferred upon the world of a temporal kind; *because* it would at once enable us to repel and destroy the assaults of all those metaphysical sophisms—as that all men have equal rights—all political power right-

fully springs only from the consent of the governed—which have tormented and vexed society like diseases. We should at once be able to say, “We cannot indeed yet establish the general theory of political government; we cannot tell the law or laws of the evolvment or construction of government; but as for these democratic maxims of the rights of man, they are clearly false and mischievous, *because* they are metaphysical, and not consistent with the phenomena of society as recorded in history. Those notions are clearly not the *laws* implanted in the social nature of man, because society has never obeyed them, or been consistent with them.” By thus paralyzing the force of the disorganizing elements of metaphysical axioms, upon which all the disturbing agencies of modern life are based, we should do incalculable service to the social patient; for though we should administer no new remedies, we should withdraw the sources of ailment on the one hand, and the appliances of false treatment on the other, and afford free action to the recovering powers of the social constitution.

So much for what I suggest as one of the errors of your reviewer, in thinking that scientific or positive methods are not applicable to society; an error into which he fell, from not sufficiently attending to M. Comte's scale or hierarchy of sciences.

I think, also, that he has not done full justice to M. Comte's law of the three successive modes of philosophizing, which he calls the theological, metaphysical and positive. It is to be considered as a law of the human mind, founded upon the structure of our nature; but it has no higher truth than in its application to man's nature, as it has thus far been developed. Bacon fully established the distinction between the metaphysical and the positive; but the law of the relation and succession of the three may be considered one of M. Comte's discoveries. I think your re-

viewer errs in considering that theological, in this use, is synonymous with religious or spiritual. M. Comte's use of that word is not altogether appropriate; and I agree to what your reviewer says, on page 31, in there being something of unfairness and prejudice in the use of it.

I do not understand that M. Comte explodes, as destitute of truth, the theological and metaphysical methods or forms of philosophy. They are just and true, according to their own point of view; but they contemplate different purposes from the positive. He does not, I think, deny, but admits and asserts, the co-existence of these three systems; not only in different minds and on different subjects, but also in the same mind, and on the same subject, and even at one time. I see no reason why, in their complete development, they should not all exist together.

I cannot follow your critic's meaning when he speaks, at page 29, of M. Comte's "entire negation of *logic* and metaphysics." Metaphysical processes, as applied to scientific investigation, he certainly explodes; but as to his denying *logic*, if he has ever done that, I should say that he must have taken leave of his sense.

On one other small point I cannot quite agree. Your reviewer says, on page 21, "Lord Bacon, whom he regards, most erroneously, as the apostle of Positivism." I think that he was so; unless you prefer to call him the inspired prophet of the system of which Comte is the enlightened demonstrator. Of the positive method, as applicable to all subjects, Bacon had a perfectly true apprehension. I find scarcely anything in Comte that was not beforehand in Bacon. But Comte, by his profound and perfect exposition of Positivism, has enabled us to understand much in Bacon, that without him we should probably not have understood. In speaking thus of Bacon, Lord Verulam, I am, of course, aware of the circumstance

to which Forster long ago called attention, that much of the doctrine of *Novum Organon* is to be found in the *Opus Majus* of the elder Bacon, to which also your reviewer alludes.

I ought not to end without adding a word or two in respect to my position in respect to M. Comte,\* and his position in respect to Positivism. From his Atheism I totally dissent. Atheism may be the accident of the individual; it is not a characteristic of the system. In my view, the positive system is a certain and universal method; and religion—the religion revealed to the Church and recorded in the inspired Scriptures—is a reality as certain as life itself; and the correct application of the positive method to the subject of religion, so far from upsetting, will verify and demonstrate the catholic faith. In attempting this application, M. Comte has altogether broken down.

I think that I can state to you precisely the character and extent of M. Comte's intellectual merit, and draw the line within which he is an oracle, and beyond which he is a babbler.

It is almost a law of man's intelligence, that abstract and logical reasoning is a different sort of mind, or an opposite mode of application, from special and practical sagacity in the investigation; that they are distinct faculties or reversed actions of the intellect; and that a person is gifted with immense perfection in one of these ways only under the condition of becoming thereby incapacitated

\* This eminent philosopher in his Preface to the second volume of his *Système de Politique Positive*, had published as an Appendix to his Preface a copy of a letter of his to the Rev. John McClintock, D. D., in which Mr. Wallace's name was thus mentioned, "Toutefois je désire que vous daigniez consulter d'abord a cet egard, l'éminent citoyen de Philadelphie, qui est aujourd'hui devenu mon principal patron temporel, sans cesser d'être mon noble client spirituel, M. Horace Binney Wallace assez connu pour n'exiger aucune autre indication."



in a corresponding degree as to the other. Thus it was with Bacon. After apprehending and defining with infallible justness the true method of investigation and discovery, and foretelling with accuracy the results that would follow from employing it—after himself fashioning the instrument, and explaining precisely how it was to be dealt with—when he attempted himself to apply it in particular use, as in his collections in natural history, he fell into fooleries the most inconceivable. He seems not to have been in the least degree competent to conduct the operation of the machine which he had invented. M. Comte's failure is not greater than Bacon's, and is quite analogous to it. When he generalizes, philosophizes, and systematizes—when he reasons upon what has been done, determines upon what principles it has been done, and thence points out what ought henceforth to be done, we are astonished by his piercing analysis, his all-comprehending wisdom. When he attempts to apply his own method to the exploration and establishment of truth in a new department, he exposes himself. The "*Cours de Philosophie Positive*" is a monument of his prodigious powers in an abstract and analytic way: the "*Système de Politique Positive*," in its bearing upon religion, an equally significant measure of his puny capacity as an original investigator. In applying Positivism to spiritual matters, he proceeds in a style directly repugnant to all his principles and teachings. He sets out by stultifying history, and the experience of forty centuries, and sets up the metaphysical contrivances of his own brain in opposition to the collective and traditionary sense of the race. The attempts of M. Littré and the *Republique Occidentale*, to make an application of the positive method to politics, are equally distressing. Those synthetic suggestions toward a so-called reconstruction of society exhibit a complete departure from the principles of

the positive method. M. Comte thinks that Positivism is Atheistic. M. Littré thinks that it is republican or radical. I agree with neither. I am a conservative of the conservatives: and it is upon the positive system, as applied to morals and politics, that I found my confidence in the ultimate triumph of sound principles.

M. Comte's writings are of inestimable value to those who know how to use what is valuable in them; dangerous to indiscriminating minds. To derive the fullest benefit from him, we must try him severely and judge him fearlessly. As a guide in regard to the philosophy of philosophy, he is the most enlightened that has appeared since Bacon. I cannot speak of him but in terms of enthusiastic reverence. He is an object of boundless admiration and gratitude to me. But at a certain point his inspiration stops. His illumination extends only through a certain department; beyond it he sees less than the dullest; like the son of Balak, whose common sight was darkened as much as the eyes of his mind were open, who, when he stood upon the mountain-rock, foresaw the advent of Messiah and foreknew the countless hosts of the spiritual Israel, yet upon the road thither, pushed against the armed angel of the Lord, more blindly than the ass he bestrode.

We have abundant means of judging M. Comte. He was not the discoverer of the Positive Method; nor is he the highest authority in respect to its characteristics. He was not the first to apply it either to science, or to politics, or to theology. It had been brought to bear upon history, religion and social subjects before he appeared; and with results eminently conservative and satisfactory. A student of Bacon, and of those great men who after him had taken up and extended the inductive method, I was myself engaged in applying it to politics, morals and spirituality, before I heard of Comte. From the perusal of his works I

have derived immeasurable benefit; but when he comes to fit his method to spiritual affairs, he ciphers entirely, and I proceed without him upon my own original and independent course. As I consider that the religious bearings of Positivism ought to be brought right, before it is introduced to the public, I have been long endeavoring to elaborate that part of the task, and to rectify M. Comte's aberrations in respect to it. I think myself able to contribute some slight suggestions toward founding the true positive conceptions of the religious subject, and developing it demonstratively; and as the results thus arrived at will be found identical with the system of the Church, both in doctrine and in operation, it will follow that the Scripture system was a true revelation. The time is not distant when Christianity will rely entirely upon the positive philosophy for its argumentative support. That philosophy is destined to furnish the demonstration of the Christian truth, and thereby to convert the world.

As I look upon the positive system, also, as affording the only protection in politics against the disorganizing maxims and passions of the revolutionary and destructive parties of the day, I have thought it most important to present the political bearings of this system in a complete and satisfactory way. I have, therefore, occupied myself for some time upon a history of political philosophy, which I shall perhaps complete in the form of a report to the Smithsonian Institute. I desire therein to trace the rise and operation, and failure of all the metaphysical systems, and the rise and partial developments, and imperfect apprehension of it down to the present day. The positive philosophy, as applied to politics, has been used by many before Comte; most of all by Burke, whose mind was imbued with it in a concrete way, and who always reasons according to it. M. Comte taught us the true philosophy

of that philosophy: he estimated and analyzed the method; but the method was in use before him, not only by Burke, but by Montesquieu, Macchiavelli, and, greatest of all, the half-inspired Vico.

For my own part, though for years I have been familiar with the Cours de Philosophie Positive, I have never cared to see it introduced to the public. Your article, I think, will do no harm, for nobody will understand what it is all about. My own feeling has been that Comte can never find an audience in the public. His teachings will act on the world only *mediately*; through the writings of men who catching his inspiration will bring it to bear practically on the mass. The system is not yet completed. It requires much more labor. The mob of literateurs in this country, what can they contribute to the completion of such a scheme? I dread the thing's becoming known, by a few catch-words to the editorial mind of the country—which catches up some foolish phase of truth “whisks it about and down it goes again,”—after being rendered disgusting to all quiet and thoughtful people. Let the people stand out of the way, until the positive development of morals and politics is complete; and then let it be brought before them, not as a thing to speculate about, or dogmatize about—but to receive, and to submit to as they do to the teachings of the mathematician and the chemist. Besides this, until the positive scheme can be shown as a scheme tending to and ending in religion, identical with revealed religion, the public knowledge of it will only tend to evil. The old distinctions between the esoteric and exoteric communication—the catholic doctrine of the reserve of truth—however liable to abuse in the application—are founded in nature and true philosophy, and in a corrected form are of constant operation. [MS. unfinished.]

## ERRATUM.

The following sentence belongs on page 310, second line from the top, and was inadvertently omitted:

The portrait of a Florentine lady in the Tribune must be referred to a period when Rafael, in his earliest manner, was yet far short of his master's excellence. It is hard, flat and dull. The face is melancholy and the hands brown; the drawing of the figure pinched and timid. The catalogue says that it is painted in the style of Leonardo. It has that stiffness and confinement which some of his pictures show, but not the expression which they all have. It might be taken for an early work of Francesco Francia.

THE END.

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